“A Contentious Multiculturalism”: Reflections on Literature, Culture, History, and Education in Hawai‘i, 1994–2025

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Cover Photo: August 22, 2025 — Episode 31 of the eruption at the summit of Kīlauea: “As the sun sets on August 22, a lava fountain continues to erupt within Halema‘uma‘u crater at the summit of Kīlauea. This is the 31rst episode of lava fountaining in Halema‘uma‘u since this eruption began on December 23, 2024.” Photo by M. Patrick, USGS, Hawaiian Volcano Observatory. Public domain

Back Cover Photo: November 25, 2024 — Kīlauea September 2024 Eruption Tree Mold. A close-up view of a tree mold in a lava flow from the September 2024 Nāpau eruption. When the active lava flow came into contact with the tree, a mold was formed (black hole near center of photo). The high heat of the lava eventually burned through the base of the tree on the right side of the image causing it to fall on top of the newly emplaced lava flow. Photo taken by L. DeSmither. USGS, Hawaiian Volcano Observatory. Public domain

Dedication

To the friends who worked toward a collaborative multiculturalism

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2025

A deeper look at Hawai'i's literary community ... reveals a contentious community, a community divided by degree of familiarity with place; a community as divided as it is united by ethnicity, gender, and race, a community that has historically privileged the colonizer spirit. And, while the colonized have made great strides (from books published to awards to a growing audience), some, in succumbing to the benefits of compromise and dilution as they play out a distinctly American Dream, show that they have bought into the colonial construct.

—Rodney Morales, "Literature in Hawai'i: a Contentious Multiculturalism" in *Multicultural Hawai'i: The Fabric of a Multiethnic Society*, 1998

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Toward an Authentic Local Literature of Hawai‘i (1994)

> Location, or place, nearly always plays a central role in Pueblo oral narratives. Indeed, stories are most frequently recalled as people are passing by a specific geographical feature or the exact place where a story takes place… [often], it is impossible to determine which came first: the incident or the geographical feature which begs to be brought alive in a story that features some unusual aspect of this location. —Leslie Silko, “Landscape, History, and the Pueblo Imagination”

1. Local Traditions

Local stories connect us to the land – the stories are a part of the land; and the land evokes the stories. The stories embody knowledge about the place and values for living in that place.

What kind of knowledge? Knowledge for surviving on the land, for example, where fresh water is found or where the best or safest places to swim or surf are; about seasons, winds, and weather, and the best times for various activities; about the animals and plants of the land – when and where certain fish will appear, when and where certain plants will blossom and bear fruit.

What kinds of values? Values that are appropriate to sustaining life on the land; values that promote social well-being and harmony.

When I hike the ‘Aihualama Trail in Mānoa, I remember the story of the ali‘i of Kailua who unjustly suspected his fiancee of infidelity and beat her to death with a hala tree branch. It reminds me what a fearful and destructive emotion jealousy is. I could learn the same lesson from Shakespeare’s Othello, but Othello is not local literature.

At Maulili Bay, on Maui, I remember the story of ‘Ai‘ai, and how this son of a Hawaiian fishing god, gave the first fish he caught to a stranger who happened to paddle by. It is a lesson in generosity. I remember ‘Ai‘ai’s generosity as a cultural hero and teacher – he traveled along the coast of Maui, then to Kaho‘olawe, Lāna‘i,

Molokaʻi, Oʻahu, Kauaʻi, Niʻihau, and Hawaiʻi, showing the people how to fish and establishing fishing grounds. At Wailau, Molokaʻi, he punished the "wanton fishing" of the locals by taking away all the ʻōpae and oʻopu, a lesson about taking just what one needs and leaving the rest to regenerate. At ʻĪao Valley on Maui, I remember how Hiʻiaka captured and smashed the kino wailua (soul) of the aliʻi of the area who denied her food and hospitality. Her sister Pele has burned many such rude hosts, turning them into cinder cones or pillars of rock, which can still be seen today on her lava fields. So people are reminded to be hospitable to malihini, to invite them into their homes and feed them. On the other hand, the story of "Nā Piliwale" (Wichman, *Kauai Tales*) reminds us that there are rude guests as well as rude hosts – guests who visit, consume all one's food, never give anything back, yet never leave. In this story, two such rude guests, the Piliwale sisters, who are vulnerable to the sun's rays, are turned to stone in the morning, after their host tricks them into spending the

whole night with him and they are unable to return to their cave before sunrise. Their bodies remain as two stone pillars on a ridge above Hāʻena. And the story reminds us "Hāʻena is no place for a Piliwale to visit." From generations of living in a place, of observing its seasons, of caring for its resources, knowledge and values for survival are learned, passed on in stories, and become traditions. As Silko writes about the stories in another traditional culture, "The oral narrative ... became the medium in which the complex of Pueblo knowledge and belief was maintained. Whatever the event or the subject, the ancient people perceived the world and themselves within that world as part of an ancient continuous story composed of innumerable bundles of other stories."

So the traditions of Hawaiʻi developed for 80 or more generations and over 1600 years before the coming of European explorers, American missionaries and businessmen, and Asian and other immigrants

2. Colonialism and Neo-Colonialism in Hawaiʻi

With the coming of the money economy, the subsistence culture and its traditions based on dependence on family, community, and ʻāina were destroyed. A culture of individual success has replaced it, a culture is based on freeing the individual from family, community, and ʻāina through the accumulation of wealth. In this culture, the individual is no longer attached to the place where he was born and raised; he moves

where his skills or labor is needed, where he can make money. Driven by unlimited desire for profits and developed on a global scale, this money economy continually expands production rather than manages limited resources in a particular locale; it develops mass markets, and to supply these mass markets, it uses up resources on a massive scale. When the resources are used up in one place, the businessmen look for them in other places. The economy depends on colonies both as sources of raw materials and as new markets. Thus Europe, America, and other countries like Japan who followed their lead in developing the money economy colonized the world. They usurped land and rights from indigenous populations, justifying the takeover through an alleged superiority of culture and genes.

Shakespeare's *Tempest* naturalizes this process in a dramatic fantasy. Caliban, the native, is subhuman; his mother, Sycorax, is a witch; his god Setebos is a devil. Caliban's knowledge of how to survive on his island home doesn't count. Prospero has his magic, which he gets from his books, and which today we might equate to technology or money. Prospero tries to "civilize" Caliban, but the native seems ungrateful; he just wants Prospero to leave so he can have his island back.

The educational system and literary productions of the money economy promotes its knowledge and values. In Hawai'i, public and private schools were established and a university was set up to train teachers for these schools, which were charged with colonizing the local population, made up of natives and immigrants. The children and grandchildren of immigrant did relatively well in these schools. They were already part of the money economy through the immigration experience of their parents, who had left their ancestral homelands to make money. It was not as easy for native Hawaiians, who, still living in their ancestral homeland, had to choose between cultural traditions and economic survival.

Once established in the new world, the grandchildren of Asian immigrants began to look back with nostalgia on their ancestry and ancestral values, such as family, particularly since an American identity seemed to be exclusively for white people. These grandchildren also began to feel a nostalgia for some connection to the land they were living on. So they began to develop what they called a "local" literature, which was based on this nostalgia for family and homeland. To a certain extent, this so called local literature was opposed to the new money culture. But the majority of these grandchildren of immigrants often felt they could combine the best of both worlds – have individual

freedom and a high income and a family and homeland. Because of their middle-class success, their view of life is basically comic, exemplified by the feel-good plays of Ed Sakamoto. A few had their doubts. Milton Murayama's *All I Asking for Is My Body* explores the darker side of immigrant life in Hawai'i; in this semi-autobiographical, confessional novel, the protagonist admits that you have to cheat your community in order succeed in a system stacked against it; but he believes that cheating can be justified by the goal of winning individual freedom from family debt. With enough money, you can escape the burden of family. Murayama himself left Hawai'i and settled in San Francisco.

Murayama's dark novel is exceptional. The characteristic story of the children of immigrants, whether told in prose or poetry, is the family success story. It's about getting off of the plantation; it's about remembering and reminding children how hard it was for grandma and grandpa, and how hard they worked to send mom and dad to college, and how hard mom and dad worked to send their children to college to make their children as successful as they are today.

And if you can write it in pidgin English and refer to local landmarks like King St. and Diamond Head or Tantalus, you've got a regional flavor that has some appeal for a local, if not a national, audience.

But this local literature is not local in the same sense as traditional Hawaiian stories are local. In fact, this new "local" Asian American literature is a colonial, or neocolonial, literature; it is based on models of European, American, and so called World Literature. It embodies values of the American way of life. While it may incorporate such values as family and a commitment to local ecology that seem similar to Hawaiian values, these values are actually well within the framework of the American traditions like the little house on the prairie, and back-to-nature- with-Thoreau, Ansel Adams, John Muir, and the ecologists of the 60's. This literature certainly does not embody the same kind or degree of intimate relationship to and knowledge of the 'āina found in traditional Hawaiian stories and chants. When you read this local Asian American literature, you won't learn much about the land, sea, seasons, or cultural traditions which developed in Hawai'i previous to the plantation days. It is clear why this is the case.

First, the writers simply do not know that much about the land. These writers or their parents and grandparents have never had to survive on the land, hence their knowledge of it is very limited.

Secondly, they were writing in a colonial language, English, which

does not have the vocabulary to describe the natural world of Hawai'i in very specific terms. In the Wind Gourd of La'amaomao, chants name over 30 winds of the Big Island, over 45 winds of O'ahu, over 45 winds of Kaua'i, over a hundred winds of Maui, Moloka'i, and Lāna'i; in contrast, descriptions of Hawai'i by writers of English usually muster only "tradewind," and possibly "Kona wind," or sometimes "sea breeze."

Thirdly, the best source of this knowledge of the natural world, the native culture, was, and still is, devalued and marginalized by the University of Hawai'i and local schools. The UH and DOE are colonial institutions. Their purpose is to instill the knowledge and values that will make good employees for the money economy. Thus, most students graduate from the university knowing little or nothing about Hawaiian language and culture, which might teach them a radically different way of looking at the world. Those graduates who become writers write under the influence of American, European, and so called World literature. They are not able to tap into the deep Hawaiian tradition of knowledge, allusions, metaphors, and symbols rooted in the 'āina.

Like Prospero, they are living in a kind of virtual reality which is dissociated from the 'āina, a world floating above the 'āina like smog.

Instead of turning to Hawaiian tradition as a source of knowledge, values, and models for their literary productions, these writers turned to the writings in English of their parents, who represent one generation of knowledge about the land. When Stephen Sumida and Arnold Hiura decided to put together a bibliography of local literature in the late 1970's to show that such writings existed, they listed only those stories by authors with Asian last names.

A final reason why Asian Americans have remained colonials in the islands they claim as home is that the majority have lived apart, in their own ethnic circles, in their own colonies. If they associate with non-Asians, they tend to associate with haoles, not with Hawaiians, whom they secretly fear, along with other Polynesians – a fear based on stereotypes of Polynesians promoted in their own and haole literature and media.

A writer cannot claim a place, unless he lives in the place and is committed to remain living in it; unless he can see his descendants living in the place another 80 generations and more into the future; unless he has knowledge of human habitation and traditions from the very beginning of the place; unless he is familiar with the traditions that were here even before his ancestors arrived; unless he knows how

his arrival and presence has affected others who were here before him. When Asian immigrants came in the 19th century, they were entering someone else ?s house, for in the Hawaiian tradition, the ʻāina is the house of the people – "The sun above in the day, the dark clouds of Kāne at night, the rows of pali was our world, the creeping, clustering leaves our ridgepole and shelter, the dew was our cloak" (Piʻilani, "The True Story of Kaluaikoʻolau, or Koʻolau, the Leper"; trans. by Frances Frazier). For the most part, the immigrants were welcomed as guests into this house and treated hospitably by the natives. And yet when we read the stories of their descendants, we do not sense that they know much about their host's culture. Like the piliwale, the rude guests of Hawaiian traditions, the businessmen and immigrants have come to take from their hosts, but not to give anything back.

3. Reconnecting to the ʻĀina

While we no longer depend on the ʻāina for our food or on the winds of Hawaiʻi for travel between islands, the values of Hawaiian traditions still make sense for living in the islands and for insuring survival for future generations. At a basic environmental level we still get our water from the ʻāina , and our health still depends on toxic-free land, sewage-free seas, and unpolluted air. Because of the fragile environment and limited resources and space, small islands will be the first to feel the degradation of overcrowding and overconsumption brought on by the money economy. When islands follow laws and rules of expansion made for continents, the results will be disastrous. We need to slow down the growth of the population and tourism and sacrifice those tourism jobs that are filled by outsiders – the kolea who come when the weather is warm to grow fat and to make money, but who leave when there is no work because they have no commitments to the ʻāina or to the community.

In protecting the environment, the values of the American ecology movement and the Hawaiian aloha ʻāina overlap. But the American ecology movement doesn't go far enough in looking to the survival of the community. Survival requires not just a healthy environment, but a stable, safe community based on a sharing of wealth ?a concern not addressed by ecologists. In Kamakau's *Ruling Chiefs of Hawaiʻ*i, those chiefs who did not distribute wealth fairly and generously to the people were killed.

Furthermore, the ecologists see human beings as outside of and

separate from the land; the ecologists try to protect the land from human use. The Hawaiians belong to the land, living on it and using its resources in a careful way. Instead of preserving habitats, we need to place more emphasis on traditional Hawaiian activities, like farming and fishing, that can reconnect people to the land and sea. Not in order to return to a full-scale subsistence economy, but because traditional farmers and fishermen are more observant of and knowledgeable about the ‘āina than the typical scientist or poet is, more in tune with the seasons, and more likely to take care of the ‘āina because it provides their livelihood. A literature of Hawai‘i must express values that are rooted in the ‘āina and make sense on islands, and the best and only source of these values in Hawai‘i is Hawaiian culture. This culture can only flourish again if the islands are politically separate from the continent – a position that supporters of Hawaiian sovereignty, not ecologists, are taking.

4. Multiculturalism: A New Form of Colonialism?

Multiculturalism is the newest old trend in American culture and education. Is this an acceptable model for local literature and culture? Is it healthy for Hawai‘i? Before we jump on another bandwagon from the mainland, let’s look where it’s heading.

If multiculturalism means that all cultures are equal and that we can pick and choose which ones we want to study, like a consumer at a supermarket, that will be potentially harmful because of the ethnocentric tendency of each group. One wonders, too, how equal the offerings will be, given the fact that the haole dominates publishing and education, with Asian Americans a distant second, at least in Hawai‘i. If multiculturalism means sharing our cultures with each other on an equal basis, that’s better – it’s more in keeping with the spirit of hospitality and generosity that is at the root of Hawaiian culture and the foundation of a healthy society. Though again, how equal is the sharing if one or two groups control publishing and education? But in Hawai‘i, all cultures are not equal. While we should acknowledge and appreciate contributions from all ethnic groups, priority should be given to the indigenous culture. Why? Because it has enabled Hawaiians to survive on the ‘āina for over 1600 years and over 80 generations; because it embodies the most intimate knowledge of the land; because its values are the most appropriate for living in the limited space and on the limited resources of small islands; because we want to survive another

80 or more generations into the future. If an authentic local literary tradition is to be developed in

Hawai‘i, it must be grounded in Hawaiian traditions. Any writer who lays claim to Hawai‘i should be schooled in Hawaiian language and culture. The teacher training program at the University should be changed; an in-depth knowledge of Hawaiian language and culture should be required for any teacher going out to the public schools. That means requiring fewer English literature courses and hiring fewer English professors; and hiring more Hawaiian professors for the Hawaiian Studies and Hawaiian Language programs. Only then will we begin to lay the foundation for an authentic local literature and culture of Hawai‘i.

Local Mythologies, 1979-2000

1.

Hoʻi hou ka iʻa i ke ʻehu kai. The fish returns to the foamy sea.
– Pukui, ʻŌlelo Noʻeau, No. 1027

After five cold, gloomy Seattle winters, I was sure I would never live anyplace in the world except Hawaiʻi. These islands had a deep hold on my psyche – my sense of who I was, my place in the world. It had to do with family and friends; it had to do with the great experiences I had while growing up – memorable tube rides in the shorebreak at Ma'alaea and hidden mountain trails mapped in memory; fresh seafood (ʻopihi, limu, sashimi'ed ʻahi and aku) and fruits picked from the tree (mango, guava, ʻohiʻa ʻai); the cooling summer winds, the life-giving winter rains. Everything here seemed to suit my temperament and spirit.
But when I returned in 1979, I also saw more clearly the colonial nature of local society, the wannabe-white syndrome among local people with low self- esteem, the clannishness and inequities among the various ethnic groups, and the marginalization of native Hawaiians after Haole colonialists dispossessed them of nation, language, and traditions:

> how we spose
> feel Hawaiian anymoa
> barefeet buying smokes
> in da seven
> eleven stoa…?
>
> – Wayne Kaumualiʻi Westlake, "Native-Hawaiian," in Hall, *Mālama*, 109

The tourism industry had taken over from the sugar and pineapple plantations as the economic mainstay of the islands and was commodifying Hawaiian culture to sell the islands to tourists as a setting for adventure, recreation and romance. (See Trask's "Love Hula Hands: Corporate Tourism and the Prostitution of Hawaiian Culture.") Waikiki

was growing hotels, and Oʻahu was turning into a mini-Los Angeles, with gridlocked roads and freeways and high rises and subdivisions spreading into places valleys and up ridges. The majority of locals were getting wealthier, and therefore happier and more content; but others began protesting, resisting, asserting themselves against the Americanization of Hawaiʻi: the cancerous sprawl of suburban Kailua and Kaneʻohe was stopped from spreading up the Koʻolau Coast by the farmers of Waiahole-Waikane valleys and their supporters; a resurgence of Hawaiian culture and language was occurring; a movement for native political self-determination had emerged; and Hawaiian activists went to jail to stop the U.S. Navy from using the island of Kahoʻolawe as a target for bombing practice:

> I have always been a foreigner here
> In my own country, I koʻu manaʻo (In my mind)
> ʻO ke kūkini o ka hoʻāuhuli ʻana (rebel)…
>
> – Lino Kaona, "The Hoʻokalakupua (the drift)," in Hall, *Mālama*, 134

I was hired to teach English at Kapiʻolani Community College on the backside of Leʻahi, a volcanic crater named "Diamond Head" by Western sailors, dreaming of wealth, who thought the calcite crystals they found there were diamonds. (The more appropriate Hawaiian name means "headland of the yellow fin tuna" – perhaps a reference to an offshore fishing ground.) Rather than write my Ph.D. dissertation, I was planning to write some stories about growing up in Hawaiʻi. I realized how books had shaped who I perceived myself to be: my readings had set me off on pilgrimages all over the world to visit the places I had read about – temples in Japan, museums and cathedrals in Europe, and colonial houses and skyscapers on the East Coast of America. Words and images had glorified these far-off places, and I had gone to pay homage to them. But the longer I stayed away, the more I longed to hear local voices. I realized I had read very few writers of Hawaiʻi. I thought perhaps our stories had yet to be written. I began working on a couple of children stories with Pidgin English dialogue and planned to publish them, so that local kids like those I had once tutored at ʻIlima Intermediate School would have some stories about home to read.

I met other writers who had come to the same realization. I began hanging out with a group associated with Bamboo Ridge Press (BRP),

which publishes a literary journal called *Bamboo Ridge, The Hawai'i Writers' Quarterly*. The press was founded in 1978 by Eric Chock, a poet of Chinese-Japanese ancestry, and Darrell Lum, a writer of Chinese ancestry. The mission, Chock explains, was to publish "a representative array of the best writing about Hawai'i by people of different ethnic backgrounds, a literary picture which was almost non-existent at the time. We set out to create this vision as an alternative to the mainstream, white literary canon" (Chock, "Neocolonialization" 12).

Several of the writers were producing stories and poems in Pidgin English as a way of reaffirming local identity. Pidgin, sometimes referred to by linguists as Hawai'i Creole English) is a dialect of English unique to Hawai'i. It developed in plantation communities as a lingua franca used by the multiethnic work force, mixing sentence structures and words from Hawaiian and immigrant languages with English. It expresses the common plantation heritage of the workers, the majority of whom were immigrants and their children. The works of Chock and Lum and other local writers began to reconnect me with my roots and my childhood growing up as a Pidgin speaker in Kane'ohe.

Publishing local literature in Pidgin seemed vital to me in keeping the next generation of Hawai'i students from losing their local identities to the powerful influences of mainstream American media and education, which portray Haole looks, ways of talking, and values as the standards toward which everyone should aspire. This media brainwashing has bizarre psychological consequences: one of my high school friends, who went to college in Connecticut and lived in a house with white roommates, told me he would stand in front of the mirror some mornings wishing he could wash off his Japanese face! Another friend, an aspiring actress of Chinese ancestry, had her eyelids operated on to make her eyes look rounder, more Caucasian, hoping to get more theater roles. Unfortunately, the surgery (by a young and inexperienced Jewish doctor) was only partially successful; one eyelid drooped, creating a weird effect of two different-sized eyes.

After I finished my small kid time stories and published one of them in a special children's literature issue of Bamboo Ridge (1982), which Lum and Chock permitted me to edit, I stopped writing in Pidgin. It was a powerful tool for creating small-kid time, public school, and working class personas and characters, but I found I couldn't write comfortably from any of those perspectives. My education, reading, and travel had changed me. I was no longer a small kid or in public school, and I never was working class. I didn't mind speaking Pidgin to people who

actually spoke it in their daily lives, but writing in Pidgin to college-educated readers seemed fake. I began writing non-fiction prose, instead, and published some pieces in *Hawai'i Herald: A Journal for Hawai'i's Japanese Americans*; "Images of Local Culture" (May 28, 1983) contained some early ruminations on the subject of Local culture. In 1984, I became managing editor and grants writer for Bamboo Press. Chock and Lum said they were burning out, and the press was running out of money. They were thinking of quitting. During the next two years, I wrote about $10,000 of grants; when I left the press in 1986, it had a fairly healthy bank account and solid sales.

I left on good terms with the other editors and writers, but I could also see in them the clannishness typical of local Asians of their generation. BRP held a "study group" once a month, where writers brought in their works and had them critiqued. The group consisted mainly of college-educated, middle-class writers of Asian ancestry, like myself. A little narrow for a press aspiring to represent all of Hawai'i's people. During my years at BRP, no Haole was ever invited to the study group – a not uncommon practice among ethnic nationalists of that era (e.g., Black Separatists), who felt a need to consolidate their identities apart from Whites. On the other hand, no one invited any writers of Hawaiian, Filipino, or Pacific Island ancestry, either.

While BRP was preaching multiculturalism, the literature it was creating was a reflection of this small middle-class group of Asian ancestry. It has published writers from a variety of ethnic groups, but writers of Asian ancestry (Japanese, Chinese and Koreans) are always over-represented in numbers.

BRP literature also represents a conservative middle-class perspective. The stories and poems celebrate the success story of immigrants from Asia and their descendants – generally feel-good versions of the American Dream. The immigrants arrive in America, meet with hostility, work hard on the plantations for one or two generations, prove that they are Americans (e.g. by fighting in a war), go to college, fall in love, get married and have children, succeed modestly in some career or business, buy a house, send their children to college, retire with grandchildren, etc., while holding onto (or in some cases, feeling bad about not holding onto) some aspect of their Asian heritage (e.g. popping firecrackers on New Year's Eve, cooking gau or pounding mochi, wearing a kimono, visiting the family graves, going to O-bon dances, etc.).

Lum describes what he considers a typical island life in "Local

Literature and Lunch," his introduction to *The Best of Bamboo Ridge* (1986): "A plate lunch of curry stew poured over two scoops of rice alongside a scoop of macaroni salad and a bit of kim chee will run you about three dollars. Then you can drive home to a nice little house in the suburbs: a modest twenty-year old single wall, three bedroom, two bath place with a carpet going for $150,000 or so …on leased land." Lum wants us to feel sympathy for this "typical" islander because his $150,000 house is on leased land; another response might be "At least he has a three-bedroom, two-bath house; the majority of islanders can't afford that."

The function of this middle-class literature is to reassure readers that the local community is wholesome, just, well-fed and harmonious – despite the occasional individual trauma or tragedy and despite a few misfits and losers (usually, and stereotypically, Hawaiians or Filipinos, mirroring white prejudices against dark- skinned people.) I grew up in a local middle-class Japanese family and community which shared the beliefs, values, and prejudices of BRP. But my father, an electrical engineer, had a hostile attitude toward the middle-class lifestyle and values that he had to adopt because he was married and had three children. I got the feeling he wanted to escape. His favorite place was on his boat deep-sea fishing, far from land; he wanted to quit his job and become a fisherman to support his family and catch what we ate from the sea. He took us camping every summer at the beach called ʻOneloa at Makena, Maui, so we could live in tents and fish, bathe, and body surf in the ocean. In the 1960's this beach was deserted in mid-summer; we were the only ones there. The development of resorts, golf courses, luxuries homes, and parking lots for sun-bathers, along the coast from Kihei to Papakakai (La Perouse Bay), was still two decades in the future.

In the year following my departure from BRP in 1986, the new Chinese-Korean managing editor of Bamboo Ridge cut off complimentary subscriptions and sent me a form letter asking me to purchase a year's subscription for $25. I discarded the letter.

2.

Ua lehulehu a manomano ka ʻikena a ka Hawaiʻi.
"Immense and immeasurable is the knowledge of the Hawaiians."
– Pukui, ʻŌlelo Noʻeau, No. 281

In 1989 Esther "Kiki" Mookini, a scholar of Japanese ancestry, asked me to help her edit a translation she and Sarah Nākoa had done of a traditional Hawaiian story by Moses K. Nakuina concerning Pakaʻa, a personal attendant of the ruling chief of Hawaiʻi, and Kuapakaʻa, son of Pakaʻa. From "Kiki" I learned about and began to read through an extensive body of Hawaiian literature recorded and published in the 19th and 20th centuries, works previously unknown to me because they were rarely referred to or taught in local schools. In 1990, I started Kalamakū Press and published the Mookini-Nākoa translation under the title *The Wind Gourd of Laʻamaomao*. What first attracted me to this story about descendants of the wind god Laʻamaomao was the new vocabulary – fish names, plant names, wind names, place names describing the island world that I thought I knew, yet did not really know. The story names over 30 local winds of the island of Hawaiʻi, over 45 winds of Oʻahu, over 45 winds of Kauaʻi, over 100 winds of Maui, Molokaʻi, and Lanaʻi. Kuapakaʻa chants the names of these winds to call them forth from his magical gourd, which contains all the winds Hawaiʻi. While English offers only a general vocabulary to describe winds (e.g., "trade wind," "sea breeze") the Hawaiian language has names for specific kinds of winds – winds that stir up dust or sea spray, lift kapa, swirl around or tear down houses, rustle flowers and leaves, shake off dew, play hide and seek, make the nose cold. There is a morning wind and an evening wind, a dry wind and a wind full of rain, an offshore wind scented with hala and an onshore wind scented with limu, a squally wind over the ocean and a squally wind that comes off the mountain. Natives of the islands were so enamored of their local winds they wrote articles for the Hawaiian language newspapers naming the winds of their home districts and explaining the character of each. P.R. Holi of Halewela, Niʻihau, cites twelve winds of Niʻihau (*Ke Au Okoa*, July 24, 1865); S.W. Nailiili of Pamoo, Honolulu, describes nine winds of Hilo (Ke Au Okoa, July 10, 1865); L.S. Kailiehu of Honokalani, Maui, gives eleven winds of Hana (Ke Au Okoa, June 12, 1865). When Thomas Maunupau visited Kaupo, Maui, in 1922, he asked a local resident for the names of winds there and published a description of thirteen winds of the district (Nupepa Kuokoa, June 15, 1922; see Maunupau's *Huakai Makaikai a Kaupo, Maui: A Visit to Kaupo, Maui*.; 22-23, 103-104).

At the seashore, in a valley, on a mountain ridge, when one recognizes a wind by its name, it is no longer just the movement of air molecules or the generic "trade wind" which carried European sailing ships and diseases around the world; it's a particular spirit of a locality,

a familiar friend, a sign to the traveler.

The wind chant of Oʻahu in The Wind Gourd of Laʻamaomao names the following places and winds along the Koʻolau coast of Oʻahu where I grew up:

> Kahuku ("The Jutting Out"): The northernmost point of Oʻahu. The wind of Kahuku is "Ahamanu," which might be ʻAhamanu, "Gathering of birds," perhaps a wind on which seabirds soar.
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> Hauʻula ("Red Hibiscus Tree"): The hau is a valuable plant whose bark can be used to make cordage and hula skirts; its wood was used for floats and fire-making, its flowers and sap for medicine. The wind of Hauʻula is a strong one – Lanakila, "Prevailing"
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> Punaluʻu ("Spring Dived For"): This place name perhaps refers to a spring in the ocean where freshwater was obtained by diving with gourds; such undersea freshwaters springs are common in Hawaiʻi, as waters from reservoirs in the mountains flow through underground lava tubes that open onto the sea bottom. The UH Geology department, analyzing satellite imagery, once reported their "discovery" of such well-known undersea upwellings of water along the Kona Coast of the Big Island. The wind of Punaluʻu is Moaʻe, a strong, but pleasant wind; the trade wind.
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> Kahana ("Cutting," or perhaps "The Bay"): The second largest bay on the coast after Kaneʻohe Bay. The wind ʻahiu ("Wild, Untamed") blows at Kahana.
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> Kaʻaʻawa (Ka aʻawa, "The Wrasse" or "Hogfish", a common fish of coral reefs; or Kaʻa awa, "Turning Passage"): "Turning Passage" could be a reference to the channel through the reef at the mouth of Kaʻaʻawa stream. Holopali, "Running Along the Cliff," is the wind that blows across the face of the high cliff of Paliku, that separates Kaʻaʻawa and Kualoa.
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> Kualoa ("Long Back"): The name is perhaps a reference to the backbone-like ridge of Paliku that extends out toward the sea from the Koʻolau mountains and dominates this land section. Backbone was a traditional metaphor for genealogy, and the

face of the cliff on the Kualoa side is called Moʻo kapu o Haloa, "Sacred genealogy of Haloa," with each vertical ridge on the cliff representing a generation of chiefs.

Waikāne ("Waters [of] Kāne"): A reference to Kāne, the god of life-giving water, and the springs and streams of this fertile valley. The wind Kiliua is associated with "Fine, Gentle Rainfall."

Kuaʻaʻohe ("Stand and Wait"): Perhaps a lookout point on Ulupau crater at the tip of Mokapu Peninsula where one stood and waited for canoes coming from the eastern islands. Here the wind Mololani whirls ("molo") to heaven ("lani"). Mololani ("Well-kept") is also a crater nearby, the site of a creation story by Kamakau (Tales and Traditions 130).

Kāneʻohe ("Bamboo Kāne"): Another reference to Kāne, the god of life-giving water, and to the bamboo that flourishes in this wet windward area. ʻOhe was a kinolau, or bodily form, of this god. It was used to make knives (split bamboo has a sharp edge), musical instruments (nose flutes, pūʻili, kāʻekeʻeke), kapa decoration sticks, and water containers. The Ulumano, "Blowing Hard," is the wind here.

Kailua ("Two seas" or perhaps "two currents"): Malanai is a gentle breeze here.

Waimānalo ("Potable Water"): If one is traveling from Honolulu around Makapuʻu to the windward side of Oʻahu, there would be no running streams or good freshwater sources between Kuliʻouʻou and Waimānalo. Limu- lipuʻupuʻu is the wind here, a wind scented by a seaweed.

Pāhonu ("Enclosure for Turtles"): A rock pen near shore, where sea turtles were fattened for food which was kapu for the aliʻi. Alopali ("Cliff Face") is the wind, blowing along the high cliffs nearby.

Makapuʻu ("Bulging Eyes"): A lookout; this high bluff at the east end of Oʻahu was named for a magical rock that attracted uhu (parrot fish) to the area; the rock had eight bulging eyes

– black stones that protruded from the head of the rock. The wind from either direction (Kona, or southerly; or Koʻolau, or northeasterly) turns or wraps ("huli") around the headland of Makapuʻu.

Like a riddle, each place name and wind name challenges the reader to figure out why it was given, and leads to discoveries about the special character of that which is named. Such knowledge of geography and weather was essential to the success of those who lived close to the land and sea and depended on them for their survival and well-being. I had traveled up and down this windward coast of Oʻahu many times in childhood; but only after I became familiar with the meanings of the place names and wind names did I begin to see the land in all its complexities, full of life and life-giving. Pahonu became more important and precious to me than Paris.

I also studied the traditional Hawaiian calendar to understand the seasons. In school, we were taught that every place was supposed to have four seasons; Hawaiʻi was somehow deficient because it didn't. We wrote poems to celebrate the first flowers and leaves of spring sprouting from snowy earth and autumn leaves turning red, mimicking the emotions of the seasonal poetry of New England, Europe, and Asia, without having experienced the events that evoke those emotions. This fakery was the result of a neurotic disjunction between the colonial language and reality – the same neurosis that makes local people put up fake cardboard chimneys and Santa Clauses, plastic reindeers on fields of cotton, and Christmas trees decorated with fake icicles in December, when the temperature in the towns rarely drops below 60 or 70 degrees. People worship these hollow icons of Capitalism brought from America and Europe, unconnected to the winter rains, the runs of ʻopelu and akule, the spawning of the ʻanae.

We were also told that Hawaiʻi was perpetual summer, as in the Garden of Eden Before the Fall. Such was the perception of some of the colonists and immigrants who came to Hawaiʻi from places like New England and Asia, where climate changes are more extreme.

These foreign views of Hawaiian climate alienate students from the real climate of Hawaiʻi: Hawaiʻi has seasons, just different ones from those in temperate climates. The days are longer, hotter, and drier during the season called Kau, then shorter, cooler, and rainier during the season called Hoʻoilo. The rising and setting points of the sun moves north, then south, the sun arcing higher in the sky, then lower. Sunlight

changes; golden afternoons become silvery and pale. The winds, currents, and surf change; the temperature of the ocean changes; the fish, birds, and plants change.

The year begins with the six-month long season of Hoʻoilo, when a cluster of little stars called Makaliʻi ("Little Eyes" or "Little Stars"; the Pleiades) appears above the eastern horizon just after sunset. Previous to this time, Makaliʻi rises later in the evening. Six months later, toward the end of the Hoʻoilo, Makaliʻi is on the opposite side of the sky at sunset, lost in the light of the sun, and the season of Kau is about to begin. Makaliʻi, a stingy chief, is said to have pulled up all the food on earth into his net; astronomically, Makaliʻi appears higher and higher in the sky at sunset as the rainy months, associated with a scarcity of food, progresses. When Makaliʻi disappears into the sun after six months of the rainy season, the six-month season of vigorous plant growth begins; at the end of the six months of growth, Makaliʻi appears again above the eastern horizon just after sunset, and the harvest festival of Makahiki takes place. The story goes that a rat nibbles through the net of Makaliʻi, and the food in the net is then scattered across the land; it is around harvest season when rats appear in the lowlands, driven from the mountains by the cold and rain. During Makahiki, symbolically, a net is lifted up and filled with food, prefiguring the ascent of Makaliʻi in the evening sky and the six months of scarcity to follow; the net is shaken and, if the food falls through the eyes of the net, the next year would bring a good harvest; if not, famine. A string figure (like a cat's cradle) creates a net with eight eyes, each one representing a kind of vegetable food – "taro, sweet potato, plantain, yam, arrowroot, fernroot, smilax, and another." When one point is cut, the whole figure falls apart (Beckwith 433-435).

Farmers, bird-catchers, fishermen, and sailors depended on knowledge of the seasons to anticipate weather and sea conditions and the movement and growth stages of animals on land and in the air and water. Studying the Hawaiian calendar while observing weather and plant and animal life, I began to understand the seasonal cycle of these islands, which allowed me to live more in tune to its rhythm, anticipating conditions at each turning of the sun and planning activities and actions accordingly. (Researchers have found that awareness of the passing seasons stimulates brain rhythms and contributes to a sense of well-being and purpose.) Such knowledge and observations also made me more aware of changes caused by human actions – when streams had less water in them because of agricultural diversions, or had more

silt run-off during the rainy season because of housing developments; when fish, birds, or plants once found in an area (perhaps hundreds of years ago) no longer appeared; when birds, plants, and fish never seen before suddenly appeared. We become better caretakers of the land and sea when we can see changes, for better or for worse, taking place in them.

Modern life has cut us off from the natural world; we buy our food in supermarkets rather than grow, raise, or catch what we eat. Hawaiian literature was a way to understand and appreciate the natural environment more fully.

The literature also taught me a fuller appreciation of the Hawaiian community and their cultural achievements and values. In these traditional stories, we don't find the colonial stereotype of the lazy, dumb Hawaiian, created by Haole bosses angered that Hawaiians did not take to working as wage-slaves on their plantations, and Haole and Asian school teachers upset that Hawaiians were not compliant in a racist public school system that discouraged the use of their native language and demeaned their culture. Instead we find figures like Pakaʻa and his son Kuapakaʻa, who exemplify ideals like loyalty, humility, wisdom, wit, intelligence, foresight, courage, and righteous action and who succeed because of their knowledge of the natural world, their ability to farm, fish, build, and sail. We meet cultural heroes like Kuʻula Kai and his son ʻAiʻai, who taught fishing to the people, established koʻa (fishing grounds), taught conservation, and encouraged the generous distribution of a catch. What I found valuable was the deeper understanding of the islands and their first people, a perspective on how to live in an island environment different from the perspective of the modern colonial system driven by the desire for ever greater accumulation of wealth and property.

At a Hawaiʻi Literary Arts Council (HLAC) conference on Hawaiʻi's literature in 1994, I presented a paper about the importance of knowing Hawaiian culture and literature as a foundation for a new literary vision of Hawaiʻi ("Toward an Authentic Local Literature"). I argued that Haole colonizers and Asian immigrants and their descendants needed to acquire this knowledge, if they wanted to call Hawaiʻi home and write about Hawaiʻi, not as a native Hawaiian might, but with a consciousness of local history and culture: "I don't think a writer can claim a place as home unless he has knowledge of human habitation and traditions from the very beginning of the place; unless he is familiar with the traditions

that were here even before his ancestors arrived; unless he knows how his arrival and presence has affected others who were here before him." Such knowledge would reveal how different the indigenous Hawaiian culture is from the "local culture" that developed on the colonial plantations and towns during the 19th and 20th centuries.

I also argued that the colonial curriculum in Hawai'i's schools had to be changed in order to teach the next generation of children about the indigenous heritage of the islands: "The teacher training program at the University could be changed; an in-depth knowledge of Hawaiian language and culture could be required for any teacher going [to teach in] the public schools. That means requiring fewer English literature courses and hiring fewer English professors; and hiring more Hawaiian professors for the Hawaiian Studies and Hawaiian Language programs. Only then will we begin to lay the foundation for an true modern literature and culture of Hawai'i." Writer and publisher Richard Hamasaki backed up my argument with a presentation on the Hawaiian literary canon that was already available to be studied – classical and contemporary Hawaiian literature that had been published over the last two centuries. (See Hamasaki's "Mountains in the Sea: The Emergence of Contemporary Hawaiian Poetry in English").

Those like myself who had received a colonial college education and were not inclined to go back to school, could study and do research on their own to acquire this knowledge. Those who did not acquire it, for whatever reason, would continue to have a colonial, or more precisely, a neo-colonial perspective, because while shaping a new local identity, they would still be perpetuating the Western world view. Understanding the Hawaiian world view, I argued, was fundamental to the well-being of the future of the islands because this world view developed in our islands, not on continents far away: "While we no longer depend on the 'aina for our food or on the winds of Hawai'i for travel between islands, the values of Hawaiian traditions still make sense for living in the islands and for insuring survival for future generations." I could see that given the finite space and resources of the islands, the steadily increasing population, the steadily increasing number of cars, the steadily increasing number of stores stocking and distributing ever increasing amounts of unnecessary "goods" that ended up in steadily increasing piles of garbage would be disastrous in the long run. Was there an alternative?

3.

Lanalana, pa i ke Kona, huli pu
"Insecurely rooted, it topples over in the Kona winds."
– Pukui, ʻŌlelo Noʻeau, No. 1948

I thought my argument for the study of Hawaiian literature and culture was self- evident and that people who professed to believe in multiculturalism would want to learn more about the indigenous culture and language of Hawaiʻi, to find alternative ways of looking at local culture and society. I thought they would embrace a project to change the curriculum in the public schools and universities, so that a new generation of local writers would emerge less colonial in outlook. I was wrong.

One writer of Japanese ancestry responded with "Why you like be Hawaiian? No try for be someone you not." Her response was based on her belief that studying Hawaiian culture or language is equivalent to wanting to become Hawaiian in blood and that one should stick to studying exclusively the culture of one's ancestors. The ridiculous provincialism of this belief becomes clear when you apply it to other kinds of cultural knowledge: "Why you reading James Joyce, you t'ink you Irish?" "Why you studying Shakespeare, you t'ink da British like you be one of dem?" "Why you listen to reggae music, you part-black or what?" (An actual quote from a clerical worker of Asian ancestry at my college. For a literary expression of this provincialism, see "A Scolding from my Father" by Juliet Kono in Growing Up Local, edited by Chock et al [210-211]; in this poem, Kono portrays her father as a local idiot, who believes that because his daughter wants to learn hula, she is "one Japanee / who like be something / [she] not"; ironically, the daughter is even dumber than her father and has to be told that her flat nose cannot become a "tall nose" just by her dancing hula like her Hawaiian friend, and furthermore, her friend's "tall nose" is not from her Hawaiian ancestry, but from "her mother side," which, it seems, is Haole. The reader is left to wonder: "Can local Japanees really be that stupid?")

I recognize a difference between private and public knowledge, and that many Hawaiian traditions are private knowledge, passed on among chosen members of a family or a school; such knowledge is kapu, belonging to that family or school. And I understand why many Hawaiians feel that for traditional rituals and arts to be authentic,

only someone with Hawaiian blood should practice them. I also recognize that other Hawaiians welcome non-Hawaiians to participate in traditional arts like hula.

My personal rule of thumb is not to seek after kapu knowledge and to avoid rituals and arts. (This is a debatable subject: Chad Rowan, of Hawaiian ancestry, and Fiamalu Penitani, of Tongan-German and Samoan-Portuguese ancestry, became Yokozuna, or Grand Champions, in the traditional Japanese sport of sumo during the 1990's; and Patience Namaka Bacon, of Japanese ancestry, was hanaʻi to Mary Kawena Pukuʻi and trained in the family tradition of hula. On the other hand, many traditionals around the world have opposed the participation of non-bloods in their rituals and arts. The rise of Rowan as Akebono, Penitani as Musashimaru, and a decade earlier, Samoan Salevaʻa Atisanoe as Konishiki to the top ranks of sumo led to protests from some traditional Japanese. In 1992, the Japan Sumo Association placed a moratorium on admitting new foreign wrestlers to the professional ranks, purportedly because too many foreigners were looking to get rich quick and did not have an adequate understanding of the traditions of sumo; the moratorium was lifted in 1998 to allow for more competition and the internationalization of the sport, which would "revitalize" sumo and make it more lucrative for stablemasters.) However one stands on participation in traditional rituals and arts, some Hawaiian traditions have been shared through publications and other media and are part of a public legacy. This knowledge has been offered as a gift and made free and open to everyone. As Lilikala Kameʻeleihiwa writes in her introduction to her translation of the epic of the pig-god Kamapuaʻa: "…we are eager to seek out and share with the world the literary gifts bequeathed by our ancestors" (viii). Such literary gifts include the published works of David Malo, Samuel M. Kamakau, John Papa ʻĪʻī, S.N. Haleʻole, G.W. Kahiolo, Moses and Emma Nakuina, Liliʻuokalani, Mary Kawena Pūkuʻi, the stories and chants collected by Abraham Fornander and Thomas Thrum. This is a literary legacy open to anyone who wants to read and study; and studying these works has nothing to do with "trying for be Hawaiian."

Another writer of Japanese ancestry responded nervously to my conference talk with: "How come you like me write about Hawaiians? I only know how for write about Japanees." Who said anything about writing about Hawaiians? I said basic literacy in Hawaiʻi should include knowledge of Hawaiian language and culture. The level of anxiety about things Hawaiian among non-Hawaiians is astonishingly

high. Many want to claim Hawai‘i as home, but avoid learning things Hawaiian for fear they will be perceived as claiming to be Hawaiian. Their anxiety is different from the anxiety of some non-Hawaiians who cry “racism” whenever anyone mentions exclusively Hawaiian rights to self-determination or the gathering of native animals and plants for ceremonial purposes, etc. This reaction is emotional, from the hurt and rejection they feel when they discover they cannot become Hawaiian by moving here or living here, which they believe is their right as Americans, based on the cultural myth that a person is free to be anything he or she wants to be.

In a presentation to an Asian American Studies conference at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1994, BRP co-founder Darrell Lum, apparently upset by the presentations at the HLAC conference, complained about Hamasaki and me talking about Hawaiian literature: “How come these non-Hawaiian critics are speaking for the Hawaiian community?” Who was speaking for the Hawaiian community? Hamasaki and I were speaking for ourselves, as writers and publishers of Japanese ancestry interested in literary traditions of Hawai‘i, and addressing an audience of mainly Haole and locals of Asian ancestry.

The few Hawaiian writers at the Hawai‘i Literary Arts Council conference hardly needed to hear an argument about the importance of studying Hawaiian language and culture…they were already doing so, perhaps from childhood as part of family traditions or perhaps later in life, in search of the cultural heritage about which the colonial education system had failed to teach them. But one Hawaiian publisher came up to me afterwards to say that she appreciated that we had spoken out to this non-Hawaiian audience, because they needed to hear the argument from someone other than a Hawaiian. More recently at a workshop on Hawaiian Self-Determination at the Center for Hawaiian Studies at UH Manoa (November 6, 2000), lawyer and political leader Mililani Trask explained that she welcomed non-natives speaking in support of Hawaiian self-determination, because when she makes the argument herself to non-natives, someone in the audience inevitably responds: “You want it because you are personally going to gain something from it,” implying her position is based on self-interest rather than a quest for fairness and justice or cultural preservation; on the other hand, when non-Hawaiians make the argument, they can’t be accused of self-interest and people have to focus on the merits of the argument itself. But, of course, non-Hawaiians have to deal with the idiocy of people asking them, “So how come you speaking for Hawaiians?”

Lum also expresses his resentment over Hamasaki's comments that local writers should read the classics of Hawaiian literature: "Critics are insisting on a kind of cultural primer that every writer needs to make reference." (What Hamasaki said was it would be powerful if local writers were able to allude to the rich body of indigenous literature as part of a truly multicultural tradition of Hawai'i.) Then Lum asserts that he is not "culturally deficient" in his knowledge about things Hawaiian because he writes in Pidgin and "Pidgin has its roots in the structure of the Hawaiian language." But Pidgin English doesn't have the cultural insights, concepts, values, traditions, and richness of vocabulary of the Hawaiian language. Speaking Pidgin is not the same thing as knowing Hawaiian. While Pidgin borrows some phrasing, inflections, and words from Hawaiian, it's a regional form of colloquial English. As Mary Kawena Puku'i, author of the Hawaiian Grammar and the Hawaiian Dictionary, writes: "Pidgin never was, and today is not, a truly Hawaiian cultural tradition. It is an identifying mark of long-established Island residence" (*Nana i ke Kumu* 62).

Lum also claims that by writing about "family, relationships, and place," he is using "the native Hawaiian way of identifying oneself." The truth is that these kinds of identifications are commonplace in all literatures with traditional roots and can be derived from Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Samoan, or even American literary traditions. There is nothing particularly Hawaiian, or even "local," about merely identifying a person's family background or hometown, or writing about relationships between people.

In a more recent piece, "Local Genealogy: What School You Went?" (1998), Lum claims that the question "What School You Went?" "has its roots in the native Hawaiian way of identifying oneself by geography and genealogy much as Kamakau described people in *Ruling Chiefs of Hawaii* (Revised Edition)" (11- 12). Then he asserts that questions like "What school you went?" or "What family you belong to?" or "Where are you from?", like the ali'i tradition of genealogy in Kamakau, are "fundamentally an effort to discover how we are connected." These claims aren't really accurate.

First of all, the question "What School You Went?" is not rooted in the ali'i geneaological traditions described in Kamakau. I've heard the question ("Where did you go to school?") asked in Seattle, San Francisco, and New York; it merely indicates one person is curious about the background of another person and wants to get to know him or her better.

Secondly, while aliʻi genealogies might be used to show how one chief was related to another and therefore deserved some special consideration, they were not cited just "to discover how we are connected," but to distinguish one chief from another and establish rights and privileges by showing descent from the gods. In this hierarchical society based on bloodlines, genealogy placed a person above or below someone else. In *The Wind Gourd of Laʻamaomao*, Kū-a-pakaʻa disrespects the genealogy of the district chiefs of the island of Hawaiʻi by calling them "kaukaualiʻi" (chiefs of lower bloodlines) and makes fun of their home districts – Kohala is a land where people eat grasshoppers (famine food); Kaʻū is a place where there is not enough water to take a bath. Kū-a-pakaʻa mentions their bloodlines and home districts not to connect himself to the chiefs, but to humiliate them and to glorify the ruling chief Keawenuiaʻumi.

The aliʻi discouraged the makaʻāinana (farmers and fishermen, not of aliʻi blood) from keeping lengthy genealogies because aliʻi claimed the mana of the gods flowed down to them, not to the makaʻāinana. Kamakau explains in *Tales and Traditions of the People of Old*: "To commoners, genealogies were of no value because their parents forbade them to act like chiefs or to have children born in the back country who would trace their ancestry up to the chiefs (piʻi aku i na ʻliʻi). So the children of the makaʻāinana were taught only the names of their fathers, mothers, and grandparents" (80). If a person was a kauwā, or outcast, he might hide his genealogy because it shamed him and placed him below even the makaʻāinana.

While the chiefs tried to maintain the social hierarchies through genealogy and intermarriage among themselves (brothers and sisters married to keep the blood pure and the mana strong), they competed for the right to rule. A chief held the right to rule only as long as he was pono – obedient to the life-giving gods, as reflected in his ability to maintain the health and productivity of the land and sea. Pono also meant that the chief was fair and just in his behavior toward his people. If a righteous chief of lower rank felt that a chief of higher rank had forfeited the right to rule by unrighteous behavior, he killed his rival: thus ʻUmi killed his half-brother Hākau and became ruling chief of the Big Island because Hākau was self-serving – "cruel to the common people" (9) and "lost in pleasures"; he "mistreated the chiefs, beat those who were not guilty of any wrongdoing, and abused the priests of the heiaus of his gods and the chiefs of his own government" (10). Hākau despised ʻUmi because ʻUmi's mother Akahi-a-kuleana was of

lower rank than Pinea, his own mother; but Hākau had forgotten the primary principle of maintaining his right to rule, taught to the chiefs of ancient Hawai‘i: don’t be self- serving; take care of everyone, the big man and the little man, the high and the low, lest one day you lose favor with the gods and the people rise up and kill you. The rigidly hierarchical society described by Kamakau was apparently brought by Tahitian ariki who migrated to Hawai‘i with Pa‘ao and Moi‘ikeha; outside of the royal court, the community was organized as ‘ohana. Extended families living in sections of land called ahupua‘a produced all the goods and food needed for their survival and well-being; those of the mountain shared or bartered their production with those of the sea. So closely attached to the land was the ‘ohana, that the mountains, streams, winds, rains, animals, and plants of the area, in the form of nature spirits, became ancestors. The ‘ohana, led by a haku (elder male of the senior branch) and a family council made up of the kūpuna, or old folk, were responsible for remembering and passing on the stories venerating the achievements of the ancestors and for maintaining the health of the land and sea for future generations. “[T]he haku was no dictator but was subject to the advice and opinion of householders and of all other members of his ‘ohana concerned in or affected by decisions and enterprises” (Handy and Pukui 7). Unlike the ali‘i system, the ‘ohana system was relatively democratic; it is a more likely foundation for local community than the hierarchical society based on genealogy described in Kamakau.

In our fissured society today, hierarchies are based not on bloodlines, but on ethnicity, education, income, gender, geography, and sexual orientation, among other factors. Lum acknowledges that “‘What school you went?’ might easily become a question used to perpetuate public / private school distinctions, socio- economic differences and divisive stereotypes” (“Local Genealogy” 13). You might find yourself praised or put down, accepted or not accepted, given a job or not given a job, placed in the smart class or identified as remedial, based on prejudices against your origins or background, not your ability or character. In one of my local literature classes, a Hawaiian student, studying to become an educator, recalled that her “Oriental” teacher in elementary school placed all the Polynesians in the slow group on the first day of class, before testing anyone. It was not the first time I had heard such a story. Perhaps the ‘ohana system of traditional Ka‘ū could serve as a model for today’s community – but only after injustices, past and present, have been acknowledged and redressed, and prejudices

overcome. There can be no reconciliation (hoʻoponopono) without first an admission that wrongs have been committed.

While Lum acknowledges the social divisions, he claims that there has been a "cultural accommodation on the part of native Hawaiians and immigrant labor" (12) and that these groups share "common values, common history, and common language (Pidgin, or more correctly Hawaiʻi Creole English)" (13). While it's true that immigrants and their descendants share some common family values and the historical experience of the plantations with Hawaiians, to say there has been a "cultural accommodation" based on this "common history" isn't true.

Poet and scholar Haunani-Kay Trask points out, "indigenous people – including Hawaiians – are defined as those who have a historical continuity with pre-invasion and pre-colonial societies that developed on their territories" ("The Right to Self-Determination" 2-3). History for Hawaiians doesn't begin with the plantations, as it does for the immigrants and their descendants; it goes back to voyaging canoes from the South Pacific, back to wa kahiko (ancient times), back to po (the darkness at the beginning of creation). For immigrants arriving much later from Asia and elsewhere, the plantations were roads into America; for Hawaiians they were roads to the end of their traditional way of life. (See "Disintegration" in Pukui's Polynesian Family System in Kaʻū, 15-16.) Poet Dana Naone Hall laments the change from kalo ponds to sugar plantations during the last 100 years by describing the enforced change in the flow of water, the life- blood of the ʻaina ("streams" vs. "ditches"):

> The way it is now
> Few streams still flow
> Through loʻi kalo
> To the sea.
> Most of the water
> Where we live
> runs in ditches alongside
> the graves of Chinese bones
> where the same crop has burned in the fields
> for the last one hundred years.

("Hawaiʻi '89," in Balaz, *Hoʻomanoa* 74)

For Hall and other Hawaiians, identity is rooted not in the plantation

experience, but in the mythic world of nature and ancestral gods, where "Kanehekili / flashes in the sky / and Moanonuikalehua changes / from a beautiful woman / into a lehua tree / at the sound of the pahu" (75). A series of parallel similes connect this identity to the ʻaina:

> …we're still here
> like the fragrant white kokiʻo
> blooming on the long branch
> like the hairy leafed nehe
> clinging to the dry puʻu
> like the moon high over Haʻiku
> lighting the way home. (75-76)

While Hawaiian and non-Hawaiian workers were both oppressed as plantations workers, when immigrants and their children moved off the plantation and into small business and later government and education, they became part of the colonial system that displaced and oppressed the Hawaiian people and undermined the culture and language. To ignore these historical differences and claim a common history is self-deception.

For some reason, Lum and Chock don't seem to recognize that Capitalist bosses and immigrant labor were both part of the colonial system; the fact that laborers worked hard, suffered discrimination, and led strikes against the plantation doesn't make them anti-colonial. No one denies the important work of many immigrant workers and their descendants toward social and political equality in Hawaiʻi. But the work was carried out to improve wages and working conditions and promote democracy within the colonial system; the workers were not revolutionaries who sought to overthrow the colonial system or re-establish the Hawaiian nation. Chock finds its ironic that "a literary venture started with the logo of contract plantation laborers is now called, by some, neocolonial" ("Neocolonialization" 17). I don't find it ironic at all.

The different histories of indigenous peoples and immigrants explain conflicts over political power like the one between native Fijians and the descendants of East Indian immigrant laborers in Fiji. In Hawaiʻi, of course, the political situation is different from that in Fiji, complicated by, among other things, a mixed population in which no group is the majority, and miscegenation, which makes ethnic divisions less sharp. A person might have the blood of colonists,

immigrants, and natives in his or her veins and wish to acknowledge the heritages associated with all of his or her ancestors. But it's clear that what defines a person as Hawaiian is ancestry from pre-contact times. Haunani-Kay Trask writes: "Historical continuity [for indigenous people] is defined by: a) occupation of ancestral lands; b) common ancestry with original occupants of these lands; c) culture, including membership in land-based communities; and d) language. Critically, the significance of territory differentiates indigenous peoples from minorities. Under international human rights law, indigenous peoples have the right of self–determination…. Minorities by contrast, do not have [this] right" ("The Right to Self-Determination" 3).

According to Trask's defintion, the language that defines Hawaiians and Hawaiian resistance to colonization is Hawaiian; so it's also misleading for Lum to imply that Hawaiians and immigrants share Pidgin as their "common language" of opposition to Western dominance. It's true that Hawaiians have used both Pidgin and American English to express their opposition to Western ways, and Pidgin is inherently opposed to American English; however, the most radical of the indigenous activists have made, or are making, the transition into a Hawaiian- language community that is fighting to re-establish itself in immersion schools to recover from the Americanization and English-dominant programs in the public schools during the first-half of the 20th century.

Toward the end of his talk at the Asian American Studies conference in 1994 Lum asserts that he is well grounded in Hawaiian language and culture: "Rather than accept the deficit model as described by the critics, I would like to believe that we come fully equipped as local writers to understand and acknowledge each other and each other's history. We do owe a large debt to native Hawaiian language and culture and already acknowledge it in our work." But his statements reveal "deficits" in his knowledge and understanding of Hawaiian history, language, and culture; and without such knowledge and understanding, it's difficult to acknowledge any "debt."

At the heart of Lum's defense of BRP writers is the fallacy of name-calling: critics of BRP are "ground termites," eating away at the house of literature he and Chock have built. "These insects can tunnel up through cracks in the concrete and eat away at the very foundation of a house until all that is left are hollow posts and a thin shell of paint and wood." The metaphor expresses Lum's middle-class anxiety over protecting acquired property, both literary and real, from

any devaluation. His anxiety marks his integration into the Capitalist system which has transformed land in Hawai‘i from life-giving ‘aina into a commodity to be bought, sold, and owned by individuals. (The metaphors “deficit” and “debt” also express his Capitalist thinking; compare Kame‘eleihiwa’s statement that cultural knowledge is a gift. Gifts, like hospitality, when accepted, create obligation, not debt.) While Lum meant his ground termite metaphor as an insult, I embrace it. We ground termites are dedicated to undermining the aggressive human takeover of the natural world and the commodification of land, which like air and water, should belong to all living things.

We ground termites also feed on self-imposed ignorance and misrepresentation.

4.

> “Look after the big man and the little man, the high and the low.” – Advice to a chief in Nakuina, *The Wind Gourd of La‘amaomao*
>
> So perished Hala‘ea in the sea, surrounded by the objects of his greed. [Hala‘ea was a greedy chief who always demanded the entire catch of fish for himself; his fishermen left him to drown at sea after swamping his canoe by dumping all the fish into it. – Pukui, “The Despotic Chiefs of Ka‘ū”

In “The Neocolonialization of Bamboo Ridge: Repositioning Bamboo Ridge and Local Literature in the1990s,” published in Bamboo Ridge in 1996, Chock apparently thinks he is responding to the argument that writing by locals of Asian ancestry is largely from a middle-class American perspective and therefore, neocolonial. In this article, he doesn’t address the issue of neocolonial perspective; nor does he “reposition” BRP; rather he restates its mission of multiculturalism and then tries to defend the press against the charge that it is biased against native Hawaiians and other ethnic groups: “…it is a myth that we are ethnically biased in what we publish” (14).

I thought it was obvious to everyone that BRP was biased; I don’t mean biased in a mean-spirited, bigoted, overtly racist way – not many take that kind of position publicly in Hawai‘i for fear of getting their asses kicked. I mean unconsciously biased, from a deeply ingrained mind-set that a person is not aware of or does not want to admit to.

In this article, Chock struggles with his prejudices, denying them and revealing them at the same time. And because he is unable to recognize his own prejudices, he can't overcome them.

Before analyzing Chock's defense of BRP, I should state that I don't see multiculturalism as the solution to all social ills or inequities; oppressive divisions in society are based on other factors besides ethnicity, and multiculturalism can be a feel-good way of avoiding other social issues. Furthermore, some versions of multiculturalism are insidious in the local context, for example, "internationalism" which promotes the study of Japanese and Chinese or other foreign cultures in local schools at the expense of Hawaiian culture and local history; or a multiculturalism that encourages each group to study and respect its own history and heritage, but no one else's. But since Chock chooses to defend BRP's record of multiculturalism, let's look at its record of ethnic inclusion and exclusion. A book by an individual author represents the highest honor in publication. Of the nineteen books by individual writers published by BRP in its first twenty-two years (1978-2000), plus one forthcoming book, sixteen are by writers of Japanese, Chinese, or Korean ancestry, four of them by the two editors themselves; three of the books are by Frederick Wichman, a writer of Haole ancestry related to the Rice family of Kaua'i; one collection of stories is by Rodney Morales, a writer of Puerto Rican ancestry. None of the books is by a writer of Hawaiian, Filipino, or Pacific Island ancestry.

BRP also publishes special issues organized around a topic or theme (e.g. growing up local), a genre (children's literature), or ethnic or gender classifications (e.g. Pake writers, women writers, Hapa writers). Four of these issues have been co-edited by Chock and Lum, often with generous inclusion of their own writings. Of the thirteen other editors and co-editors empowered by Chock and Lum to compile special issues, eight are of Asian or part-Asian ancestry; three are of Haole ancestry; one is of Puerto Rican ancestry; one is Hawaiian.

I'm not in principle against a press publishing the writings of exclusively, or predominantly, any group. The practice is fairly common. *'Ōiwi, A Native Hawaiian Journal*, which appeared in 1998, publishes exclusively Hawaiian writers. This kind of publishing is important for any group which has a unique cultural tradition or social agenda, and which is underrepresented by other presses. When BRP started publishing twenty-two years ago, local writers of Asian ancestry were just such an underrepresented group, and the press has done a lot

to remedy the situation by nurturing and publishing many writers of Asian ancestry. The problem is that Chock wants to claim that BRP represents all ethnic groups in Hawai‘i. As its actual publications show, this isn't true.

But instead of saying, "Yes, we are a press that publishes and promotes mainly middle-class local writers of Asian ancestry" (an honest appaisal), the editors continue to insist that Bamboo Ridge is multicultural and inclusive, perhaps because it is more prestigious to claim that they represent all of Hawai‘i's people rather than just 25% of the people.

In his 1996 article, Chock tries to create the impression that BRP has published Hawaiians and locals of Asian ancestry more or less equally: "While it is true that the last five books we have published in between the regular literary magazines have been by writers of Asian ancestry [Gary Pak, Juliet Kono twice, Lois Ann Yamanaka, and Marie Hara], it can also be said that there was an earlier period where we had four books in a row on Hawaiian themes" (14).

Let's analyze this claim more carefully: Chock doesn't point out that none of the four publications on "Hawaiian themes" is a book honoring an individual Hawaiian author's achievement. One, *Mālama: Hawaiian Land and Water*, is an anthology of Hawaiian writings edited by Dana Naone Hall. Of the other three publications, none is by a Hawaiian writer or editor. *Ho‘i Ho‘i Hou: A Tribute to George Helm and Kimo Mitchell* is a biography of Hawaiian activist George Helm by Rodney Morales; *O Na Holoholona Wawae Eha o Ka Lama Hawaii / The Four-Footed Animals of Ka Lama Hawaii* is a translation by Esther Mookini of a New England natural history textbook, which was translated into Hawaiian in the 19th century; *Kauai Tales*, is a collection of legends by Frederick Wichman. To imply that these three publications, along with Hall's anthology, represent native Hawaiian writing and are roughly equivalent to five books by individual writers of Asian ancestry is a little misleading, to say the least. (Imagine how writers of Asian ancestry would react if some condescending non-Asian editor told them that their literary tradition was fairly represented by one anthology and three works written by authors of non-Asian ancestry because all four had "Asian themes.")

Chock also doesn't tell his readers that of the four books on "Hawaiian themes," two of them (*O Na Holoholona Wawae Eha o Ka Lama Hawaii* and *Kauai Tales*) were funded by special grants (which I wrote) and were not published with the funds BRP received from

the Hawai‘i State Foundation on Culture and the Arts during those years; Chock and Lum would not have accepted the manuscripts for publication if no outside grants were obtained. (Chock later claimed to have edited *Kauai Tales*, which is not true.) But after Chock and Lum discovered that traditional Hawaiian stories sell, they were apparently willing to fund two more collections by Wichman.

I was also the liaison between BRP and Hall while she was compiling her Mālama anthology. During this time, Lum expressed his doubts to me that Hall would come up with enough "good writing" to fill a saddle-stitched (stapled magazine format) issue, let alone a perfect-bound book issue. Apparently, he was worried that there was not much writing in the Hawaiian community worthy of publication or that the publication wouldn't sell and would not be worth the investment of printing it in a book rather than in a magazine format. Hall delivered a book and proved him wrong; and the anthology has been kept in print and today is prominently featured in the BRP catalogue. However, since the publication of the Mālama anthology in 1985, BRP has not published any book or anthology by a Hawaiian writer or editor.

Despite Chock's claim that there is no ethnic bias in BRP's editing, its actual publications contradict his assertion, so he offers possible "reasons" (some would say excuses) why BRP has not published more Hawaiian writers. First, "… from the beginning, not many Hawaiians, or writers with obviously Hawaiian names, have submitted work to us." He admits, "all those [Hawaiian writers] who have been asked have submitted work," then adds by way of complaint, "But only when asked" (15). Then why not ask? Because, Chock claims, "Generally most of what we publish in our magazine is unsolicited." This is misleading. Many of the works published are solicited from the small group of friends of Asian ancestry who attend the BRP study group. When I participated in the study group for four years, I understood that it was formed to produce works for the journal, and the editors would regularly solicit works from study group writers. Anyone who wasn't a part of the study group was at a disadvantage in the process of being selected for publication. The editors also solicited works from Asian American writers from the continent who come to read in Hawai‘i. These solicitations could easily account for the number of friends and writers of Asian ancestry who are published over and over again in BRP – including Chock and Lum themselves. (The consistency with which Chock and Lum have published themselves over the last twenty-two years is perhaps not surprising. Rodney Morales, like myself, a

drop-out from BRP and the study group, has noted the absurd conflict of interest when a person is both editor and submitter of works to a publication: "Hmm, lemme see. I pick … ME!" Chock notes that Joe Balaz has engaged in "vanity- publishing" and that Leialoha Perkins is "self-published"["Neocolonialization" 21]. But what Chock and Lum do is also self-publication, though under the guise of a non-profit press controlled by them – a questionable use of public funding. At least Balaz and Perkins used private funds to publish their own works.)

Chock offers a second reason why not many Hawaiian writers have appeared in Bamboo Ridge: "Perhaps it is true that not many Hawaiians have had the time nor inclination to study creative writing and work at developing the level of their art" (15). No inclination to develop "the level of their art"? Isn't that the stereotype of the undermotivated, underachieving Hawaiian? In truth, the Hawaiian community has a long history of producing excellent works of literature, ever since the Hawaiian language was alphabetized and the printing press was introduced to Hawai'i in the early 19th century – and long before middle-class creative writing workshops at universities were invented.

Chock speculates that the reason Hawaiians may not have the "inclination to study creative writing" is that they may be "more interested in oral forms (chants and lyrics) as opposed to written forms"; he elaborates: "discussions have often settled on …whether English literary forms and academics were therefore not encouraged by the Hawaiian community" (15). Such discussions are also based on the stereotype that Hawaiians don't like to read or write. In truth, the English literature curriculum at Kamehameha Schools (for students of Hawaiian ancestry) is more rigorous than at public high schools in Hawai'i, and Kamehameha has produced many English majors, scholars, and creative writers. Chock's speculation is based on the either / or fallacy – that one must choose between literature or an oral tradition, not both. Haunani-Kay Trask notes: "Obviously Hawaiians inhabit two fluid, intermixed worlds: orature and literature; and as the world of orature has been expanding, the need for large published collections grow larger by the month. The enormous creative outpouring of modern Hawaiian composition in both Hawaiian and English awaits celebration in print" ("Decolonizing" 172- 173).

Chock suggests that his notion that Hawaiians are more interested in oral forms than written forms is based in part on a statement that Hawaiian writer George Kanahele made at a literature conference to Haole novelist Ozzie Bushnell. When "prodded" by Bushnell's

question, "Where are the [Hawaiian] novelists?" Kanahele responded "'Why should anybody bother to write a novel?'" Chock apparently interprets this to mean Hawaiians may not be interested in writing or Western models of writing.

It's important to recognize that Kanahele is an accomplished writer and has produced a far more substantial body of literary work than Chock has, including *Ku Kanaka, Stand Tall: A Search for Hawaiian Values* (1986), P*auahi: The Kamehameha Legacy* (1986); *Waikiki 100 B.C. to 1900 A.D.: An Untold Story* (1996), and *Emma: Hawai'i's Remarkable Queen* (1999). Chock's suggestion that Kanahele is saying Hawaiians are not interested in written forms seems obviously false. Kanahele may simply be telling Bushnell that while Bushnell writes novels, apparently because Bushnell considers the novel the pinnacle of literary art, other contemporary writers consider the novel an obsolete 19th century form and may prefer the factualism of essays, histories, and biographies over fiction. Or Kanahele may be suggesting that he prefers to write histories and biographies because as genres, they are closer to genealogical traditions. (Kamakau, Malo, and 'I'i, the greatest writers of the 19th century wrote history, biography, and articles describing cultural practices.)

In the 20th century, there has been a wide range of Hawaiian writing published in different genres, on different topics and themes, from different perspectives, written in Pidgin, American English and Hawaiian. Along with Kanahele's works and the earlier works of John Dominis Holt, we have seen continuous literary production from writers like Kalani Akana, Alani Apio, Joe Balaz, Kiana Davenport, Kihei de Silva, Mahealani Dudoit, 'Imaikalani Kalahele, Mahealani Kamau'u, Lisa Kana'e, Anne Kapulani Landgraf, Lilikala Kame'eleihiwa, Michael McPherson, Haunani-Kay Trask, Kathleen Tyau, and others. Why more of these writings haven't been published by BRP is not satisfactorily explained by Chock. One possibility he doesn't mention is that there are many good Hawaiian writers out there, but he doesn't know any of them and so can't ask them for submissions. Or perhaps these writers don't send anything to BRP because they don't trust the editors to give their works fair readings; or these writers are not writing in the limited, conventional English department writing workshop genres and styles that BRP publishes; or they are writing in Hawaiian, which, it seems, neither Lum nor Chock can read; or these writers don't agree with the middle-class perspective of BRP and prefer to appear in more radical publications. When Dana Naone Hall compiled the Mālama anthology

(1985) and Mahealani Dudoit and others edited *'O'iwi, a Native Hawaiian Journal* (1999), they found good writing by many Hawaiians who have never appeared in a BRP publication.

In "I Wuz Here," his afterword to *Growing Up Local*, an anthology of local literature co-edited with Lum in 1998, Chock describes with nostalgia the multicultural neighborhood in Nu'uanu where he grew up, with Hawaiian neighbors and with 'auwai, kalo, the Royal Mausoleum and petroglyphs nearby. Then Chock, like Lum, focuses on house and property to establish his connection to Hawai'i. He tells us his parents bought their house lot from "the descendants of the royal family," a fact pregnant with historical significance in the transformation of 'aina into property and the transfer of property from one ethnic group and class to another through the power of the new lingua franca – money. And like Lum, Chock uses the metaphor of house to confirm his belonging: "When we ran out of room inside our house, I helped my father chisel out a space in the slope of the solid lava rock underneath the house. We poured two flat beds of concrete…How could I not feel connected to this locale?" (346). The resulting "rock nest" is perhaps more durable than Lum's termite-eaten house. But even that cannot make Chock feel secure: "Things pass away," he writes, "…most things change," lamenting "what used to be called Local is just about gone" (347). Physical connections don't endure; spiritual and cultural ones do. In "For the 100th year commiseration of 1993," poet 'Imaikalani Kalahele, instead of weeping over the last 100 years without a Hawaiian nation, ironically celebrates his sense of the enduring presence of maoli, or native Hawaiians, in their homeland:

Until Maunaloa becomes a sandy beach.
Until the last drop of the last maoli dries in the last sunray.
…
So what one hundred years… nothing!"

(in Dudoit et al, *'O'iwi, a Native Hawaiian Journal*, 187)

Chock tells us that during small kid time, he and the Japanese cemetery worker's children played among the gravestones of Japanese, Haole, Hawaiians, Jews, Koreans, and Chinese. This graveyard next to his house becomes his symbol of a multicultural community where everyone is let in and no conflicts occur. Of course, except Chock and friends, everyone is dead.

Like Lum, Chock wants to believe in a mystical unity of the Local (a reflection of this Multicultural Graveyard in which every corpse has relatively equal status and space) rather than analyze more carefully the claims of living indigenous people, the inequities among living locals, and his own biases, which privilege the middle-class of Asian ancestry and maintain the status quo. A wake up blast came from Haunani-Kay Trask, critical of Chock, Lum, and other writers associated with BRP for their attempt to place themselves at the center of a false, neocolonial view of local history:

> …what ties local Asian writers to each other is a much revered plantation past, which curiously, most of them did not personally experience. This once-removed identification has created a false nostalgia in their work.… A celebration of pidgin English becomes a gloss for the absence of authentic sound and authentic voices. The politics of this kind of theft through falsification is the competiton by Asian writers for hegemony with local Haole writers attempting to distinguish themselves from Americans on the continent. Both groups write about Hawai‘i, claiming a uniqueness that seeks to obliterate the Native presence. Both haole and Asians assert Hawai‘i as theirs; both deny the ancient Hawaiian cultural and creative ground upon which, as foreigners in our country, they continue to falsify their status. This explains why, contrary to most contemporary Hawaiian work, Asian writing is not counter-hegemonic. Of course, most Asian writers do not aspire to critical representation. They aspire to dominance as the unique voice of Hawai‘i (“Decolonizing” 170).

Fortunately, in the year 2000, the local small press scene is somewhat more diverse and de-centralized than it was twenty years ago. In the context of the sovereignty movement, the Hawaiian community has organized to empower themselves rather than wait for support from “multicultural” organizations like BRP. Hawaiians and those interested in Hawaiian traditions have established *‘O‘iwi, a Native Hawaiian Journal*, ‘Ai Pohaku Press, and ‘Aha Punana Leo, which publishes literature in Hawaiian. Haole writers have appeared in publications by Ano‘ai Press. The Samoan community has published *Tatou Tusi Tala: Let’s Write Stories*. Other small presses and publications such as ‘Elepaio, Kalamakū, *O‘ahu Review*, *Tinfish*,

Hybolics, and *Hawai'i Review* have produced an array of literary journals and books from various multicultural perspectives. Other Hawai'i writers have published with the big presses in Hawai'i (UH Press, Bishop Museum, Mutual Publishing) and elsewhere. The model of one central, inclusive, multicultural press defining local literature, which BRP hoped to become by publishing "a representative array" of writers, hasn't materialized because Chock and Lum haven't been able to overcome their ethnic, class, and literary biases. Perhaps no editor can, and the dream of doing so is an unrealistic project of Ego. ("I Wuz Here"?)

At the end of his 1996 article, Chock, as if finally realizing what "multicultural" means in a local context, says BRP should now perhaps "attempt to publish more Hawaiian, Filipino, Portuguese and those other underrepresented local writers" (25). He proposes to make room in BRP publications for these underrepresented writers by pulling "back from publishing any more of those mainland ethnic writers" [i.e., "Asian American writers"] who have provided the models for local writers of Asian ancestry; or perhaps by eliminating "those stray poems or stories which we just happened to like…by writers from New York or Kansas." (How about by refraining from excessive self-publication? Or how about empowering editors of ancestries other than Asian or Haole to select works?) Still hoping he and Lum can be the Chief Arbiters of Local Literature, Chock makes a plea: "… we need for everyone, over time, to trust our choices." "Everyone"? "Trust our choices"? Given the publishing record of BRP and statements by the editors over the last 22 years, maybe not.

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"A Coconut Education"?

In "Local Geography" (2004), I argued that the colonial curricula of schools and colleges in Hawai'i needed to be replaced with multicultural curricula, which included Hawaiian literature, history and culture. (That essay is one of eight in *Local Geography: Essays on Multicultural Hawai'i*.) One Nisei reader objected to the argument because he believed that the colonial curricula he grew up with (which he claimed was not colonial, but "universal") should continue, and furthermore, I shouldn't assume that students planned to live in Hawai'i, and thus should be educated "globally":

> I think you are making a serious mistake about the idea of a colonial education. There is nothing colonial about it: it is the same education one would get in London, New York, or Tokyo. It is the kind of education one is expected to have once he leaves his islands and deals with people elsewhere.
>
> I understand that you are rooted in the local culture and geography and you don't want to leave. But the parents who monitor the Hawaii school system want to give their children the opportunity to leave, the opportunity to go to Wiltshire if they like, or Vermont, or Ikaho.
>
> They know their kids will gain confidence from what they do, not from who their ancestors were or what size island they come from.
>
> These parents are paying you to teach their kids the same things the kids would learn if they lived in Oxford or Paris. You betray the parents and the kids when you teach an island-oriented point of view.
>
> As for the people who feel small because they come from an island, the problem is in themselves, not in their education. Most people who have made great successes in life did not have those successes in the out-of-the-way places where they grew up. They grew out of their childhood and took their place in the wider world.

I pointed out to him in an email that students in London, New York, Tōkyō, and Paris don't all receive "the same education," that they are educated both locally (French literature for Parisien students, American literature for American students, Japanese literature for Tōkyō students) as well as globally. The Nisei reader responded that he didn't think students in Hawai'i should receive "an all-poi diet" (which I didn't advocate). Furthermore, he asserted, teaching Native literature amounted to "a coconut education," adding, "I would find it demeaning."

I responded that I wasn't advocating "an all-poi diet," but a diet of poi, rice, potatoes, pasta, etc. I could have added that poi (and coconut) are healthy foods, but then I didn't think he would get the point. The reader had been brainwashed by colonial propaganda to believe that everything Native was inferior to everything Western.

I responded that I wasn't advocating "an all-poi diet," but a diet of poi, rice, potatoes, pasta, etc. I could have added that poi (and coconut) are healthy foods, but then I didn't think he would get the point. The Nisei reader had been brainwashed by colonial propaganda to believe that everything Native was inferior to everything Western.

An Interview with *Ka Nani*: Authenticity of Place (2008)

[Note: Faculty adviser Lee Tonouchi and student editor Barbi Hanohano-Medeiros of *Ka Nani*, the literary arts journal of Kapi'olani Community College in Honolulu, interviewed me via email for a special issue titled *Wea: Da Land Get Stories* (2008).]

(1) What role does place have in shaping a person's identity?

Place plays a major role in shaping a person's identity. If life is good in a place, it becomes home. Home is where you feel most comfortable in the world, where you feel centered and connected to everything around you - the land and sea, the people, the community, the cultural traditions. You are committed to contributing to family and community, taking care of the land and sea for future generations, perpetuating cultural traditions. Place becomes a part of our identity; we don't think about living elsewhere, for whatever reason. As the poet Wayne Westlake said, "I'd dig ditches to stay in Hawai'i."

On the other hand, a person might hate a place he or she grew up in or spent time in, so that place would define for them where they don't want to live, and as soon as they are able, they move away. They might find another place more to their liking, maybe enough to call it home. Others might move not because they don't like a place, but they like change, so every few years they move, and each of these places can influence them somewhat, but nothing profound, nothing to commit them to one place as home. Some people never find anyplace they feel is home, so place is not impor-tant to them in terms of who they are.

Places also change - new people move in, bringing new cultural values, traditions, and ideas, population grows, the place gets more crowded, more developed, more expensive to live in ancient times. We adapt to these changes if we want to stay in the same place, if the place still feels like home. It takes more effort and commitment to stay.

(2) Being a person of Japanese ancestry, were you always interested

in Hawaiian culture?

No, not always. When I was growing up my influences were mainly Japanese and American. The communities were still pretty ethnocentric back then, where people kind of stuck to them own kind, like birds of a feather so to speak. There was not that much cross-cultural stuff going on. Of course the classes in public school were multiethnic, so I had Hawaiian friends, but we mainly did stuff like play cards and gamble, or play football or baseball, or surf, not getting into any cultural stuff per se. It was all just to have fun.

In school, what we learned about Hawaiian culture was not presented in an interesting way, if at all. We got a little "Hawaiiana" in the fourth grade - simple arts and crafts without cultural, environmental, or spiritual context. Our fourth grade teacher was from the Midwest, so obviously, she knew very little about Hawaiian culture. The spiritual and emotional side of the culture came through in music, which was one of the first things that got non-Hawaiians into Hawaiian culture in the late 60's and 70's.

(3) What was the turning point for you when you realized how significant Hawaiian culture was to you?

One turning point was meeting and working with Kiki Mookini. She was the first Hawaiian language teacher at [Kapi'olani Community College]. We worked on translating Hawaiian stories into English. I helped her with English phrasing and she explained the Hawaiian to me. She introduced me to Hawaiian literature in the original language, and I found the stories way more interesting than the translations I had read when I was younger.

Kiki was the first serious scholar of Hawaiian literature and culture I met and she introduced me to m'oolelo and 'ōlelo. I became very fascinated and spent a lot of time reading whatever I could find. It was because the knowledge was so connected to this place and the language gave names and meanings to many of the places, people, things, phenomena, ideas, feelings, and values I recognized in everyday life in a way that English never could. English developed in another place and when it was brought here it couldn't name these things very effectively.

Kiki was of Japanese ancestry, like me, and grew up in a plantation town on Maui near where my father grew up. She lived cross-culturally, marrying a Hawaiian and studying and teaching Hawaiian language.

That was really unusual for a Japanese woman of her day. She was a pioneer and an inspiration.

Then there was John Dominis Holt, whom I met through my literary connections. He asked me to edit his autobiography, which is one of the most interesting books I've ever read because it taught me so much about the land and people in the generations previous to mine, and about the Hawaiian community in general. He was of the ali ʻi class, though his family had been poor and lived in Kalihi for a while when he was growing up. His description of Kalihi blew me away. I could see how much of how we lived, how we behaved toward one another, what we valued came out of his era. While the community was becoming multicultural, what held it together was Hawaiian. Holt wrote stories about his ancestors who had helped shape Hawai ʻi, and the stories were set in places that I had been to — Makaha, Waialua, Kawela Bay, Wailuku. History came alive for me through his stories. Holt had a large and generous spirit, and a marvelous way of talking, which I can still hear whenever I think of him.

Finally, there was Nainoa Thompson, whom I met through Kiki. This was after I had lived on and off on the West Coast, in Seattle and San Francisco, for about a decade. I was looking for a way to get back into the ocean world of Hawai ʻi that my father introduced me to as a child when he took me fishing and that I experienced through surfing in high school.

When I went to college on the mainland, I lost touch with that world and Hawai ʻi in general. What got me back in touch with it was sailing with the Polynesian Voyaging Society as its education coordinator. I learned so much from Nainoa about how to read clouds and ocean swells, how to tell time and seasons by the stars, the sun, and the moon, how to navigate by these celestial bodies. I had the opportunity to sail between and around all the Hawaiian islands on Hokule ʻa and ʻEala, which gave me a totally differ-ent and much deeper feel for Hawai'i and Hawaiian culture than l had before. I felt very connected to place; sailing on these canoes was a pro-found and spiritual way of traveling. Also, Nainoa and his dad and mom are very spiritual people, visionary and also committed to living a vision, which is something I had never encountered before (or since). A lot of people talk about vision, but very few actually know how to live one.

(4) In your seminal essay "Toward an Authentic Local Literature of Hawai'i" from da Hawai'i Literature Conference in 1994 you give

one critique of what is generally referred to as "Local" literature. You state "this local literature is not local in the same sense as traditional Hawaiian stories are local. In fact, this new 'local' Asian American literature is a colonial, or neocolonial, literature; it is based on models of European, American, and so called World literature" (57). You go on for give your prescription for what authentic Local literature should be: "A literature of Hawai'i must express values that are rooted in the 'āina and make sense on islands, and the best and only source of these values in Hawai'i is Hawaiian culture" (59). Over da years how has your call for moving toward da authenticity you describe been received?

Not well, especially by the local Asian American writers, who felt insulted. But over the years, it has become less controversial, I think. I thought I was just saying what was obvious. Literature associated with a place (e.g. a literature of Hawai 'i) should express the ethos (i.e. the values and traditions) unique to that place. So it made sense to me that such an ethos had to develop from the culture of the place and contain an intimate knowledge of the place, and only Hawaiian culture expressed that ethos and contained that knowledge. The other cultures we find here developed elsewhere.

They may have the similar values, but not the intimate knowledge of place found in Hawaiian culture. So a writer of Hawai 'i had to know Hawaiian traditions, just as an American writer should know Faulkner, or an English writer should know Shakespeare. I wasn't saying that every writer of Hawai 'i had to write about Hawaiians or Hawaiian culture, only that we all had to be informed by Hawaiian culture enough to be able to embody some of its values, from a non-Hawaiian, but local perspective; that would allow us to contribute to the creation of a literature of Hawaii or an "authentic local literature," by which I meant a literature of place. ("Locus," from which the adjective "local" is derived, is the Latin word for "place.")

Some people assumed that despite my name I must be part-Hawaiian because I read Hawaiian literature. But what I was really advocating was (1) reading widely, and cross-culturally and multiculturally; and (2) including native literature in one's reading. You can't just read what is written in your own ethnic community. And Hawaiian literature is important for those who live here because it's rooted in the 'āina. If you are living in Hawai'i you should be familiar with Hawaiian literature because it is the only literature that developed here.

Of course, I don't limit my reading to Hawaiian literature or any other literature. I just reread some William Butler Yeats poetry because I saw the movie "No Country for Old Men," whose title is from one of his poems; and remembered how much I liked his poetry and poems in general; in fact, I enjoyed reading Yeats' poems more than I enjoyed watching the movie.

(5) Wat's your take on popular tales of da supernatural in Hawai'i in terms of how dey relate place? Is obaké stories one part of da continuum of stories associated wit da larger Hawaiian history or do dey ignore and displace Hawaiian thoughts of genealogy, land, and history?

Obaké stories were brought from Japan and relocated in Hawai 'i by Japanese immigrants. Glen Grant does a great job of searching out the roots of such spirits as the faceless woman and the dog spirit (inu-gami) in Japanese tradition. Similarly, many traditional Hawaiian stories were brought from Polynesia, and reset in Hawai 'i, and scholars like Katherine Luomala and Martha Beckwith have traced the variations across Polynesia. Then there are ghost stories that are unique to Hawai'i because they occurred here, like the story of Pumaia, set in the Kona district of O'ahu. Ghosts and spirits are found in all cultures-the souls of the deceased, like night marchers, who have unfinished business, good or bad, in this world. They won't leave until that business is finished; and may never be finished, because there is some things that need to be perpetuated till the end of time.

Erasure is not a process that you can attribute to storytelling per se. Telling a story is not erasure. You are not excluding other stories, you are simply telling one of your own. Erasure belongs to social systems, when you construct an educational complex that deliberately promotes only a select group of stories and excludes other groups. The ideal, the richest of all possible school systems, is one in which all stories can be heard and read, and readers and listeners can choose which stories they want to hear. I enjoy all good stories, and don't limit myself to stories from any one group, or exclude any. I've heard some great Filipino ghost stories from my students. The Philippines is a place and a culture with a lot of ghosts, and some of them have been brought here.

(6) In 1982 you edited one special issue of Bamboo Ridge entitled Bamboo Shoots, Stories and Poems for Kids. In 'em you get one

short story entitled "Joey" written almost entirely in Pidgin dialogue with jus little bit, small kine English narration. Is this your only Pidgin work and da only short story that you wen publish? Did you abandon Pidgin because it seemed for go against da authenticity you wuz trying for head towards? Also, how come you wen gravitate to writing essays moreso than writing fiction or poetry?

I wrote a couple of stories for kids in pidgin, based on the neighborhood gang I hung out with in elementary and intermediate school. To write about that world, for that audience, I had to use pidgin to be authentic. But I stopped writing stories after I decided I wasn't very good at it. That's the only one I published. I felt uncomfortable making things up. I like to stick to what really happened. So I began writing non-fiction, essays, with academic readers as my audience.

Writing non-fiction I feel more expressive in edited English, in the sense that it conveys a wider range of what I want to say. I was trained in the essay writing tradition of Francis Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Samuel Johnson, and Matthew Arnold, and feel totally comfortable with that language. I could be too colonized to want to develop a pidgin nonfiction, but when I write my thoughts in pidgin English, it sounds a little forced, a little fake. Not that pidgin can't work in nonfiction: Lisa Kanae uses pidgin very effectively in her long autobiographical piece, "Sista Tongue." But she was writing for a broader audience and with a different purpose than I was.

(7) In Paul Lyons' 1999 review of* Storied Landscapes *that was published in* Marvels and Tales: Journal of Fairy-Tale Studies*, he describes how your essays work: "Kawaharada layers his presentation of [his essays] with personal and general history, and blunt critiques of institutions that engineer cultural estrangement and forgetting. . . The concentration of detail makes the essays demanding, but their insights will travel well. This is lage part because Kawaharada's interest in storied landscapes does not proceed from escapist geopiety or antiquarian folkloristics, but from an ethical dedication to the values traditional stories can perpetuate in the contemporary world." Though you might not claim to, this book, which collects essays you had published over the years, does provide a sort of a blueprint for the essay form on how Local essayists might aspire to write having the authenticity you described in your earlier treatise. Can you cite examples from other Local authors who write in other genres that

have successfully managed to move toward the "authentic local" you've been advocating?

I let my students read one of the essays from *Local Geography* in a Creative Nonfiction class I was teaching, and one student commented that the essay "starts out interesting, and then it changed." What she was trying to say was that it became "academic," that is, boring to her. I suppose that's what Paul is referring to with his comment on "concentration of detail makes the essays demanding." All I could say to her was that I wrote it for a different audience than her.

So I don't consider my essays blueprints; they embody an individual voice addressing a specific audience for a specific purpose. I'm for providing a range of options and models to students, from which they can decide what works for them and adapt whatever works into their own unique style. I mentioned Lisa Kanae's "Sista Tongue" as a personal essay that is very effective and authentic as local literature, but is not as academic as what I write. I assigned Lisa's essay as a text in Creative Nonfiction and it appealed to a broad range of students, young and old, local and non-local. Another essay I like to offer students as a possible model is Lino Kaona's "As I remember" from a Bamboo Ridge collection called Malama: Hawaiian Land and Water, edited by Dana Naone Hall. Kaona uses English and Hawaiian and combines prose and poetry, a difficult read, but again very different from my essay style and yet really effective.

(8) You've seen and helped with the inclusion of ethnic and Hawaiian studies in our education system on the college level. In your 2004 essay collection, Local Geography you report on how "in the 1980s, one rarely saw any books by local writers assigned in any course on campus" (111). Would you say the acceptance of Hawai'i literatures has widened since then?

Somewhat, but I haven't done a survey. Interestingly, Jeff Mexia, a recent graduate of UH, is teaching the first local literature course at Kaua'i Community College.

(9) In "Local Geography" you state "Ideally, the school curriculum should integrate what we experience in our daily lives with progressively broader and more varied and abstract contexts and ideas that help us understand and explain it and guide us in our decisions and actions;

the learner, like a young child climbing a mango tree, ascends to see ever farther and wider while living rooted." Is our public education system currently doing this? What are some concrete examples of what they should be doing?

When I looked at the public school curriculum, I thought it was set up to do this—it has Hawaiian culture, it has American culture, it has global culture; but somehow it wasn't working. My conclusion was that teachers haven't been trained to deliver it. But really, you need to start with the local, the real experience, the sense of who you are in this place, this family, this community, this culture and this historical time. You have to have a sense of who you are, what your point of view is, what you value in order to read and write well. If you just start adding to more abstract contexts and ideas, some people might thrive in that, especially those who live in an abstract kind of world (i.e., a city dweller), but others will end up bored, if not confused or lost.

The difficulty with teaching our community college students is that they come from various places, communities, and generations: so I usually select a range of readings, from indigenous and local to American to international, Pacific, Asian, European, etc.. Those who lack confidence tend to stick with what is familiar, which may be local or American or writings by an author whom they have already read. Others start to venture out in order to read something new. You can really begin to see the effects of their education on them in what they select.

(10) In "Local Geography" you criticize Hawai'i's public school system. You tell the story of how ". . . public school graduates in my first- and second-year college classes, educated thirty years after me, tell me they acquired very little native, local, or Asian-Pacific knowledge in their publich school years." You make the argument that ". . . teachers trained in an assimilationist, Eurocentric pedagogy still dominate the school system. . . To fully implement a Hawaii-based multicultural curriculum would require a new generation of teachers educated in and trained to teach such a curriculum." Do you think the BOE and our education system would even consider this kind of education and training for our teachers?

Well the DOE ... its curriculum from K-12 has Hawaiian culture, it has American culture, it has World cultures. The fact that students

graduate with very little knowledge of Hawaiian, local, or Asian-Pacific knowledge tells me that their teachers didn't deliver the curriculum as it is outlined, or teach it in a way that students could learn it.

Several years ago, Lilikalā Kame'eleihiwa mentioned to me that she thought Hawaiian Studies should train their own teachers for the DOE. She was very frustrated with the College of Education, and its lack of understanding of Hawaiian culture, values and perspectives, and their importance to the educational system in Hawai ʻi and to the well-being of the state of Hawai ʻi.

Really, they should. After all, what they are doing now isn't working very well. I laugh when I hear them talk about tests and test scores because I know that a lot of students, maybe the majority, won't read, won't study diligently in order to pass a test to make the school look good. Students should read and study because they want to find out something about the world they live in; they have to be interested in something. To me, acquiring knowledge is as essential and natural as eating food – a point I make at the end of one of the essays in Local Geography. A low achieving student is as bizarre as Kafka's Hunger Artist who was starving himself to death because he couldn't find any food he wanted to eat. How can that be? Maybe the menu in the DOE is so limited that students can't find anything on it they really want to know, which leads them to the conclusion that school is boring, that there's nothing they want to learn. How strange! It's absolutely absurd that you have a school system in which there are students don't want to learn anything, who skip school because it's boring.

(11) Have you ever considered taking a position in the Department of Education that would help you implement things that could result in some of the ideal situations you mentioned in your essays coming about?

Yes, but one teacher in the DOE probably wouldn't have that much effect. What you want to do is train teachers. This would be in the College of Education at the University. There is a professor named Pauline Chinn who has been doing a great job at introducing place-based learning into science classes, to stimulate interest in science. Not sure how widespread such learning is. Several years ago, Lilikalā mentioned that she thought Hawaiian Studies should train their own teachers for the DOE. I thought that that might isolate the training to a few, but I understood her frustration with the College of Education, and its lack

of understanding of Hawaiian culture, values and perspectives, and their importance to the educational system in Hawai'i. I might consider teaching in the College of Education but I don't have that kind of degree. Educational theory doesn't interest me that much.

(12) In "Toward an Authentic Local Literature of Hawai'i," you contend "With the coming of the money economy, the subsistence culture and its traditions based on dependence on family, community, and 'āina were destroyed. A culture of individual success has replaced it, a culture is based on freeiong the individual from family, community, and 'āina through the accumulation of wealth. In this culture, the individual is no longer attached to the place where he was born and raised he moves where his skills or labor is needed, where he can make money" (57). Do you see this playing itself out today as Locals all talking about Hawai'i's brain drain? Does it sadden you that many of Hawai'i's brightest young minds stay leaving our islands or do you see 'em as one strengthening of community cause ony those who most connected to these islands going remain, li'dat?

Yes, talented young people leaving family, community, and 'āina to pursue careers has something to do with the culture of individual success. At the same time, I oversimplified in that essay. Some of those leaving are really torn and want to stay; and some intend to return, once they've gained the experience to compete in the job market for some of the higher level positions here (e.g. President of the University of Hawai'i). And I hear stories about people actually making it back. The experience elsewhere, in college or in work, is a broadening experience that is helpful in this global culture we live in. Kalākaua sent Hawaiian students abroad in the 19th century so that they could gain this kind of global experience.

I wrote a sarcastic letter to the editor once about this so-called brain drain, in response to a student complaining about the lack of high-paying jobs in Hawai'i and how this was forcing students like herself to sacrifice, making it impossible for "the best and the brightest" to return. Actually, what offended me was the naïve, self-proclaimed title of "best and brightest." Here is what I wrote: "I was saddened by the editorial about the "brain drain" in Hawai'i by Kelly Fujiyoshi, one of the self-proclaimed "best and brightest" whose parents made enough money in the community to support them in private schools and/or mainland colleges. One senses in their statements the negativity

of an inferiority complex that is the product of their colonial education, the strong need for outside (i.e., "mainland") approval to validate who they are and what they do with their lives: "Hawaii lacks dynamism," "Hawaii is not a happening place that attracts the world's eye," "I'd be very frustrated to work in the public schools," "It's removed from the mainland, making it difficult to have collaborations with others."

Having worked here for the last 18 years in public education, I find none of these statements to be true for me. I find challenges and excitement in what I am doing; I see challenges in what others are doing in culture, science, social services, and innovative businesses. Much more can be done by creative, intelligent, and daring people committed to the community who are not going to wait for Hawaii's lawmakers to hand their future to them; they are not going to chase after the highest-paying jobs elsewhere."

(13) Is there anything else you would like to say to our readers?

With Hawai'i and the world changing so fast, I'm less optimistic today than I was 14 years ago that an "authentic local culture" can be maintained. But maybe that's because I live in Honolulu, which is the epicenter of change.

Knowledge is identity, and everything I know unique to this place, Hawai'i, can affect my life here, and I can use to make my life and the lives of members of my family or community better. Thus I would say that knowledge of the land and sea, peoples, and cultures of Hawai'i are important to me and that makes here important to my identity. This helps me navigate through life, to be able to achieve things that need to get done. If I were living elsewhere, and this knowledge were no longer important to me, even though I had acquired it, then this place wouldn't be important to my identity any longer. And some knowledge that I've acquired that can't be applied here is not important to my identity in relationship to place, although it might be useful elsewhere, say if I were living in New York or San Francisco.

When people were farmers and fishers, or going back even further in human history, hunters and gatherers, they had to know a place, an ʻāina, to survive. They had to know where to find water, where animals, plants, or certain kinds of stones could be found and when and how to acquire them; what the weather and soil was like in each place. When we traveled by foot or even horseback, or paddled or sailed canoes to get from one place to another, we had to know the weather and the

terrain, on land and at even underwater, the reefs and shallow areas, the sandy beaches where it was safe to bring a canoe ashore.

Your survival depended on your knowledge of a particular place, the place you considered home. You identified with your place.

Today, our environment is artificial rather than natural. People spend the majority of their lives in houses, buildings, cars, supermarkets, shopping malls, movie theaters. Knowledge about the natural environment is really not essential to survival. You don't have to interact with nature at all to feed and clothe yourself. In this kind of environment, the only local geographical knowledge you need are street names and addresses.

In this kind of environment, you may become defined more by your career, your income, your social status, and also what music you listen to, what movies you watch, what computer games you play, what cloths your wear, what car you drive, all of which both determines and is a reflection of who your family is, what neighborhood you live in, what schools you attended, who you hang out with. To some extent all these elements can be unique to a place, but you can find similar houses, buildings, cars, supermarkets, shopping malls, movie theaters, careers, music, clothing in any urban area in the world. You can find similar, if not the same kinds of food everywhere.

Family can remain important, but so many people are isolated now, without family, having moved from elsewhere, or moving every so many years to a new place.

Again, it may not be essential to my survival to know about the natural world and its elements. But I feel more comfortable living in this particular place knowing them; I feel at home.

Introduction to *Ē Luku Wale Ē*

> Luku wale: vandalism, useless slaughter or destruction; to destroy thus.

Ē Luku Wale Ē is a lament, in words and images, for what has been lost in the wake of construction of the massive freeway known as H-3, on the island of Oahu. Working collectively as Piliamoʻo, photographers Mark Hamasaki and Kapulani Landgraf capture a ravaged landscape after crews and supervisors have gone home, the still, empty machines and absence of people suggesting secrecy, shame, abandonment, and places no longer amenable to human life.

The sixteen-mile freeway runs between the Joint Base Pearl Harbor–Hickam (formerly Pearl Harbor Naval Base) in Puʻuloa, and the Marine Corps Air Station (MCAS) Kaneohe Bay on Mōkapu Peninsula, tunneling through the Koʻolau Mountains from Hālawa Valley to Haʻikū Valley. Originally proposed in 1960, just after Hawaiʻi became the fiftieth state, the H-3 was part of a federally funded project that had as its primary purpose the creation of a network of interstate defense highways, including the H-1 and H-2, to facilitate troop and equipment movement on the island. Project supporters promoted the highways as a means of speeding up travel and reducing traffic on Oʻahu's other roadways. Construction on the H-3 began in 1972 on both sides of the Koʻolau range—on the Hālawa Interchange, and on the section between the Pali Golf Course in Kāneʻohe and the MCAS.

The largest and most expensive public works project of its time in Hawaiʻi, the H-3 drew more protest and opposition than any other project in the islands before it or since. It symbolized what many in the community did not want Hawaiʻi to become: an extension of the urbanized and commercialized continental United States. Opponents of the freeway wanted to preserve the integrity of the community and the qualities of life and land unique to Hawai'i—its Hawaiian cultural foundation, its diverse natural environment, and its rural character.

Large-scale developments, beginning with nineteenth-century sugar and pineapple plantations, have destroyed many once sacred cultural sites. J. G. McAllister's *Archaeology of Oahu* (Honolulu: Bishop

Museum Press, 1933) and Elspeth Sterling and Catherine Summers' *Sites of Oahu* (Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press, 1978) record some of the losses. The depredations will continue as long as the future of the islands lies in the hands of culturally uneducated developers, both local and foreign, and of politicians and residents who have come to see the land as vacant and available for development, rather than as a rich repository of sacred places and traditions.

Every generation grows up thinking that what it sees is what has always been. The photos in *Ē Luku Wale Ē* allow new generations to bear witness retrospectively to the changes in the land as they were taking place. The kanikau, elegies that evoke reflections on what used to be and bestow a profound reverence for place, accompany this visual poetry documenting destruction.

At Mōkapu (moku kapu, or sacred land), in the eighteenth century, the chief Pelei'ōhōlani resided near today's Nu'upia fishpond. Early in the next century, Kamehameha the Great used the land as a meeting place for his ali'i. So sacred was Mōkapu that the nineteenth-century historian S. M. Kamakau set his creation story at the crater of Mololani (well kept, well cared for), on the peninsula. Here, on the eastern flank facing the sunrise, the gods Kāne, Kū, and Lono created the first man and woman.

For centuries after the Polynesians' discovery and settlement of the islands, the sea provided a protective buffer, and the people and culture grew and flourished in relative isolation. Verse I, the first of eleven kanikau verses, describes Mōkapu—ironically, given its identification as the site of a creation myth—as a place where forces destructive to the 'āina entered the land: "the storm rages iniquity on the land." The moa'e kū, the mighty trade winds, drove that storm to the islands' shores. By the eighteenth century, the sea had become a roadway to Hawai'i for European and American ships. The establishment of a Marine Corps base on Mōkapu in 1919 violated the sacredness of Mololani. Trespassers trampled it, toppling sacred stones, building on top of heiau, and disturbing the burial grounds at Heleloa: "Whirlwinds writhe within sands of Heleloa."

The images of *Ē Luku Wale Ē* honor the rocks and mountains sculpted by the famous winds and rains of Kāne'ohe, He'eia, and Hālawa. Verse III and associated photos depict Ho'oleina'iwa (where frigate birds leap), a life-giving place in the uplands connected to the protective gods. Though near the freeway's route, this site remains

undamaged:

> Eyes of the wind plead within the calm
> hīnano flower stirs rises skyward
> Bare among the fragrant hala of Hoʻoleinaʻiwa
> are the fallen ripe fruits of Kekele
> Kāne's verdant ridges embrace a hidden place
> nurturing gifts from the ancestors
> Returning to the bosom of the sheltering god
> to be severed is to be lost
> Digging turning over connecting the past.

In an earlier collection of photos, *Nā Wahi Pana O Koʻolau Poko Poko* (Honolulu: University of Hawaiʻi Press, 1994), Landgraf notes that although there is "no written documentation of this culturally significant site," the stones at Hoʻoleinaʻiwa "appear similar to the birthing stones of Kūkaniloko" in Wahiawā, where the high chieftesses of Oʻahu went to give birth. Hoʻoleinaʻiwa may be another such sacred and sheltered place for the delivery of children and the perpetuation of life. The name refers to frigate birds (ʻiwa), which nest on land, and then give birth to and raise their young there, but spend much of the rest of their life at sea fishing. Short-legged, they walk awkwardly, but when they leap from their perches on shrubs, trees, or rocks with their broad wings outspread, they soar. Hoʻoleinaʻiwa also alludes to a place of departure, leina, where human spirits leave earth to reunite with their ancestors in the afterlife. There may no more sacred place than this in Koʻolaupoko.

E Luku Wale E also records signs of archaeological work done to uncover what lay in the path of destruction—remains of rock walls and ʻauwai (irrigation channels), carefully laid out with uncut stone by Native Hawaiians—before these disappeared under concrete and asphalt. The recurrent theme of digging in the photos and the kanikau conveys both destruction and restoration. The eleven kanikau verses end with "Kau ʻeliʻeli kau mai kau ʻeliʻeli ē," offering "a solemn supplication at the end of a prayer." ʻEliʻeli, "to dig again and again," describes the destructive digging—but it also means "profound," "firmly rooted," "deep," and "reverence." To dig down is to be firmly rooted, like the many-rooted hala tree, and this rootedness is the only way to remain connected to and venerate the ʻāina, and to protect and perpetuate human life.

The H-3 opened to traffic on December 12, 1997, twenty-five years after its construction began. Protests and litigation filled those two and a half decades. Community groups led by Hawaiians, cultural preservationists, and environmentalists succeeded in delaying the project and scoring some concessions to protect cultural sites, but in the end the groups could not stop the massive project.

Beneath Keahiakahoe, the second-highest peak in the Koʻolau range, in the route of the freeway, was the site of Kukuiokāne (kukui trees of Kāne), once the largest and most important heiau of the region. The heiau was dedicated to Kāne, the god of life-giving water and farming. Kāne gives his name not just to the heiau, but to the ahupuaʻa itself, Kāneʻohe: ʻohe, or bamboo, is one of the forms the god assumes. Thomas G. Thrum reported in 1916 that Kukuiokāne was "being destroyed" to plant pineapple fields ("Completing Oʻahu's Heiau Search," *Hawaiian Almanac and Annual 191*6, 87–91). J. Gilbert McAllister visited the area in 1933 and noted that the heiau was gone, but that "the ploughed-up remains indicate heavy walls and several terraces" (McAllister, *Archaeology of Oahu*, 177).

In 1988, archaeologist Earl Neller reported that, while probing for sites in the path of the freeway, he had found the site of the heiau. However, the following year, after further excavation, the Bishop Museum declared that the site represented dry-land agricultural terraces, not a heiau. Work on the freeway continued.

In 1991, the Bishop Museum's archaeological project director, Scott Williams, concluded that the site Neller had identified, along with three adjoining sites, formed an agricultural complex that included Kukuiokāne. Place names and the flora around the site support this premise, indicating the presence of Kāne. A nearby site on the pali of Keahiakahoe is named Pāpuaʻa a Kāne, the pig enclosures of Kāne, where the god is said to have kept his prized pigs (Sterling and Summers, *Sites of Oahu*, 206). Beneath that site is a grove of kukui trees, the oil-rich nuts of which provide food for the pigs, and the spring of Kumukumu, both associated with the heiau. The spring is near the head of Wailele Stream, which joins Kamoʻoaliʻi Stream and flows into Kāneʻohe Bay near the Waiakalua fishpond. Paukū VII speaks of Kukuiokāne and the sacred spring of Kumukumu that is associated with it. The kukui tree is also a form of Kamapuaʻa, the pig god, and the verse calls on the boars of Kamapuaʻa to form a protective barrier around Kukuiokāne:

Heiau drum of Kukuiokāne deeply resounds
unites the gathering of beloved ones
Kumukumu's kapu violated
……
Kane's boars surround the kukui grove
Return again and yet again its sacredness to the earth,
living kapu of Kukuiokāne
Digging turning over restoring.

The state and the Office of Hawaiian Affairs agreed to preserve one of the sites that Williams had identified as part of the agricultural complex and to bury the other three sites intact. The state built the Kāneʻohe interchange on top of these sites, including the site of Kukuiokāne.

Disputes also arose over two sites in Hālawa Valley. In 1992, a researcher and an archaeologist from the Bishop Museum, as well as other cultural experts, identified the sites as an important heiau. They believed that one was a hale o Papa—a house of Papa, the mother of Hawaiian creation. Kamakau notes that such heiau belonged to high chiefesses (piʻo and niaupiʻo) and "were for the good of the women and the children borne for the benefit of the land" (Kamakau, *Tales and Traditions of the People of Old: Na Moʻolelo a ka Poʻe Kahiko*, 129). The two Bishop Museum representatives identified the other site as a luakini, which only an aliʻi nui, or paramount chief, could build. Constructed in times of war and other crises, luakini permitted human sacrifice to plead for support from the war gods. The State Historic Preservation Division's chief archaeologist and others, however, contended that the two sites were the remains of houses and family burials, not heiau.

Both sides agreed that the two sites were archaeologically and culturally significant, and in 1992 the state realigned the freeway through North Hālawa Valley to avoid damaging them. Still, the protests continued, as the new alignment had an impact on the sites. Today the sites lie in a fenced-off area along a road under the freeway. Access for cultural study is allowed, but the construction destroyed the natural setting.

Paukū X and associated photos portray Hālawa as sacred to Papa, and depict the building of the freeway as a rape. The land cries out at the desecration, and members of the community continue to feel and express heartache, grief, and anger over the impact of the H-3 freeway

on the ʻāina.

> Mountains saturated with moisture
> iron boar insatiably ravages barren lands
> exposes the entrails of Papa
> Forest of Pepehia attracts gathering clouds
> branches with crescents tremble in daylight
> ʻelepaio loudly shrieks in the uplands
> Mountains slide into the realm of Milu
> bloody flesh of Hālawa
> Digging turning over perpetuated.

The struggle over H-3 was part of a crucial chapter in the story of twentieth-century Hawaiian activism. In a 1997 newspaper article about the opening of H-3, University of Hawaiʻi professor Haunani-Kay Trask noted, "Struggle after struggle, we protest, we talk about sacred sites, we talk about the destruction of the land at whatever development that we're protesting, and then we lose." She expressed her belief that Hawaiians needed to establish "a sovereign entity of equal legal standing with the US government." ("Rocky Road: Even with the Opening at Hand, Many Hawaiians Say Protests May Not End" *Honolulu Star Bulletin*, December 4, 1997). The only way to effectively protect their cultural heritage and sacred sites, according to Trask and many others who share that view, is to restore the sovereignty of their nation, overthrown in 1893 by haole businessmen with the support of the US Marines.

The Hawaiian community has a long and powerful history of resistance to colonization, Westernization, and urbanization. After a century of disruption, loss of sovereignty, and destruction of native cultural heritage, traditions, and sacred sites, the community experienced a cultural rebirth in the second half of the twentieth century. This movement aimed to resist the wholesale adoption of Western values and practices, and to teach and practice traditions that had been kept alive in rural pockets and among family blessed with kūpuna who knew and cherished those traditions. The reinvigoration of culture and arts included language immersion teaching, kalo farming, fishing and fishponds, herbal medicines, kapa making, hula, chanting, voyaging, and martial arts.

Meanwhile, during the 1960s, '70s, and '80s, investors from the United States, Japan, and elsewhere were pouring money into the

islands, convinced they could profit by transforming the region into the Pacific's business and tourism center and a hub of the global economy. The freeway symbolized the encroachment of this new global culture on Hawai‘i, driven by international capitalism and backed by the military might of the United States.

Tunnels through the Ko‘olau Mountains, which once served as a protective barrier for rural Ko‘olaupoko, became conduits for the spread of Honolulu's urbanizing influences. The state had punched through the mountains twice before, with the Pali tunnels (completed in 1957) and the Wilson tunnels (1960); the H-3 included a third set of tunnels. Kāne‘ohe and Kailua had already become suburbs of Honolulu; the fear was that the H-3 would bring more people, traffic, subdivisions, and shopping malls, and that development would spread to the ahupua‘a north of Kāne‘ohe.

A year after H-3 construction started, in 1973, the farming communities of Waiāhole and Waikāne learned that a landowner was planning a new development in their valleys. The communities began organizing protests against it. These protests continued to increase in strength and intensity for four years, culminating in marches on state government offices, obstruction of roads into the valleys, and a blockade of Kamehameha Highway, the only route north through Ko‘olaupoko to Ko‘olauloa.

In the end, the state diffused the protest by buying Waiāhole Valley in 1977 for $6.1 million to preserve it as farmlands. In 1998, the City and County of Honolulu purchased 500 acres in Waikāne to block a plan for a golf course and preserve the valley for use as a nature park.

In the 1970s, Hawaiian activists and their supporters also confronted the US military over the status of Kaho‘olawe, an island occupied during World War II and subsequently used as a bombing and firing range. When the movement to protect Kaho‘olawe arose in the 1970s, many criticized it as too radical and as unpatriotic; but by the mid-1980s, the majority of people in Hawai‘i, from politicians to schoolchildren, saw the protests as pono, or just. The support was a testament to the strength of the Hawaiian community's cultural and political revival.

After two decades of protest and struggle, in 1990, President George Bush issued an executive order ending the military's use of Kaho‘olawe as a bombing and target range. In 1995, the US Navy agreed to return the island to the state, which then designated it as a site for native cultural practices and education. In 2004, after a five-year, $400 million cleanup, the Navy officially returned the island to the

state. Still, tons of unexploded ordnance had penetrated the ʻāina and remains embedded to this day.

These struggles against the desecration of the land brought about a growing awareness of the importance of protecting and restoring sacred places for future generations, in order to teach about and perpetuate cultural traditions that embody the values and practices of living on islands, maintaining the ʻāina's health and vitality, and using her the precious resources sustainably. Island values and practices contrast and clash with those of the United States' expansionist, consumerist culture, which developed on a continent that had a seemingly endless supply of resources. Settlers used those resources to build massive cities and roadways, while overwhelming a multitude of native cultures and communities once deeply rooted on the continent.

The photos in *Ē Luku Wale Ē* reveal a natural environment altered after the islands opened to the world. Introduced plants such as mango, albizia, paperbark trees, java plum, strawberry guava, and octopus trees dominate the coastal plains of Kāneʻohe, while endemic plants (lehua, koa, hala) and the plants the Native Hawaiians brought in their migrations from the South Pacific (kalo, ʻuala, kī, wauke, ʻawa, kukui, hala, ʻulu, ʻohe) have a reduced presence.

Mountains are enduring—not as easily leveled as hills or forests. Again and again in the photos, we recognize the three great mountains of Kāneʻohe—Kōnāhuanui, Lanihuli, and Keahiakahoe—rising like giants above the wind- and rain-furrowed pali of Kāneʻohe and Haʻikū. These peaks capture rain clouds arriving on the trade winds, and the water tumbling down their pali in shimmering silvery falls has come to symbolize the sky father, Wākea, bringing new life to the earth mother, Papa.

In place names, the old stories endure, like the mountains themselves. Paukū I describes the tallest of the three mountains as bearing witness to the changes taking place below: "mountainous Kōnāhuanui reveals the onslaught." The name Kōnāhuanui (his large seeds) is said to have its origins in a story recounted by Theodore Kelsey: "When a man, probably a giant, chased a woman who escaped into a cave, he tore off his testes and threw them at her" (Sterling and Summers, *Sites of Oahu*, 311). Kōnāhuanui is home to a moʻo goddess, a large lizard that lives in freshwater pools and streams (perhaps the woman who escapes into the cave in Kelsey's story). Rain clouds, symbolic of male fertility and life-giving waters, gather around its heights. The mountain's leeward

side, often ribboned with waterfalls, is the wettest area of Honolulu: the waters of Mānoa and Nuʻuanu valleys have their source here.

On the Koʻolaupoko side, below Kōnāhuanui, is a stream called Kahuaiki (the small seed), one of three streams said to be wives of the god Kāne (the other two are Hiʻilaniwai and Māmalahoa). Place names tell a story of regeneration: Kamoʻoaliʻi (the royal moʻo) brings life-giving water to the fields and plains of Kāneʻohe (bamboo Kāne) before entering the bay near the fishpond of Waikalua (water cave). The names huanui (big seed, in Kōnahuanui) and huaiki (small seed, in Kahuaiki) indicate the land's fertility. To the northwest of Kōnāhuanui is Lanihuli (swirling heavens, suggesting rain clouds moving in the winds around the peak); northwest of Lanihuli is Kahuauli (the dark seed). Uli may refer to the dark rain clouds, their shadows on the land below, or to the dark green vegetation along and below the summit.

Paukū V and VI feature the peak north of Kahuauli: Keahiakahoe (the fire of Kahoe), the second tallest peak in the Koʻolau Mountains. Its legend portrays the stinginess of a fisherman named Pahu toward his brother Kahoe, whom Pahu gives only baitfish. As payback, Pahu must watch in silence and hunger as his brother cooks food over a fire during a famine. Sharing is a cherished value of our local community, but when one person is stingy, another may reciprocate in kind. North of Keahiakahoe is Haʻikū Valley, in the ahupuaʻa of Heʻeia. In the cliffs above the valley is Kaualehu (the ash rain described in Paukū VIII). In this cave dwells the earth goddess Kāmehaʻikana, associated with Papa and Haumea. These earth mothers are the procreators of islands and people.

Luluku (utter destruction) is a section of land at the base of Keahiakahoe. The significance of its naming is lost (perhaps it alluded to flash flooding in the area), but in modern times, the name has ironically become a reminder of the havoc wreaked by the construction of both the Likelike highway and H-3.

Numerous reports document the impact of development and construction projects throughout the islands: disturbance of burial sites; destruction of cultural sites; loss of native habitats for flora and fauna; the introduction of nonnative species into the valleys and mountains; diminished access to cultural sites and places where Hawaiian cultural practitioners gather forest resources; increased flooding, runoff into the ocean, and subsequent damage to reefs; more noise; more trash; and brighter lights at night, diminishing our view of the heavenly bodies

traditionally used to determine direction, time, and seasons. While we can preserve, rehabilitate, restore, or reconstruct some of the sites and resources, others we lose forever. If Honolulu represents the future of the islands, the legacy will be primarily one of loss—hardly a single structure evoking the cultural foundation of ancient times remains extant in the city.

As the islands move through a new century, new development will raise the same questions again and again: How much of what we say we value are we willing to sacrifice to our pursuit of prosperity and comfort? How sustainable is our drive for commercial gains, and at what point is the destruction of the land and native culture so great that it irretrievably damages our quality of life? Is there any way to stop traveling down the path of continuous destruction documented in the photos and verses of *Ē Luku Wale Ē*?

In the end, remembering the stories and mitigating the damage may not be enough to preserve what is special and unique to our islands. In a community that imports most of its food, goods, and energy, that could desalinate seawater if it pollutes its sources of freshwater or sucks them dry, where children grow up absorbed in their electronic devices and worshipping the culture displayed in movie theaters and shopping malls, how can a reverence for the ʻaina survive?

Without that sense, land becomes mere property, an object of investment and profit. Sacred places become objects for study or tourist stops, rather than sites where one experiences the divine and makes prayers to the gods. And if these places are no longer essential to the life of the community, they will remain protected only until another traffic, housing, or economic crisis propels more development.

Contemporary life encourages us to trade what we should value spiritually and culturally for material wealth. The photographs and verses of *Ē Luku Wale Ē* embody the belief that what we need is rootedness in the ʻāina.

Paukū XI on Hālawa refers to the kōlea, the golden plover, whose home and nesting grounds are in Alaska, but who comes to Hawaiʻi during the winter months to avoid the cold and find food. The kōlea is a metaphor for those who come to the islands to enjoy themselves or to make a profit, and leave after they have gotten what they wanted. These transient residents have not acquired any knowledge of the land and its history; they have no deep aloha for the ʻāina, no commitment to protect its life for future generations, no deep aloha for the ʻāina, no committement to protect is life for future generations. And the kōlea are

not just those who come to visit, but those who live here, yet remain ignorant and uncaring.

In contrast to the heedless kōlea are the steadfast hala and the kukui trees. In ancient times, they provided for the needs of the people: the hala for baskets, mats, paintbrushes, decorations, medicine, and food; the kukui for medicine, condiments, adhesive, dye, and oil to create light. Both the hala and the kukui have flourished for centuries in the wet, rainy lowland forests of Kāneʻohe, Haʻikū, and Hālawa. May they live on forever. Kau ʻeliʻeli kau mai kau ʻeliʻeli e.

Kauhale Ke Kuleana ("Responsibility of the Whole Village"): Community, Place, and Culture-Based Education at Kapiʻolani Community College (2016)

[Note: I wrote this article when I was in my final year serving as a Professor of Languages, Linguistics, and Literature at Kapiʻolani Community College.]

Nainoa Thompson, navigator of the Hawaiian voyaging canoe *Hōkūleʻa*, describes the education of his teacher, Micronesian master navigator Mau Piailug:

> He started at one. He was picked by his grandfather, the master navigator for his people, taken to the tide pools at different parts of the island to sit in the water and sense the subtle changes in the water's movements. To feel the wind. To connect himself to that ocean world at a young age. His grandfather took him out to sail with him at age four. Mau told me that he would get seasick and when he was seven years old, his grandfather would tie his hands and drag him behind the canoe to get rid of that. This was not abuse. This was to get him ready for the task of serving his community as a navigator." (PVS, "Nainoa Thompson")

From Thompson's description of Mau's training in the 1930s on Satawal (a tiny atoll in western Micronesia, where traditional non-instrument navigation was still practiced), we glimpse some of the basic features of pre-Western education. Education started at an early age: Mau started at age one. The education was family- and community-based: Mau's grandfather was training Mau to serve the community. The training was also rigorous because the stakes were high: a well-trained navigator was essential to the well-being and survival of the community. As Nainoa explains, Mau's education is

"not about cultural revival, it's about survival. Not enough food can be produced on a small island like that. Their navigators have to go out to sea to catch fish so they can eat" (PVS, "Nainoa Thompson").

In 1951, when Mau was 20, he was the last person on Satawal to be initiated into pwo and became a master navigator. According to Lambert Lokopwe, navigator from the Micronesian island of Pollap, a person at the rank of pwo, or master navigator, serves the community. He

> … takes on responsibilities for his island community. "You use your knowledge of navigation to serve the people," Lambert says. "If you go away, you must be brave enough to face the elements. You are not expected to be unafraid but you must be courageous to overcome the fear and do your sacred duty as a navigator for your people. You will go and bring not only food and goods but also prestige to your people and your community and your island." (PVS, "Pwo Ceremony on Satawal, March 15-20 2007")

As Pukui, Haertig, and Lee note, Hawaiians had a similar practice of training professionals from childhood:

> "If the parents or grandparents of a boy belonged to a kahuna profession, then he [the child] was taught that profession," wrote Kamakau. Eighteenth century historian James Jackson Jarves recorded that in Hawai'i, "The professions of the orator and bards were hereditary and highly illustrious."
>
> Or, a family elder might select a certain child to receive, in a ceremony called hā, the specialized, occupational mana the elder possessed. In that case early training in,—let's say canoe building—would begin in childhood (56)

In addition to being community-based, Mau's education was place-based: Mau was put in pools around the island and taken out sailing to learn the tides, currents, and winds of his home island and seas. The education was experiential, applied learning. In Hawaiian proverbial terms, "I ka hana no a 'ike, by practice one masters the skill" (Pukui, Haertig, and Lee, 48).

Mau's education was also culture-based: Mau's grandfather passed on to his grandson traditional knowledge and practices of navigation.

The training included not just experiences at sea, but memorization of chants that contained secret knowledge and spells to protect him and his crew from dangers they might face at sea or on land. Nainoa recalls that Mau, raised in a culture of orality, "learned to remember many things through chants and would still chant to himself to 'revisit information" (Speidel and Inn, 19).

Finally, the training was based on values; it was spiritual. According to Lokopwe,

> "Pwo is very deep and there are yet two more levels." .... When you have attained those other two degrees, the light and love that god shows wherever you go will reflect on your home islands. Pwo is a process of learning that never stops. It continues until you die."
>
> …..
>
> The central thing about navigation is culture. It involves respect, love, humility, and at the center of it is light. You have the light in your heart and your head and when you finally are able to receive Pwo you have taken on all kinds of responsibilities among which is the responsibility to serve… You have leadership and you are supposed to take pride in community affairs. (PVS, "Pwo Ceremony on Satawal, March 15-20 2007")

Fast forward eight decades from Mau's boyhood: under Objective 1 of its 2015 Title III grant proposal, "Kauhale Ke Kuleana," Kapi'olani Community College has proposed to develop community-, place-, and culture-based teaching and learning designed to engage Native Hawaiian students in learning and close achievement gaps between Native Hawaiian students and all students in institutional effectiveness measure
s. As part of the plan, the College will also enhance Hawaiian language and culture learning throughout the campus environment and across the curriculum.

To work collaboratively in accomplishing this transformation, five new leadership positions will be established:

- A Faculty Development Specialist will "develop and build a cadre of faculty who can support place- and community-based learning opportunities for 500 Native Hawaiian students

annually by 2021" ("Kauhale Ke Kuleana," 26).

• A Partnership Coordinator will "develop authentic partnerships with public and charter schools, Native Hawaiian cultural practitioners, Native Hawaiian-serving non-profit organizations, environmental and other organizations (public archives with resources in the Hawaiian language, health care facilities, and long-term care facilities supporting Native Hawaiian elders)" (26-27).

• A Hawaiian Language Revitalization Specialist will create a Native Hawaiian "success pathway" for bilingual Native Hawaiian students, with a capstone HAW 290 course (28-29).

• A Native Hawaiian Financial Support Specialist will "create intervention strategies aimed at Native Hawaiian students to improve financial literacy and increase Native Hawaiian student participation in financial aid. This position will serve as a resource to connect Native Hawaiian students with scholarships, private grants, community-based work study and other financial aid opportunities"(29).

• A Career Exploration Specialist will encourage "the undeclared and undecided majors to pursue CTE, STEM and other fields which provide financial aid and other support mechanisms proven to improve persistence and completion rates"; the specialist will also identify "career opportunities where Hawaiian language proficiency is both beneficial and required" and "where employment opportunities are strong" (30).

Along with the leadership of Kalāualani (Native Hawaiian faculty AGO), Hawaiian Studies and Languages program, the STEM program, Kulia ma Kapi'olani (the Native Hawaiian CTE Project), Kapo'oloku (the program for Native Hawaiian Student Success), the Lunalilo Scholarship program and other faculty, staff, and campus groups and programs, the leadership team hired under Title III will establish a kauhale, or village, to support the academic achievement of Native Hawaiian students at the College.

Placed-Based Learning on Campus

In "Place-based Education: Connecting Classroom and Community," David Sobel (2012) provides a definition of place- and community-based learning:

> Place-based education is the process of using the local community and environment as a starting point to teach concepts in language arts, mathematics, social studies, science and other subjects across the curriculum. Emphasizing hands-on, real-world learning experiences, this approach to education increases academic achievement, helps students develop stronger ties to their community, enhances students' appreciation for the natural world, and creates a heightened commitment to serving as active, contributing citizens. Community vitality and environmental quality are improved through the active engagement of local citizens, community organizations, and environmental resources in the life of the school.

Widely recognized as a strategy for improving learning, place-based learning can be used in any place and for any student. For example, Sobel describes a project in California:

> In Berkeley, California, a … grassroots school-and-community effort has been transformed into a bioregional initiative. From one vegetable garden at the Martin Luther King Middle School came the idea to have a garden on every schoolyard in Berkeley, which spread to the idea of a garden on every schoolyard in California.

As noted in "Kauhale Ke Kuleana," the College has already established place-based learning on campus: the Hawaiian Studies program is rooted in place-based pedagogy, using "the Mala Maunuunu garden, where students cultivate native plants of nutritional and medicinal value in Hawaiian culture" (12).

The College's Science, Technology, Engineering, and Math (STEM) program has adopted place-, project-, and culture-based learning as a teaching strategy. Two journals of STEM research projects—*'Upena o Kū* (2014): and *Pueo o Kū* (2016)—illustrate the range of place- and

culture-based student projects in STEM. From *ʻUpena o Kū*:

- Survey of Biodiversity in Kawainui Marsh
- Ulupō Heiau: it's all in the water! An exploratory study of water quality
- Ka noho ana o ka Lepelepeohina (What is the habitat preference of Lepelepeohina)
- Effect of Strawberry Guava on the Native Land Snail Leptachatina cerealis
- Tissue nutrient pools and growth rates of the opportunistic alga Ulva spp. on Hawaii's leeward coast
- Thermal Tolerance of Four Littoral Gastropods: Honolulu, Hawaii
- The effect of predator cues on phototaxis in Calcinus seurati hermit crabs
- Calcification rates of the reef building coral Porites compressa under different levels of pH and diel pH variation.

From *Pueo o Kū*:

- Ka Piko o Oʻahu, Kūkaniloko: The Center of Oʻahu, Kūkaniloko
- Summer Wind Patterns on KCC Campus
- Project Olonā: ʻUhaloa Growth Rate Comparison
- Hidden Power of ʻUhaloa [a traditionally used medicinal plant]
- Stressed Out Streams: The Effects of Agriculture on Stream Nutrient Cycling
- A Community-based Project to Restore a Hawaiian Mesic Forest in Wailupe, Oʻahu
- Ka Manu-o-Kū, White Fairy Tern, Gygis alba
- Studying the genetic connectivity of the culturally significant sea urchin, Colobocentrotus atratus, in Hawaiʻi
- Relative Iron (Fe) Concentrations in the Leaves of Chamaesyce multiformis (Euphorbiaceae) [ʻAkoko, a traditional medicinal plant]
- The Effects of Different Moon Phases on the Medicinal Properties of Chamaesyce multiformis (Euphorbiaceae)
- Bacterial Effects of Nīoi (Capsicum frutescens) [a traditional medicinal plant]

While many of the STEM projects are in the biological sciences, physical sciences and math can also be connected to significant places in Hawaiian culture or to the local environment. For example, STEM projects have explored biological and chemical factors in the red water of Kaʻau Crater, measured the winds of the KCC campus, calculated the speed of a chameleon's tongue action, and calculated the Center of Mass of Oʻahu and its relationship to the sacred birthing place of Kūkaniloko, considered the spiritual center of the island. STEM undergraduate culture-based projects begin with literature research of moʻolelo, traditional stories recording the significance of places, then use science to investigate the basis for the story.

In 2015, as part of its Undergraduate Research initiative and to extend place-based learning to more faculty and disciplines on campus, the College launched the Kalāhū seminar, an "immersion-style professional development program for faculty who are interested in integrating place-based community research into their curriculum." Math projects included measuring the height and determining the slope of [Lēʻahi] Diamond Head, researching the Native Hawaiian counting system, and calculating the speed of paddling canoes; another project asked students to collect historical data on local problems such as trash on the beach, elderly care, traffic, and reef deterioration.

Engineering projects, while sometimes lacking a specific connection to local places (designing robots or payloads for space launchings), are applied, experiential learning. And outer space may be viewed as part of place for 21st century Hawaiian students, when a student's world is conceived of as centered in Hawai'i, but also including ever-wider concentric circles—the United States, the world, and the atmosphere and outer space. Both historical and contemporary Hawaiian thinking have adopted this wide view of place. In 1886, King David Kalākaua went on a voyage around the world to acquire knowledge about world affairs and cultures and to meet with world leaders and form alliances and partnerships that would strengthen his Kingdom; and today, from 2014-2017, the Polynesian Voyaging Society, led by its president Nainoa Thompson, is sailing *Hōkūleʻa* around the world in an initiative dubbed Mālama Honua (Care for the Earth) to acquire knowledge about what the rest of the world is doing to protect and care for the planet. The knowledge gained will be brought back to Hawaiʻi to enhance local efforts to mālama ʻāina (care for the land that feeds us). Both Kalākaua and the leaders of the PVS acted with an understanding that the fate and future of Hawai'i are connected to global influences, practices and

changes.

Navigator Thompson attributes his inspiration for the current Worldwide Voyage of *Hōkūleʻa* to a high school classmate, the late NASA astronaut Lacy Veach. Veach envisioned Hawai'i as a research lab for the planet, with so many possibilities of sustainable energy (solar, wind-driven, ocean-thermal, geothermal, hydrogen); diversified agriculture and aquaculture; and the protection of coral reefs and biodiversity nurtured by eons of isolation, now under threat of extinction in an age of globalization. The UH system, Thompson believes, could become a hub of this research. This would require, of course, hiring faculty capable of researching and teaching students in these areas of community need.

Place- and community-based learning can easily be applied in the Social Sciences, where Hawaiian and local examples may be used to illustrate social science theories and concepts about individuals, families, communities, and nations. Once students understand how these theories and concepts apply to their own lives and to their home islands, learning can be expanded via national and global cross-cultural comparisons and analyses of outside forces impacting contemporary life in Hawai'i.

Arts and Humanities instructors may use Hawaiian and local examples in art, history, religion, and literature in their courses. Even in courses covering global topics and issues, an assignment on Hawaiian or local history or literature may introduce a theme or topic that can be expanded on via global cross-cultural comparisons. Hawai'i's art, literature, history and religion, after all, has been influenced by the rest the world.

Porsche dela Fuente's Kalāhū projects for English 22, 100, and 272 include community action plans for utilizing the area around the campus; community mapping for a Diamond Head Scenic Byway project; and reading Hawaiian Mythology to better understand indigenous perspectives.

In writing classes, reflections on place-based personal experiences can be a starting point for practically any assignment. I ask my ENG 200 students to reflect on what and how they learned in K-12 and how well their learning prepared them for college assignment, before having them research educational practices that might have enhanced or improved their college readiness. This ENG 200 assignment draws on a student's experience in a particular place and community (their K-12 schooling, whether they were schooled in Hawai'i or elsewhere). The

assignment is also designed to be relevant to the time of life of students enrolled in a second-year course in college; and it is community-based, asking them to look to the future in terms of how we might improve schools for their children or the next generation.

Community-Based Learning on Campus

Sobel notes that place- and community-based programs can promote both academic achievement and "stronger ties to […] community," "appreciation for the natural world," and "heightened commitment to serving as active, contributing citizens." The College's Service Learning and Sustainability program currently offers students the opportunity to learn through volunteer work in the community:

> Annually over 600 students service-learn at more than 50 community-based sites, including public schools, healthcare facilities, and nonprofit organizations in Honolulu. Students engage directly with current issues in education, environment, health, and long-term care, and with current perspectives in art, history, culture, and society. ("Kauhale Ke Kuleana," 9)

The College's program has been correlated with improvement measures targeted by the College: "Service-Learning students had higher course success and persistence rates, faster time to degree completion and transfer, and higher levels of engagement on all five [student engagement] benchmarks" (9). (The correlation indicates that students who have the motivation and time to do service learning programs also do better in college than those who don't, but not necessarily that the service-learning was a cause of their success rather than an opportunity for applied learning.)

While the College's Service Learning and Sustainability program offers pathways in Arts, History and Culture, the Kauhale Ke Kuleana Partnership Coordinator, working collaboratively with the Faculty Development Specialist, will be assigned to develop learning opportunities at specifically Hawaiian-based organizations. This effort will add a Hawaiian emphasis to the College's community-based learning efforts. Such programs can be found at other campuses; for example, the Partnership Coordinator can connect with programs like Mālama Kaiāulu in the Kīpuka Native Hawaiian Student Center at the University of Hawai'i at Hilo to share and develop best practices

across the system. Mālama Kaiāulu "coordinates culturally relevant community service activities within engaging learning environments." Learning sites at UH Hilo include a traditional loʻi kalo restoration project n Waipiʻo Valley, replanting native coastal plants at Kohanaiki Beach Park in Kailua-Kona; a landscaping project on campus (Kīpuka Mala), and reforesting and conservation efforts in Hakalau Forest Reserve on the slopes of Mauna Kea.

The Kauhale Ke Kuleana community partnerships will be developed in a broader context of community than volunteer service, by adding a career exploration focus. As noted earlier, indigenous education, as in Mau's training, was community-based in the sense of training for professional careers to serve the community. The Partnership Coordinator will work with the Career Exploration Specialist, "to tie student learning outcomes to career exploration support services specific to Native Hawaiians" (30).

A question asked of young people in Western culture—"What do you want to become?"—is ego- or "I"-centered." The assumption is that a person is free to become anyone or anything he or she wants to, the choice being left up to each individual. In community-based education, the question is different: "In what profession or vocation can you best serve your community, given the aptitude and interests that you have?"

In addition to focusing on the learning that takes place as part of the course offering service-learning credit, students can be asked to reflect on a career pathway as part of their community service. For example, in the reflection prompts in the College's Service Learning and Sustainability program, students are asked to write about "how your coursework and activities have shaped your personal, academic or career goals," with one option being to explain how completing "a degree that will provide me with the knowledge, skills, and attitudes" to improve the community in a career related to the coursework and activities.

Questions about career goals could be even more specific, to motivate students to think about community service as an integral part of careers pathways:

- How does the organization benefit the community through its work?
- What kind of workers does it employ? How were the workers trained or educated for what they do?
- How interested are you in doing the same or similar kinds

of work? If your interest is high, what pathway can you take toward such work?

Learning opportunities at Hawaiian-based organizations with reflections on such questions may help students find career pathways that require college degrees and that fit their aptitudes and interests. Here the Articulation Specialist hired on Title III Part A funds (26) can collaborate with the Partnership Coordinator, designing the most efficient pathway to a degree if students have to transfer to obtain a four-year degree to prepare or qualify for the kinds of work they want to do.

The pathway to college graduation and a career aligned with community needs is most clearly embodied in career and technical education (CTE) programs, designed to produce graduates with the knowledge and skills to meet workforce needs in high demand fields. In selective admissions programs such as the College's Health Sciences, Nursing, and New Media Arts programs, the best qualified, best prepared, and most highly motivated and committed applicants are selected from a pool. The cohort of full-time students enters a set sequence of courses designed for two-year graduation. The on-time graduation rates in these programs are typically high, between 70 and 100%.

The majority of community college students, however, are taking courses in the Liberal Arts program, where the graduation rates are much lower than in CTE programs. Hulbert reports that nationwide, while 80% of students entering community colleges say their goal is a bachelor's degree, "barely more than a third of community-college enrollees emerge with a certificate or degree within six years." For the UH system, Complete College America (2014) reports 13.5% acquire the two-year Associate's degree within three years. The on-time graduation rate (two years for a two-year degree) is even lower—3%. (For those seeking four-year degrees, at non-flagship campuses, the on-time graduation rate is 12.6%, 42% graduating in six years; at the flagship campus, 18.7% graduate in four years and 56% in six years; "Hawaii Graduation Rates").

Based on data showing that the longer students take to graduate, the less likely they ever will, in 2012, the UH system began its "15 to finish" campaign, which promotes full-time college attendance: 15 credits per semester in order to graduate on-time. The College is also designing two-year pathways to majors in the Liberal Arts, based in

part on the CTE program model.

Without guidance or advice, students tend to drift in and out of majors and in and out of jobs after they graduate. In "How Adulthood Happens," David Brooks describes a typical, "unstructured" American rite of passage into adulthood and careers: "emerging adults" (as he calls graduates in their 20s) "move from job to job, relationship to relationship and city to city":

> The first big ordeal is finding a job. Many young adults have not been given basic information about how to go about this. As my Times colleague April Lawson, 28, notes, they are often given the advice, "Follow your dream! The possibilities are limitless!" which is completely discordant with the grubby realities they face.

As a result, Brooks notes, "[h]alf the students in Arum's and Roksa's recent study reported that they lacked clear goals or a sense of direction two years after graduation."

The political and business leadership in America is no longer content with this unstructured model for workforce preparation and entry. They see the national community as facing the challenge of global competition from countries whose education systems are out-performing American schools in mass literacy, math, and technology education. In an international study conducted by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) of levels of adult literacy and math and technology skills needed for a modern workplace, the US ranked in the middle, behind countries like Japan, Canada, Austria, Finland, and Sweden. Arne Duncan, head of the US Department of Education, concluded that the OECD survey findings "show our education system hasn't done enough to help Americans compete — or position our country to lead — in a global economy that demands increasingly higher skills" (Pérez-Peña). As a result, educators are now tasked with producing better outcomes, including more graduates in fields in high demand, such as science, technology, and engineering.

In other words, the community can no longer afford the luxury of young people drifting in and out of college and in and out of the workforce during their twenties; it wants graduates to fill workforce needs—and students who graduate within three years for two-year program or within six years for four-year programs. Projections indicate that by the next decade in Hawai'i, 55% of the jobs in Hawai'i

will require college credentials; the UH system now targets 55% percent of the workforce to have college degrees or certificates by 2025 ("55 by 25").

A strong component of career exploration and service commitment in Kauhale Ke Kuleana would align it with this push to connect college preparation to workforce needs as well as with the indigenous model of educating young people to serve the community in productive roles that provide livelihoods. Here the Career Exploration Specialist will play a key role in ensuring that students understand the purpose of community-based education.

In "Our Own Liberation," Manulani Aluli Meyer offers a Hawaiian perspective on career education. One of the principles of Native Hawaiian pedagogy is that it is utility-based: "Purpose and function are tied to knowledge." However, the purpose of knowledge was not just vocational, but part of "a philosophy of aesthetics and epistemology that placed utility, spirituality, and context at the core of what it meant to be aware, to engage in things of purpose, and to be shaped by what is meaningful" (137). Knowledge-based work serving the community should be meaningful in all these ways. The Title III Career Exploration Specialist may include this native perspective of work in his or her efforts to guide students.

Brooks notes that young American college graduates may also have similar ideas about integrating work and life:

> They want meaningful work with social impact. They want to bring their whole selves to work, and ignore the distinctions between professional and intimate life that were in the heads of earlier generations.

Hawaiian Place- and Community-Based Learning on Campus

In "Culture-Based Education and Its Relationship to Student Outcomes," Kana'iaupuni, Ledward, and Jensen describe the importance of place-based learning in Hawaiian culture.

> … place-based learning is a pillar of educational reform throughout the Hawaiian-focused charter school movement. Typical of this approach, these innovative schools implement project-based and place-based teaching and learning for

> children, integrating culture, community and the natural environment. (3)

For Native Hawaiian students who identify strongly with their ancestral roots, the integration of Hawaiian language and culture is one key to improving academic success. Kana‘iaupuni, Ledward, and Jensen note that culture-based education (CBE) addresses not only test scores, but holistic well-being, which the researchers see as foundational to learning:

> … the study found a set of nested relationships linking the use of culture-based educational strategies by teachers and by schools to student educational outcomes. First, culture-based education (CBE) positively impacts student socio-emotional well-being (e.g., identity, self-efficacy, social relationships). Second, enhanced socio-emotional well-being, in turn, positively affects math and reading test scores. Third, CBE is positively related to math and reading test scores for all students, and particularly for those with low socio-emotional development, most notably when supported by overall CBE use within the school. (1)

“Why culture?” the authors ask; they respond:

> Mounting evidence demonstrates the benefits of creating an educational environment that is relevant to and reflective of student realities, background, and culture. (See Christman et al 2008; Kaiwi and Kahumoku 2006; and Kana‘iaupuni 2007 for examples of successful programs.) This research shows that cultural and ethnic identity mitigate negative experiences, increasing self-confidence, self-esteem, and resiliency among both children and adults. At the collective level, culture is related to the survival of distinct practices and languages, and also the functioning of social and family networks and support systems that may contribute to internal sustainability and vitality of social groups.

Pukui, Haertig, and Lee write, “Hawaiians, once masters of their honored crafts, poets, and wits in their own language, gave way to generations discouraged and embarrassed in school systems designed by and for Western culture” (232). After colonization, “[a] new

standard of culture and conduct was held up for Hawaiians to meet. Its basis: the firm belief that West is best. Increasingly, acceptability of Hawaiians would be judged by Western criteria" (301). This attitude was accompanied by racism: one of my students told me that a teacher placed her in the slow grouping in class, without having tested her, because the student was Hawaiian.

The Hawaiian language was brought to the verge of extinction by the attitude of " West is best." Pukui reports that she was punished for speaking Hawaiian in school:

> When the young Kawena [Pukui] was in her early teens, her parents moved to Honolulu.
>
> Kawena entered a private, church-sponsored boarding school. There the young woman, who would someday write the definitive Hawaiian-English dictionaries, knew stern punishment for speaking Hawaiian.
>
> "I was explaining something in Hawaiian to a new girl and a teacher overheard me. For punishment, I had to eat a bread and water lunch, all alone at a separate table — completely set apart from the others. I still remember the humiliation.
>
> "Other times, when I was caught speaking Hawaiian, I lost the privilege of going home to my family on holidays."
>
> Methods of punishment varied, but disciplinary measures for speaking the native tongue were common throughout the islands. (Pukui, Haertig, and Lee, 62-62)

The focus on identity in Hawaiian culture and language-based education at the College is designed to reverse the negative feelings and replace them with the pride, confidence, and resiliency, as Kanaʻiaupuni, Ledward, and Jensen suggest.

In "Hawaiian Cultural Influences in Education (HCIE): Cultural Knowledge and Practice among Hawaiian Students," Ledward and Takayama write:

> Hawaiian culture-based education grounds teaching and learning in culturally relevant content, contexts, and assessments, which draw heavily upon ʻohana (family), kaiāulu (community), and ʻōlelo (Hawaiian language). (1)

In Kauhale ke Kuleana, cultural identity and development will be "an integral part of the College's student success strategies, and is currently being implemented campus-wide through faculty and counselors in all disciplines" (27). Hawaiian Language will be infused "into classrooms, centers and labs, campus, community and cyberspace" (27). This work will be led by the Hawaiian Language Revitalization Specialist, working with the Faculty Development Specialist, to provide language and culture training needed for faculty who want to deliver place-, community-, and culture-based instruction and courses.

In addition to Hawaiian language training, faculty would benefit from training in other areas:

> ***Content Relevant to Hawaiian Culture***: Lama Library's Hawaiian Resource Librarian can be enlisted to develop reading lists of cultural readings in all disciplines taught at the College. Given the interdisciplinary nature of traditional Hawaiian thought and scholarship, works by Hawaiian authors like Mary Kawena Pukui and Samuel Manaiakalani Kamakau are relevant to multiple disciplines represented in the Liberal Arts and CTE programs.
>
> ***Pedagogy***: The Faculty Development Specialist will design training in place-, community- and culture-based teaching and learning that integrates principles of Hawaiian epistemology and pedagogy described in the writings of Hawaiian scholars like Manulani Aluli Meyer, who, in "Native Hawaiian Education: Our kumupa'a," identifies five principles:
>
> (1) *Culturally Defined Senses*: We view the world with culturally shaped sensory organs. How we notice hō'ailona (signs), where we swim, who is ignoring pono, how we enter a forest, how we view kalo, how we cultivate dreams. Our empirical belief structure is shaped by our island environment, our genealogy, the hopes of our kūpuna, and the direction given to us from history.
>
> (2) *Relationship-Defined Orientation*: We value relationship. Relationship occurs on many levels and in many forms. We value rapport with our 'āina, our 'ohana, our people, our values. We struggle in this current system to actualize this priority because of competing pressures, but it is still paramount. We

have ways to restore balance when disharmony occurs and we need to reclaim these practices in all facets of education.

(3) *Utility-Based*: Meaning must be tied to learning. Utility is also tied to art and underscores all that we believe in. We practice abstract thinking, but it is tied to purpose and a meaningful existence. Hawaiians are tired of a knowledge system that is based on non-Hawaiian curriculum, values, assessment standards, and philosophy. We believe it is now time to re-establish a structure that is based on the many levels of appropriate context, useful practice and empowering beliefs that strengthen our identity as Native Hawaiians.

(4) *Intellect Not Separate from Feeling*: Hawaiian philosophy of knowledge recognizes the non-dual and whole nature of what is considered "intellect". Someone who holds only information and no practical understanding stands on only one foot. Those who cultivate information that harms others are disconnected from the morality and illumination of our intellectual and sensory core: na'au. We are not simply "head thinkers" but our bodies, our larger sense of other-ness, our culture directs us.

(5) *Spiritual-Based Knowing*: Knowledge has context and this is shaped by spirit. Our culture is rich in the expansive world beyond our own. We do not belittle that which is not seen, nor do we disregard the nature of how one should behave. We recognize life in all things and we honor this. We thrive in multiple realities of spiritual acknowledgment and believe that knowledge comes in many ways: it is given, it is a responsibility, it is worked for, it is an extension of kūpuna.

These pedagogical practices already guide the curriculum and research practices of the College's STEM program and are employed in other disciplines as well; and they can be integrated into more courses and program via Kauhale Ke Kuleana faculty development.

Values and Protocols: As Meyer notes, Hawaiian pedagogy is value-based, emphasizing relationship to ʻāina, ʻohana, and culture; empiricism and utility; na'au (lit. guts or intestines, but also mind, heart, affections, and feelings, the intestines being

the seat of all of these); and spirituality. Hawaiian values are universal values, as illustrated by the following list of guiding values, developed for the Polynesian Voyaging Society in 1996 by kūpuna Pinky and Laura Thompson (Nainoa's parents) and Kenny Brown (chairman of the board of The Queen's Health Systems and great-grandson of John Papa ʻIʻi, a member of the court of Kamehameha III):

Aloha: To love
Mālama: To care for
ʻImi ʻIke: To seek knowledge
Lokomaikaʻi: To share with each other
Naʻau Pono: To nurture a deep sense of justice
Olakino Maikaʻi: To live healthily

The values guided the collaborative work of the Polynesian Voyaging Society and The Queen's Health Systems leading up to a voyage to Rapanui in 1999 to reestablish an ancestral connection with the people of that remote island at the far southeastern corner of the Polynesian Triangle. In alignment with Meyer's principle of relationship, the knowledge of how to sail this ancestral route was tied to family connections and roots.

In alignment with the principle of utility, Hawaiian values don't represent an abstract or theoretical morality: in order to make them relevant, the values have to be operationalized in protocols and practices, such as (1) asking permission of ancestral spirits and the community before entering places or doing things; (2) researching how places were viewed or used traditionally and historically (e.g., the culturally-based literature research of the Papa and Wākea cohort in the College's STEM program); (3) consulting with the community about work that is being done or has been done in a place; and (4) thanking the ancestral spirits and community when the work is done.

The Thompsons and Kenny Brown saw mālama (care for, protect), like aloha, as a cornerstone value. Mālama Hawai'i became the name of a community-wide effort by the Polynesian Voyaging Society and Queen's Health System to restore Native Hawaiian health (utility, purpose, and function) through reviving the traditional culture and protecting the ʻāina (relationships). When Brown was a state senator in 1973 he spoke about the importance of mālama in all aspects of life in Hawai'i, from our relationship to the natural environment to our social

and business transactions:

> It is applicable to all our transactions with each other, to all of our transactions with the overseas world, and to all of the transactions between society and nature. Each of these transactions must meet the test of mālama at all times, without exception.

In 1996, in alignment with the vision of kūpuna Brown and the Thompsons, the College adopted the name of Mālama Hawai'i for an initiative to establish a cohort-based, two-year AA degree program that infused Hawaiian cultural content, pedagogy, and values into Liberal Arts general education courses. Among the 1999 cohort of students was Kaleo Wong, a Kaiser High School graduate who went on to earn an A.A. degree at the College and a B.A. degree in ʻŌlelo (language) and Hawaiian Studies at UHM. Now, serving as an apprentice navigator for Mālama Honua (*Hōkūleʻa*'s current Worldwide Voyage), Kaleo helped navigate *Hōkūleʻa* across the Atlantic Ocean, from Africa to Brazil. The PVS website reports on his accomplishment:

After more than a month at sea, Pwo navigator Bruce Blankenfeld and his student, navigator Kaleo Wong safely guided their crew across 4,200 nautical miles of an unfamiliar ocean to reach the South American continent. To achieve this feat, the navigators had to pluck from the sea several tiny islands that are barely visible on a standard map, and even harder to spot on the Atlantic's expansive horizon. ("Let's do it for the crew," Hōkūleʻa Voyage Update, Feb. 8, 2016)

Because of his language training, which began at the College, Kaleo has been able to report on the progress of voyage in Hawaiian, both in writing and orally. His current work in conservation biology, which he began preparation for in the College's ethnobotany course, is culture- and community-based, with a mission to restore the areas of Kawainui, Kūkanono, and Ulupō in Kailua to a food-producing area that will once again sustain the community culturally, spiritually, intellectually, and nutritionally.

Like Wong, Kimberly Kahaleua, a STEM student at the College, found a motivation to study science in a cultural connection:

> Being a Native Hawaiian STEM student, I had this wonderful opportunity to participate in Project Olonā. This is my first experience of doing research! It is a unique opportunity for

> me to relate my Native Hawaiian culture with science. Our goal is to work with native Hawaiian lāʻau lapaʻau (medicinal plants) and understand their traditional usages as we research the active ingredient in each plant. I felt so amazed to explore modern-day science and at the same time strive to validate the knowledge of our ancestors. (Pueo o Kū, 61)

A Success Pathway for Bilingual, Bicultural Students

In Kauhale ke Kuleana, the Hawaiian Language Revitalization Specialist will create a "success pathway" for bilingual students primarily recruited from four Oʻahu Hawaiian language immersion high schools. The capstone course will be "a Hawaiian 290 course entitled 'Hawaiian Language and Culture through Application,' to be conducted in both Hawaiian and English"; the course will be designed "to prepare students to serve as Hawaiian language and culture resources on campus and in the community through service-learning experiences" (28). By "providing [students] with professional experience to build their capacity as bilingual language interpreters, and working in multicultural settings," HAW 290 will help bilingual speakers explore career options for someone fluent in Hawaiian language and trained in cultural practices (29).

In order to make HAW 290 the capstone course of a "success pathway," foundational, diversification, focus, and elective courses will be designed to lead to a bilingual AA degree, with HAW 290 as the capstone. The pathway should also provide a bridge to transfer to four-year programs, as needed, given the career goals of students. (Here the Articulation Specialist can contribute.)

To enhance student achievement and success, the courses in this bilingual pathway may be taught by faculty trained by the Faculty Development Specialist in place-, community-, and Hawaiian language and culture-based learning. To deliver courses in the pathway, the College should also consider hiring a bilingual, bicultural cadre of instructors in the various disciplines required for an AA degree.

Preparation and Success

"Kauhale Ke Kuleana" notes "a growing number of [Hawaiian immersion school] students are entering the College often needing work in Developmental English courses. Our model recognizes their

need for improved English while emphasizing their strengths as native language speakers" (28).

The number of incoming students (not just Hawaiian immersion school students) needing remediation is a formidable challenge for the College. Complete College America reports that in Hawai'i, a rate of 69% of incoming students in need of remediation in English and/or Math ("Hawaii Graduation Rates"). The national rate is 52% (*Remedial Education: A Bridge to Nowhere*, 2, 6).

ACT's "The Condition of College & Career Readiness, Hawaii " reports that 93% of Hawai'i high school students took the ACT tests in 2015, and the majority were not college ready: in English 45% met the benchmark of readiness; in Reading, 30%; in Math 29%; in Science 23%, and in all four area, 15%. (ACT defines College readiness as "scores on the ACT subject area tests that represent the level of achievement required for students to have a 50% chance of obtaining a B or higher or about a 75% chance of obtaining a C or higher in corresponding credit-bearing first-year college courses.")

The large number of incoming community college students who are not college ready most likely contributes to the low graduation rates and on-time graduation rates. While the open door policy of community colleges provides opportunity, opportunity is not a guarantee of success. Nainoa, who calls his father Myron "Pinky" Thompson his "hero and inspiration," reports his father's belief that

> 95% of success was determined before you went to sea—through preparation, training and commitment. He demanded that everyone know where they were going, why, and how they were going to get there (PVS, "Myron "Pinky" Thompson").

After the 1978 swamping of *Hōkūle'a* and the loss of crew member Eddie Aikau during a failed attempt to sail from Hawai'i to Tahiti, the Polynesian Voyaging Society, led by Nainoa's father, focused on establishing a training and preparation program for crew members; the program eventually led to a series of successful voyages over the following decades.

When should preparation begin? Mau was selected at age one to be trained as a navigator; at age four, he was already sailing. Twenty-first century American educators also believe early education is essential to success: they advocate pre-K programs starting from around the same age when Mau began sailing. Students who haven't achieved

grade-level reading by grade three (when students started "reading to learn" rather than "learning to read") struggle with academic work for the rest of their schooling (*EARLY WARNING! Why Reading by the End of Third Grade Matters*).

To optimize the chances of students doing well in college, ideally, preparation should take place in an increasingly complex and challenging curriculum from pre-school to grade 12. To increase the number of Native Hawaiian high school graduates who are college ready or near college ready in English, math, and science when they enroll in the College, the Kauhale Ke Kuleana leadership team must begin to work collaboratively with faculty and administrators of the immersion schools and the HDOE.

Starting in Fall 2016, the College will no longer be offering developmental courses, based on reports like Complete College America's *Remedial Education: a Bridge to Nowhere*, which states that developmental courses have become a barrier rather than a bridge to degree completion and success. The study reports that while nationwide, 62 percent of students who are placed in remediation complete the courses (the success rate in the College's developmental courses have been similar), but after two years, only 22.3% complete the college-level courses for which the remedial course was designed to prepare the students; and only 9.5% were projected to graduate in three years (in contrast to 13.9 percent of students who didn't take remedial courses) (10).

In alignment with Complete College America's recommendation that remedial courses be phased out, the College plans to place students who are "one level below college ready" in accelerated college-level math and English courses in their first years, with supplemental instruction and tutoring. Place-, community-, and culture-based learning may help improve success rates in these courses, but it remains to be seen how well this acceleration works. Assessment of the impact of such teaching and learning strategies will be crucial in making continuous improvements. Ideally, the preparation for college-level work, as noted above, should take place in a progressively more challenging curriculum over fourteen or fifteen years, from preschool to graduation, rather than in the first year of college.

Finding the Right Pathway

Students struggle to succeed in college not just because of weak

academic preparation but also not having the right fit for their aptitudes and interests. Pukui, Haertig, and Lee ask about the development of an individual, "what if the situation became one of a square peg trying to a fit in a round hole?" They respond that traditional education was flexible:

> Fitting child to occupation was never as rigid as predictions and hereditary traditions suggest. Hawaiian custom allowed for correcting koho ʻolalua, the wrong choice. The child's natural interest and aptitudes were balanced against the mystic omens of human predictions. For example, if the youngster selected to receive Grandfather's canoe-building mana showed no interest in the skill, another child would be selected to receive the training and the god-given specialized mana.
>
> Mrs. Pukui herself went through at least two such occupational "trial runs:" "One uncle saw in me a future haka [medium for spirit possession]. He took me to an expert haka who tested me to see if I could go into a trance and let a spirit speak through me. It was exhausting and it left me with a terrible headache. Uncle and the haka decided this was not what I was meant to be."
>
> And on another occasion:
>
> "Just before I graduated, my hula teacher—ʻIolani Luahine's grand-aunt—took me out to Haʻena. Just as we were walking up to the heiau [temple] she said to me, 'Chant.'
>
> "And so I chanted, but I have always had hānō [asthma], and against the sound of the waves I couldn't even hear myself. Then as I walked up to the dance platform, a sudden mist came down, almost concealing us.
>
> "Afterwards my teacher said, 'As a chanter, you are impossible. You do not have the lungs for it.'
>
> "But the mist is a hōʻailona. It is a sign that you must teach. You should be, not a performer, but a teacher.'"
>
> (And a teacher—of chants and of Hawaiian language and culture—she became.) (56-57)

To avoid forcing a square peg in a round hole, the Career Exploration Specialist should be prepared to direct students not just into CTE, STEM, or other college pathways in the UH or private post-secondary systems in Hawai'i and the nation, but also into other

non-college pathways (on-the-job training, apprenticeships, certificate programs, etc.) The UH system should also start behaving like a system: as different campuses have different programs and emphases, the campuses should have their counselors direct students to other campuses for programs that fit student interests and aptitudes rather than work to keep as many students as possible on their own campuses to increase their enrollment numbers for annual reports and funding.

The Harvard University Graduate School of Education (2011) proposes a model of education that directs students into multiple pathways in high school rather than in college, to help students find a pathway that is suitable for their aptitudes and interests; the authors believe that the American school system

> … places far too much emphasis on a single pathway to success: attending and graduating from a four-year college after completing an academic program of study in high school. Yet as we've seen, only 30 percent of young adults successfully complete this preferred pathway, despite decades of efforts to raise the numbers. And too many of them graduate from college without a clear conception of the career they want to pursue, let alone a pathway for getting there. (24)

Pathways to Prosperity reports that school systems in Europe offer both college and vocational tracks and that 40-70 percent of high school students choose vocational tracks:

> Throughout northern and central Europe especially, vocational education and training is a mainstream system, the pathway helping most young people make the transition from adolescence to productive adulthood. In Austria, Denmark, Finland, Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, and Switzerland, after grade 9 or 10 between 40 and 70 percent of young people opt for an educational program that typically combines classroom and workplace learning over the next three years. This culminates in a diploma or certificate, a "qualification," as it's called, with real currency in the labor market. (15)

Carefully assisting students to find fitting pathways to careers in service to the community is a key to ensuring that students have the time to be trained and prepare for a profession. The earlier they find the

pathway, the better, allowing, as Mrs. Pukui notes, for changes if the initial decision turns out to be a bad one. For students who arrive at the college without a pathway or direction, the College and Kauhale Ke Kuleana need to focus time and resources to help each student make a good choice. The placement of students on a fitting pathway should be one measure of success for any education program.

A career counselor needs to know each student's aptitude and performance in and out of the classroom in order to help the student find a pathway; ideally the counselor should work closely with faculty to become familiar with the student's academic performance and to review portfolios of the student works.

To make this kind of assistance work, particularly for Native Hawaiian students who value relationships, a personal relationship is important between the counselor and the student (and even, when possible, the student's family).

Keolani Noa, coordinator of the College's STEM program, may serve as a role model in this area. In reflections on the program, students describe how "Aunty Keolani" guides them, just as Mrs. Pukui's uncle and 'Iolani Luahine's grand-aunt guided the future author of the Hawaiian Dictionary. Patricia Malamalama Cockett—who started in the College's STEM program, earned a Bachelor's degree in biology at UHM and a Master's degree in marine biology at Texas A&M, and is now a PhD student there—recalls her first meeting with Aunty Keolani:

> I found myself alone and struggling to pay for classes that I could barely pass. I thought I had failed and that perhaps my family was right, I wasn't smart enough and had no place in academia….
>
> I was sitting on the steps at Kapi'olani Community College crying because my small dream of obtaining a bachelor's degree had come to an end. Something that I will never forget happened that day. A woman came walking up the steps and asked me if I was okay. With nothing to lose, I told her my sad story of failure. She requested that I accompany her to her office. The day I gave up is the day that my life as a scientist began. … She told me that I could succeed if I made the STEM Center my home and she was the support that I never received from my family. I owe her my success as a student and scientist because if she didn't come walking up those steps that day, I would never be where I am today, a PhD student studying

molecular ecology. (*Pueo o Kū*, 60)

Patricia's pursuit of a PhD is guided by a community need: "to study the population genetics of Hawaiian limpets (ʻopihi) in an effort to protect Hawaii's natural resources."

Maria Petelo, an aspiring Obstetrician/Gynecologist, writes that Aunty Keolani promotes the Hawaiian ideal of a career in service to the community:

> Before participating in any internship I just wanted to become a doctor because of a personal experience I went through, but these internships made me realize that if I'm going to become something, then it has to not only benefit me, but everyone as a whole—thinking with impact, which is something Aunty Keolani always emphasizes. (Pueo o Kū, 62)

Financial Support and Other Features of Successful Programs

STEM student stories in *Pueo o Kū* also make clear that students also struggle because of financial needs. Former STEM student Kelly Kawaguchi, who acquired a Bachelor's degree in Mechanical Engineering and now works for Boeing as an engineer, reports, "I was struggling to pay for college on my own and was seeking advice on financial and academic opportunities" (58). The STEM program helped her apply for scholarships, and her peer mentorship at the STEM Center allowed her to work for financial assistance.

To address financial need of students in Kauhale ke Kuleana, the College will hire a Native Hawaiian Financial Support Specialist to "improve financial literacy and increase Native Hawaiian student participation in financial aid" and "connect Native Hawaiian students with scholarships, private grants, community-based work study and other financial aid opportunities" (29).

Two programs that have increased rates of student success offer financial and other supports: the College's Lunalilo Scholars program and Manhattan Community College's Accelerated Study in Associate Programs (ASAP).

The Lunalilo Scholars program offers students "full financial support" as well as academic advising and personal counseling and a required first-year summer bridge course that builds on critical survival

skills. Lunalilo Scholars also provides free bus passes to students and plans to offer a financial management workshop for its participants. "Kauhale Ke Kuleana" notes that "Forty percent of the 2012 cohort of Native Hawaiian Lunalilo Scholars earned a certificate or degree by Fall 2014 compared to 11.5% of the 2012 cohort of all Native Hawaiian students" (6). Furthermore, "[t]he two-year persistence rate for the 2012 Native Hawaiian Lunalilo Scholars cohort was 84.6% compared to 38.4% for the 2012 cohort of all Native Hawaiian students" (6).

Coordinator Lavache Scanlan identifies another factor in success of Lunalilo Scholar students: they develop a pride in being a part of the program and encourage and mentor each other; a source of pride is that the College and its partners cared enough to provide the students with the opportunity to attend college.

STEM students tell a similar story. Kelly Kawaguchi says that the STEM Center "gave everyone including myself a sense of place in school. I felt like I belonged among others that were going through the same struggles and had similar majors as I did, and we all motivated and pushed each other to excel" (Pueo o Kū, 61).

McClyde Gaborno, a STEM student now working as a Field Engineer for the Four Seasons Manele Bay Resort on Lānaʻi, also describes the sense of community in the STEM program:

> What really made the program special though was the sense of community and the dedicated people who have such a profound effect on students. Coordinators and faculty have a genuine interest in their students and their success. Peer mentors provided help in and out of the classroom. These people were like family. (Pueo o Kū, 61)

In Manhattan CC's ASAP, 50% of the students attain Associate's Degrees in three years, as opposed to 16% in "urban community colleges like the Borough of Manhattan Community College" (Hulbert). Like the Lunalilo Scholars program, ASAP offers tutoring and a college success seminar, along with biweekly advising sessions. Like the Lunalilo Scholars program, ASAP also provides financial support: "… if tuition isn't fully covered by federal and state aid, ASAP pays the remainder." Students are also given free Metro passes for transportation. The program costs MCC additional funds, the trade-off being higher graduation rates.

Both Lunalilo Scholars and ASAP also have a component of

selective admissions, another key to higher success rates. As noted above, the College's selective CTE programs achieve higher success rates than its Liberal Arts program. Lunalilo Scholars students are selected by social service agencies based on assessment of their ability to benefit. ASAP accepts students who have "moderate remedial needs" rather than just the best qualified, like the CTE health programs at KCC; but like CTE students in selective admissions programs and in alignment with initiatives like the UH system's "15 to Finish," ASAP students must take a full load; students also "must sign on to the goal of graduating within three years," with a commitment to graduate similar to that of CTE students. (Recall that Myron "Pinky" Thompson identified "commitment" as a key to success, along with preparation and training.)

Students without financial aid who are working part-time to full-time to support themselves and/or their families, while paying for college, struggle to graduate on-time. 65% of the students at the College are part-time students. One student editorialized in Kapi'o, the College's student newspaper, about the difficulty of enrolling full-time:

> Proponents of 15 to Finish fail to notice the life factors in and outside of school that contribute to a student's ability to enroll full-time, or to even matriculate on a part-time basis. Most community college students are balancing more than their grade point averages. Most work, some have children, and a large number also qualify as low-income and non-traditional students.
>
> [15 to Finish's] ambition is laudable, yes, but can you imagine the stress these students face? Is it any wonder that these same cohorts are also the most likely to drop out? We really should not be pushing them to take on more (Juskowich).

Nainoa's Education: Finding a Way

Nainoa describes the role that culture played in his education pathway. In school, at Punahou, he was unengaged:

> Nainoa recalls, "My family didn't push competition. The idea of competition didn't make sense to me. Why should I compete with my friends, the guys I liked and played with? The idea of grades didn't make sense. What do grades have to

> do with learning? Learning should be something very special, very exciting. Rather than learning eagerly, I found that I was spending my energy avoiding bad grades. School should be relevant, exciting, and interesting. I used to ask, 'Why are we reading this book? Why are we reading about dead people in faraway lands?"' (Speidel and Inn, 12)

Unsure where he was heading after graduating from high school, he dropped out of college and "spent his time fishing and working in construction, driving dump trucks." He found his motivation to continue his education after he started to paddle outrigger canoes at the Hui Nalu Canoe Club and met Herb Kāne, one of the founders of the Polynesian Voyaging Society:

> Nainoa's eyes light up as he recalls, "It was the first year I was paddling, and I happened to be at the right place at the right time. Across the canal from the club, Herb Kane was living. Just at that time, Herb, Tommy Holmes, and Ben Finney were designing *Hōkūle'a*. It was 1974, and the canoe hadn't been built yet. They had a smaller canoe then, and they'd ask us to paddle it out of the canal over the reef into the open ocean. That was great! I was at the club every day so I could paddle the canoe out.
>
> "Then one day, Herb invited two of the paddling coaches and me over to his house. Herb's house was filled with paintings and pictures of canoes, nautical charts, star charts, and books everywhere! Interesting books! Over dinner Herb told us how they were going to build a canoe and sail it 2,500 miles without instruments-the old way. 'We're gonna follow the stars, and the canoe is gonna be called after that star" Herb said, pointing to the star *Hōkūle'a*. This voyage would help to show that the Polynesians came here by sailing and navigating their canoes—not just happening to drift here on ocean currents or driven by winds. The voyage would do something very important for the Hawaiian people and for the rest of the world."
>
> "In that moment, all the parts connected in me that had seemed unconnected in my life. I was 20! I was looking for something challenging and meaningful! I had a hard time finding that in the four walls of the school. Here it was—in the history, the heritage, the charts, the stars, the ocean, and the

> dream ... there was so much relevance in that dream. I wanted to follow Herb; I wanted to be part of that dream." (Speidel and Inn, 14)

Nainoa's pathway to becoming a navigator was not easy or straightforward. After Mau Piailug navigated *Hōkūleʻa* on a voyage to Tahiti in 1976, he returned to Satawal, vowing never to return to Hawaiʻi because of conflicts among members of the crew. In his tradition, conflict was absolutely forbidden on a canoe because all crew members must belong to a community dedicated to the collective well-being and survival of the canoe and crew.

Nainoa sailed on *Hōkūleʻa* on the voyage back to Hawaiʻi, but because of Mau's departure, the canoe was navigated with modern instruments. But Nainoa and other Hawaiians wanted to continue the traditional voyaging, so the Polynesian Voyaging Society prepared and launched again for Tahiti in 1978, with Nainoa serving as non-instrument navigator backed up by a navigator with instruments. *Hōkūleʻa* swamped in heavy seas south of Moloka'i. Crew member Eddie Aikau left on a surfboard to get help the next morning and was never seen again.

The tragedy taught Nainoa hard lessons: "Most of all, we realized we did not know enough. We needed a teacher." He sought out Mau in Micronesia:

> Finally, I found him and flew to meet him. Mau is a man of few words, and all he said in answer to my plea for help was, "We will see. I will let you know." For several months I heard nothing. Then one day I got a phone call; Mau was going to be in Honolulu with his son the next day. When Mau arrived here back in 1979, he said, "I will train you to find Tahiti because I don't want you to die." He had heard somehow that Eddie had been lost at sea. (PVS, "Nainoa Thompson")

Mau didn't learn navigation by reading textbooks: "Mau learned to turn the clues from the heavens and the ocean into knowledge by growing up at the side of his grandfather – he had been an apprentice in the traditional way" (Speidel and Inn, 19). When Mau began training Nainoa, the training was place-based, applied learning, at sea:

> "The best was going out on my fishing boat with Mau ... every

> day! I watched what he watched, listened to what he listened, felt what he felt. The hardest for me was to learn to read the ocean swells the way he can. Mau is able to tell so much from the swells—the direction we are traveling, the approach of an island. But this knowledge is hard to transmit. We don't sense things in exactly the same way as the next person does. To help me become sensitive to the movements of the ocean, Mau would steer different courses into the waves, and I would try to get the feel and remember the feel." (Speidel and Inn, 19)

But Nainoa notes that Mau, raised in a culture of orality, also learned by listening to and memorizing chants. When Nainoa asked Mau "to teach me in the traditional way," Mau advised Nainoa to learn in a Western way: "'You take paper and pencil! You write down! I teach you little bit at a time. I tell you once, and you don't forget.'" Mau recognized that Nainoa had to learn differently. Furthermore, after Nainoa successfully navigated to Tahiti in 1980, when Nainoa was in his early twenties, Mau told him that it was already too late for Nainoa to learn the full range of traditional navigation:

> When I did my first voyage and came home in 1980, Mau said everything you needed to know about navigation is in the ocean, and it is all there for you to learn. But because of your age, you'll never see it all. He said if you want Hawai'i to have a navigator that knows it all and sees it all, send your children. (PVS, "Pius Mau Piailug [1932-2010]")

Mau's statement that it was too late for Nainoa to learn it all and that Nainoa should send his children would be considered politically incorrect by modern educators who promote the notion that it is never too late, that anyone, even those not properly prepared, can select a dream at age 18 or later, and succeed in achieving that dream by going to college. While "it's never too late to dream" is a noble idea, it has also led unprepared students down a pathway of multiple semesters of Ds, Fs, and Ws, of probation, suspension, and dismissal. Some of them return after being dismissed; other don't.

Here we should recall the Hawaiian idea that one pathway doesn't fit all; and doggedly trying to fit a square peg in a round hole may not be the best strategy. At what point in a person's life journey, based on an honest assessment and self-assessment of aptitudes and potential

should the motto "achieving the dream" be replaced with "achieving the reality," while passing on the dream to the next generation?

Like all traditional leaders and educators, Mau thought in terms of generations and community, not individuals. When he told Nainoa "send your children," he wasn't limiting Nainoa's dream, but offering him hope: Nainoa's children could carry out his dream; they were young enough to start at an early age, and eventually to "see it all." Parents whose circumstances haven't allowed them to attain college degrees, but who have dedicated themselves to support their children's education from K-12 and beyond would understand Mau's wisdom.

Nainoa accepted the fact that he was too old to learn as Mau did and to see all that Mau saw: "I started at an old age, at about 21." He also knew that his upbringing and learning methods were different from Mau's and that he had to learn navigation by using both science and tradition. While spending as much time as he could with Mau on the open ocean, Nainoa also took college courses to acquire Western knowledge relevant to voyaging—meteorology, astronomy, and oceanography. He studied the apparent motion of celestial bodies in the night sky in the Bishop Museum Planetarium, with UH educator Will Kyselka.

In contemporary America, learning traditional navigation doesn't lead to a career in which a person can support himself and/or a family (although the skills developed are important in any career or work—memorizing, thinking, envisioning, planning, organizing, collaborating, leading, adapting to unexpected situations, etc.) Nainoa understood the value of a college degree. In 1986, ten years after he began his study with Mau, Nainoa was awarded an interdisciplinary degree in Ocean Sciences from the University of Hawai'i, a degree his professors helped him design from the courses he took related to his interest in voyaging and navigation.

Since then Nainoa has served as a trustee of the Kamehameha Schools and a regent at the University of Hawai'i; currently, he serves as president of the Polynesian Voyaging Society, where he has developed training programs that teach the traditions, knowledge, and values of voyaging. The program, like Nainoa's learning pathway, includes both modern science and traditional knowledge, guided by ancestral values. His mission now is embodied in Mālama Honua, *Hōkūle'a*'s voyage around the world, designed to pass on voyaging traditions to a new generation of navigators and crew. Before the voyage began, he established "A Promise to Children," a non-binding pledge signed by

educational leaders in Hawai'i, including the president of the University of Hawai'i system, the superintendent of the DOE, and the presidents of Kamehameha Schools and Punahou School, in partnership with 175 education organizations supporting the voyage. The promise is to

> transform our schools, empower youthful voices, and accept the responsibility of Mālama Honua. We believe that by inspiring children to explore, discover and learn about Island Earth, they will navigate the future of humanity toward vitality, renewal, and compassion.

Almost thirty years after Nainoa began his study with Mau, Mau decided that Nainoa and four other Hawaiian navigators as well as eleven young men from Satawal, including his son Sesario, and other Polynesian navigators who had studied under him, had acquired enough knowledge and experience in traditional navigation and in life to graduate into pwo (master navigator). In 2007, Mau conducted a pwo initiation on Satawal. He passed away three years later in 2010, having ensured that his knowledge and wisdom had been transmitted to the next generation, not only that on Satawal, but across the Pacific.

Nainoa's story suggests that a pathway toward a role in service to the community may not be a journey through two, four, six, or eight years of college. It took three decades for him to attain the rank of pwo. Of course, few students enrolling in the community colleges have the time or resources that Nainoa has had (first and foremost, two visionary, experienced community leaders for parents). For many of the College's students, it will take a kauhale—the whole College community—to help them find their ways.

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This Land (Native Hawai‘i) Is Your Land, That Land (Multicultural Hawai‘i) is My Land

The following essay responds to “This Land Is Your Land, This Land Was My Land,” an essay by Ku‘ualoha Ho‘omanawanui published in 2008. As the title of her essay suggests, she claims that my writings about and publications of Hawaiian literature during the 1990s and early 2000s was stolen from her “realm” of Hawaiian literature because, as a Non-native of Japanese ancestry, I didn’t have the right to write or publish in that realm. Her claim, of course, is false. Ho‘omanawanui was hired by the UH English department in 2007 to teach Hawaiiian literature and was trying to establish herself as an authority on that field based on her Native ancestry rather than on scholarly work. Her poorly researched and contradictory essay is not so much a defense of the realm of Native literature as an attempt to secure her new job and its potential benefits (tenure, promotion, retirement) from Non-natives who had produced or might produce works in a realm she claimed as belonging only to her and other Natives.

1. Hawaiian Literature in Hawai‘i’s Schools

In 1988, after two years of lecturing at UC Berkeley on Asian American literature and American multicultural literature, I returned to my teaching position at Kapi‘olani Community College in Honolulu with the idea that Hawai‘i’s schools and colleges should include readings in Hawaiian literature in their courses as part of a multicultural curriculum for Hawai‘i’s multiethnic students. In my eighteen years of education in the public schools and at the University of Hawai‘i, from 1957 to 1975, I hadn’t been assigned to read any work by a Hawaiian writer, even though Hawaiians made up a substantial number of students. (Actually, I wasn’t assigned to read any work by a Japanese writer either, as the curricula was almost exclusively White American and European.)

After I returned from San Francisco, I went to the University of Hawai‘i library to look for texts of Hawaiian literature in translation that I could assign in my writing and literature courses. Most of what

I found was out of print, so I photocopied the stories to make copies for students. I realized that it would be easier for teachers to assign readings in Hawaiian literature if we had books in print.

In 1990, Esther "Kiki" Mookini, a Hawaiian language instructor of Japanese ancestry at Kapiʻolani Community College, asked me to publish a book-length Native narrative translated into English by her and her UH Hawaiian language teacher Sarah Nākoa. I had worked with Kiki on the publication of a Hawaiian language text in 1984, when I was serving as managing editor for Bamboo Ridge, a small local press. (See "An Inteview for the Bamboo Ridge Oral History Project" in "A Contentious Multiculturalism.")

By 1990, desktop publishing technology allowed for inexpensive and efficient production and lower cost for books, as long as one did all the editing and design oneself. I established Kalamakū Press to publish Mookini and Nākoa's translation under the title *The Wind Gourd of Laʻamaomao*. Mark Hamasaki, a professor of art and photography at Windward Community College, designed the cover.

At the time, Hawaiian language courses were increasing in number. To support the teaching of the Native language, in 1992, Kalamakū Press published a photographic reproduction of the narrative that Mookini and Nākoa had translated—*Moolelo Hawaii o Pakaa a me Ku-a-Pakaa*, originally published as a book by Moses K. Nakuina in 1902. Mark photographed the pages of the original book, so Kalamakū Press could print a historical facsimile of the original Hawaiian text.

After that publication, I began compiling and publishing inexpensive anthologies of the out-of-print stories in translation that I found at the UH library, adding introductions and annotations to help students understand the works. Four collections of stories resulted:

- *Hawaiian Fishing Traditions* (1992): a collection of Native stories about fishing
- *Nanaue the Shark Man and Other Hawaiian Shark Stories* (1994)
- *Voyaging Chiefs of Havai'i* (1995): migration and voyaging stories from Polynesia, including Hawaiʻi
- *Ancient Oʻahu: Stories from Thrum and Fornander* (1996): traditional stories of the island of Oʻahu

Teachers could have looked for and photocopied the stories themselves and made copies for their students, as I had done initially,

but many teachers didn’t have time to do that, or didn’t have easy access to the UH library.

In 1994, I gave a talk at a UH conference advocating that students and writers in Hawai‘i read Native literature to inform themselves about the traditions of Hawai‘i’s First People (“Toward an Authentic Local Literature”).

In 1996, Charles Langlas, a Non-native professor at UH Hilo, asked me to publish a collection of autobiographical essays written in Hawaiian by Emma Kapūnohu‘ulaokalani Kauhi, along with his English translations. Kauhi wrote about the traditions of Kapa‘ahu, in Kalapana, on the Big Island, where she grew up from 1916 to 1935. Kapa‘ahu was destroyed by a lava flow from an eruption of Kīlauea in 1986. Kalamakū Press published *He Mo’olelo no Kapa‘ahu / Stories of Kapa‘ahu*—Kauhi’s Hawaiian essays with Langlas’ English translation. After that, I published a Hawaiian only edition, *He Mo’olelo no Kapa‘ahu*, for language classes, because some language teachers told me they wanted to use the text without the English translations.

I worked with Maile Meyers of Native Books to get Kalamakū Press publications out to teachers and students and the reading public through her bookstore and distribution network, for which she took the distributor and bookstore discounts off the sale price.

In 1999, I published *Storied Landscapes: Hawaiian Literature and Place*, a collection of autobiographical essays about my research into Native literature, which included visiting, when possible, the places where the stories took place. I write about the stories of the Hawaiian fishing god Kū‘ula-kai and his son ‘Ai‘ai, set in Hāna, Maui, and in Nu‘uanu, on O‘ahu; stories of the guardian gods of Makiki-Mānoa, the district on O‘ahu where I live; stories of voyaging chiefs from Tahiti who landed in Kāne‘ohe Bay, where I learned to swim while growing up; a story about the killing of a cannibal king in Wahiawā, a town through which we drove on the way to the North Shore; a chant about Kāne, the god of water, and his association with small, remote islands northwest of Kaua‘i; a story of the nineteenth century Native resister Kaluaiko‘olau, of Kalalau Valley on Kaua‘i.

The essays were meant to be ironic: while I knew where many of the places were while growing up, I was ignorant about the traditional stories associated with them until I began researching Native literature in the 1990s.

2.

Ironically, by 2008, when Hoʻomanawanui published her essay criticizing by what I wrote and published, I wasn't writing about or publishing Native literature. The last such publication was *Laʻieikawai*, an edited, annotated version of Martha Beckwith's 1919 translation of a narrative by S.N. Haleole. Haleole's narrative was serialized in Ka Nupepa Kuokoa from 1862-1863 and published as a book in 1863. Beckwith's translation was out of print. Poet and publisher Richard Hamasaki wanted to assign the English text to his students at Kamehameha Schools, so I worked with him and Native photographer, artist, and writer Kapulani Landgraf and Kiki Mookini on editing and annotating the text for publication.

Before that final publication of Native literature, in 2004, the focus of my research, writing, and publication had shifted away from Hawaiian culture and literature to Japanese culture and literature, not because of any criticism from the community, but because by the early 2000s, Hawaiian literature was being published by a diversity of presses, including ʻAi Pōhaku, co-founded by Maile Meyers of Native Books, and *ʻŌiwi: a Native Hawaiian Journal*, founded by Native poet Mahealani Dudoit. Also, a lot was being written and published about Hawaiian literature and culture by Natives and Non-natives, and locals and non-locals, who had more knowledge and expertise than I had. The revival and teaching of Hawaiian literature that began in the last two decades of the twentieth century was well underway.

Since 2004, I had been traveling to Japan, my ancestral homeland, once or twice a year to research and write about its history and culture, so I wasn't aware of Hoʻomanawanui's essay when it was published in 2008. The essay appeared in *Asian Settler Colonialism: From Local Governance to the Habits of Everyday Life in Hawaiʻi*, a flawed anthology compiled by Candace Fujikane, a UH English professor, and Jonathan Okamura, a UH Ethnic Studies professor. Artist and writer Kapulani Landgraf, whose photographic essays "'Ai Pōhaku" photo series'" were included in the anthology, emailed Fujikane asking why Hoʻomanawanui's essay was included because it mischaracterized my writings and publications. Fujikane responded in an email:

> I agree with the substance of [Hoʻomanawanui's] arguments about what Dennis is doing. As well-intentioned as Dennis is, he does insert his settler family history into the genealogy

> of Hawaiian land, and he does claim a position of authority for himself on Hawaiian mo'olelo. When [Ho'omanawanui] writes, "if we assume that anyone has kuleana over Hawaiian culture, history, and the (re)telling of it through our mo'olelo, then it isn't difficult to understand why most haole and Asian settlers in Hawai'i argue there is no difference between themselves and indigenous Kanaka Maoli, despite the vast differences in kuleana that do exist."

Fujikane probably didn't anticipate that Kapulani would forward her email to me. Fujikane probably was also unware that Kapulani had worked on various publication projects over the last sixteen years with me and Kiki, and Richard and Mark Hamasaki of 'Elepaio Press; so Fujikane and Ho'omanawanui's criticism of my work was also disparaging Kapulani for assisting me in my "theft" of Native literature.

Kapulani gave the name to the press I established: I was going to call it Mo'ae, "Trade Winds," but she told me "no, don't do that," the trade winds are associated with haole because that's how they got here, on sailing ships. When I asked her what an appropirate name might be, she suggested "Kalamakū," "The Kukui Nut Torch," a Hawaiian symbol of knowledge. Kapulani also gave me permission to use her photos on the covers of two Kalamakū Press publications, including *Storied Landscapes*.

3.

In "This Land Is Your Land, This Land Was My Land," Ho'omanawanui asserts that only Natives have the kuleana ("rights, privilege, responsibility, and authority") to write about or publish in Native "realms" of "scholarship, knowledge and experience." Non-natives shouldn't write or publish anything in those realms because they have "no genealogical or cultural connection to them" (139-140).

Obviously, only a Native can produce Native scholarship and knowledge. But is it permissible for a Non-native to write an essay about Native literature and quote or summarize what Native writers have published? I would think so. In multicultural Hawai'i, writers use quotes from and summarize Native writers regularly, and hopefully, with accuracy, appropriateness, and proper documentation.

Some knowledge, of course, is kapu, or prohibited from use by Non-natives. Ho'omanawanui notes that traditionally, knowledge,

including stories, "were kapu by rank, gender, professions, and even island, district or family association" (142). In "Local Mythologies, 1979–2000," an essay I published in 2001, seven years before Hoʻomanawanui's essay appeared, I wrote the following about kapu knowledge:

> I recognize a difference between private and public knowledge, and that many Hawaiian traditions are private knowledge, passed on among chosen members of a family or a school; such knowledge is kapu, belonging to that family or school. ... My personal rule of thumb is not to seek kapu knowledge. (202)

One way to keep kapu knowledge out of the hands (or minds) of Non-natives would be to keep it secret by passing it down only within a family, or within exclusively Native schools or colleges in the state of Hawaiʻi or in a restored Native nation.

Once something is published, to state a tautology, it's made public. Lilikalā Kameʻeleihiwa writes in her introduction to her translation of the epic of the pig-god Kamapuaʻa: "…we are eager to seek out and share with the world the literary gifts bequeathed by our ancestors" (*A Legendary Tradition of Kamapuaʻa, the Hawaiian Pig God*, viii). I could be wrong, but Iʻm assuming that by sharing her translation "with the world" in a publication of the Bishop Museum Press, Kameʻeleihiwa was allowing it to be quoted, summarized, discussed, or analyzed by other scholars, Native or Non-native.

4.

To bolster her claim of theft, Hoʻomanawanui misreads a passage in my essay "A Twisted Tale: Jack London's 'Koolau the Leper,'" the last essay in Storied Landscapes. The essay contrasts London's nineteenth century fiction "Koolau the Leper" with an account of the life of Kaluaikoʻolau (Koolau's real name) published by his wife Piʻilani in Hawaiian in 1906 and translated into English by Frances Frazier in 1987. From Frazier's translation, I quote a chant cataloguing place names on Kauaʻi and suggest that the chant embodies the Native view of the land, in contrast to what Jack London wrote in his "retelling," with hardly any place names:

This catalogue of place names is a traditional element of

> Hawaiian storytelling. For kama'āina (children of the land) place names are important as an expression of affection for the land which provides sustenance, and as essential reminders of the character and resources of each place. (Haole writers, like London, who re-tell Hawaiian stories often leave out place names; but readers familiar with traditional stories find such tellings uninformed because we expect specific details about the setting.) (97)

Ho'omanawanui asserts that in this paragraph, I "condense Kanaka Maoli and settler history, culture and attitudes into something 'local' in which parity of values is claimed" (143). She assumes that the word "kama'āina" in the second sentence refers to both Natives and Non-natives and that I am claiming "parity of values" (i.e., "affection for the land which provides sustenance") between Natives and locals. Actually, I use the word "kama'āina" with its traditional meaning ("children of the land"), referring to Pi'ilani and other Natives (not locals), who express affection for and knowledge of their ancestral land by chanting place names. Locals, including me, typically don't tell traditional stories in Hawaiian or chant place names (although I know at least one who does chant).

In the parenthetical sentence that follows, when I refer to "readers familiar with traditional stories," I'm referring to both Natives and Non-natives ("we") who are familiar with traditional stories from having read at least some of them; what we share is not "parity of values," but a recognition that London's retelling lacks one of the traditional elements of Native stories (that is, a chanted catalogue of place names). Natives and locals, however, don't share the same "affection for the land which provides sustenance" because unless Non-native readers have lived on the land and have gathered sustenance from it, their affection for the land wouldn't be the same as the affection felt by Natives who actually lived on the land and for generations sustained themselves and their families from what it provides.

5.

I wrote about and published Native stories because I was teaching writing and literature at a local community college with a multicultural student body and wanted to introduce the stories to Native and Non-native students, most of whom read only English. I also wanted to

encourage English teachers at other schools and colleges in Hawai‘i to introduce their students to the stories.

The six essays I published in Storied Landscapes encourage students to read the Native stories by pointing out how much a Non-native like me discovered and learned from them about the islands where we reside. In a review published in the Honolulu Weekly (1999), Stu Dawrs, a Non-native from Hilo, accurately summarizes my intention in writing the essays:

> ... the overall sense one gets from reading Storied Landscapes is one of deeper meanings and an interconnectedness of names and places that we might otherwise take for granted. In that sense, the book plants the seeds of a lifetime's challenge for its readers: To take an active role in learning about the land, to celebrate the myths that humanize, and to incorporate those myths into a daily existence—not just culturally, but economically and politically—that meshes more completely with life on these islands.

Dawrs understood that the primary readership of the essays would be those with limited knowledge of Hawaiian traditions, particularly Non-natives. After reading Ho‘omanawanui's essay, a Non-native UH English professor emailed me, "I trust you know that I admire and appreciate your work, and as I said yesterday use it regularly in my classes."

Ho‘omanawanui quotes Houston Wood, who criticizes settlers who "claim to 'become Polynesian' while dancing the hula or while fishing at ancient Native Hawaiian Fishing spots" (144), as if I was attempting to become a Native storyteller by "(re)telling" of Hawaiian stories. However, I don't retell Hawaiian stories, I quote from and summarize Native narratives while writing Non-native literary essays. I never wanted to be Polynesian. While growing up, I and most of my friends of Asian ancestry were clear about the differences among ethnic groups. A few might have wanted to become something they weren't (the most likely choice was White, not Hawaiian), but most were happy with who they were. (See "Local Mythologies, 1976–2000" and "Tribal Mix" in *Local Geography*.)

In 1992, I joined the crew of the Polynesian Voyaging Society (PVS) not to become Polynesian, but to learn how Polynesians discovered and settled Hawai‘i. The leadership of PVS (navigator Nainoa Thompson

and his mother and father, Pinky and Laura Thompson) welcomed Non-native participation in PVS programs. They were passionate about caring for and protecting the community of Hawaiian ancestry and reviving and perpetuating its culture, but at crew gatherings at the Thompson home, Pinky opened each occasion with a silent prayer addressed to "each of the higher powers that we believe in" and made it clear that everyone, Native or Non-native, who came to learn and had some knowledge or skill to contribute to furthering the PVS vision and mission, was belonged at his home, regardless of ethnicity, ancestry, or religious beliefs.

6.

Hoʻomanawanui complains that what I reprinted were translations by haole:

> With the exception of *The Wind Gourd of Laʻamaomao*, all of the moʻolelo that Kawaharada has been reprinting were originally published in English by haole "authorities" such as Abraham Fornander and Thomas Thrum, who rarely credited Native sources, often referring to them as anonymous informants. (140)

Are translated stories "published in English by haole 'authorities'" considered "moʻolelo"? My view is that moʻolelo are stories told in Hawaiian, and that ideally, they should be read in Hawaiian and studied, discussed, and written about in Hawaiian. Unlike the White publishers that Hoʻomanawanui criticizes for not identifying the Native sources of the stories, I identify the original Native teller of the stories I published whenever that information was available.

Thrum's stories were originally published in his *Hawaiian Almanac and Annual* whose readers were Whites who could read English. Ditto for the Fornander stories, published by the Bishop Museum, which UH English professor Paul Lyons calls "an agent of U.S. settler colonialism in Hawai'i" ("Lunchtime at the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum: Notes on Working Friendships among Natives and Non-natives and Imperial Anglo-Americanism in Territorial Hawaiʻi," in *Anglo-American Imperialism and the Pacific*, ed. Michelle Keown, Andrew Taylor, Mandy Treagus, Routledge 2016).

Non-native UH scholar and Hawaiian language expert Puakea

Nogelmeier notes in his 2003 PhD dissertation in Anthropology that Fornander used "his personal style or idiolect" to record the moʻolelo he collected from Natives *(Mai paʻa i ka Leo: Historical Voice in Hawaiian Primary Materials, Looking Forward and Listening Back*, 55). So even the Hawaiian texts published by Fornander may be considered Non-native. Only an expert in Hawaiian language like Nogelmeier, a haole from Minnesota who studied the language at the UH, would be able to identify and explain what the discrepancies are, and how they are significant.

7.

Hoʻomanawanui describe me as "a businessman," who pursued "publishing rights and profits" (141). However, the stories from Fornander and Thrum I published are in the public domain, so anyone, Native or Non-native, including Hoʻomanawanui, can reprint the stories or produce anthologies from them. During the 1990s, other publishers, Native and Non-native, reprinted the stories.

When I published original translations (by Mookini and Nākoa) or original works written in Hawaiian (by Kauhi), I didn't ask for copyrights, so these scholars and authors were and are free to ask a Native press to publish or reprint their work. (The copyrights in my publications apply only to the introductions, annotations, and edits I made.)

When Charles Langlass asked me to reprint Kauhi's *He Moʻolelo no Kapaʻahu*, instead of agreeing so I could rake in more profits off of him and Kauhi, I sent him the pdfs of the text and cover, so he could reprint them himself, which he did, on Pili Press.

In the early 2000s, I asked by Native Books to consider reprinting *Moolelo Hawaii o Pakaa a me Ku-a-Pakaa* for Hawaiian language classes. I declined, but gave the photographic negatives to Native Books so it could reprint the book if it wanted to. I had no rights to the original 1902 publication because it was in the public domain. Later, in 2023, a representative of Native Books contacted me again asking about reprinting *Moolelo Hawaii o Pakaa a me Ku-a-Pakaa*, and I explained that I had given the negatives of the publication to Native Books, so it could publish it whenever it wanted to.

As far as profits go, I priced books to break even because inflating the prices for profits would make them too expensive for students and teachers and would limit access to the stories, which would have

defeated the purpose of publishing them in the first place. The market for such stories is small, which is why they were out of print, and why small presses like Bamboo Ridge are grant-funded. The first couple of Kalamakū Press publications and Emma Kauhi's book were grant-funded. But grant-writing and reporting are a pain in the ass, so subsequently, I paid for publications myself.

After the internet was established in the early 1990s, the easiest way to make texts available to teachers and students was to put them on websites with free access, so I posted the anthology Voyaging Chiefs of Havai'i at the Polynesian Voyaging Society's website. I worked with the library at Kapi'olani Community College to post at its digital library the stories from Thrum and Fornander that I annotated and published in 1996 in Ancient O'ahu. When an expanded version of the anthology was posted at the KCC website under the title *Traditions of O'ahu: Stories of an Ancient Island*, teachers began using the online stories and cultural information for class assignments instead of purchasing books.

8.

Ho'omanawanui asks, "Why are non-Kanaka Maoli editors and publishers profiting from Kanaka Maoli mo'olelo and Kanaka Maoli scholarship when Kanaka Maoli writers, publishers, scholars, and the general Kanaka Maoli community work with and translate these texts in ways that are culturally knowledgeable and appropriate?" (145).

Good question. The answer is that Natives should edit and publish their "culturally knowledgeable and appropriate" translations themselves and are free to do so. I agree that such translations, in better English prose, would be a great improvement over the translations by White scholars that I reprinted. As new translations and annotations of Native stories become available, the reprints by Kalamakū Press should become obsolete.

In 1996, Lilikala Kame'eleihiwa's elegant translation *A Legendary Tradition of Kamapua'a, the Hawaiian Pig God* (University of Hawai'i Press) was a valuable addition to the literature of Hawai'i. In 2009, Puakea Nogelmeier published a poetic translation of *The Epic Tale Of Hi'iakaikapoliopele* (Awaiaulu Press), an epic previously available only in an awkward, difficult-to-read 1915 translation by Nathaniel Emerson. Nogelmeier's translation had much greater literary value than the earlier translation by Emerson. However, the original cost of the book ($40, $1,500 for a deluxe edition) may have made it difficult

for the text to be assigned widely to students; more recently, an ebook version is priced at $25.

9.

Hoʻomanawanui wonders, "So how has Kawaharada's publishing of Kanaka Maoli moʻolelo empowered Kanaka Maoli?" (141). In the 1990s, in the absence of "culturally knowledgeable and appropriate" text translated by Natives, the Kalamakū Press reprints made accessible what was available at the time. One Native author and Hawaiian language and literature professor at Kapiʻolani Community who could have gone to the library and photocopied the stories herself and read and taught them in English or Hawaiian, emailed me in 2016:

> I treasure all your work as the "reprints" also made these old stories available again to present day folks and helped reconnect me and so many others to the richness of our literary heritage. … I love "Alive in Story" [an essay in Local Geography] where you talk about modern day relationships to the forest and how we foster caring for the land through retelling the old tales....

Free internet access publications pretty much kills the market for printed books, but broadens the access. I got an email from a native of the Cook Islands who was happy that he found his ancestors' migration stories online at the Polynesian Voyaging Society website. In 2015, during the Worldwide Voyage of Hōkūleʻa (a replica of an ancient voyaging canoe), when I went to Aotearoa to help with the education program for Hōkūleʻa's sister canoe, Hikianalia, the Maori chanter who greeted the crew at a college told us he had been inspired by the stories posted on the PVS website and traveled to the Big Island to study voyaging with Nā Kālai Waʻa, Moku o Hawaiʻi.

In 2022, a Maori from Aotearoa who accessed the online *Voyaging Chiefs of Havaiʻi* emailed:

> Kia Orana Te Kopu Tangata o Havaiki. Just wanted to say thanks for the easy to use website and the stories. I'm trying to match my ancestors around and your website made it much easier. Now I just have to track down some physical copies of the sources. Once again thank you.

10.

The issue Ho'omanawanui has with my publications is not just the publishing itself, but that by writing introductions, annotations, and essays about the stories, I assert "a position of authority in place of a Kanaka Maoli voice" (141). Ho'omanawanui explains her view of authority in Native "realms":\

> In a Western context, mere study, scholarship, and devotion of one's life to a particular topic is enough to give one "authority" on the topic; thus many Non-natives can and do claim authority in various realms to which they have no genealogical or cultural connections. ... Yet from a Native perspective, clearly they don't have—and can never have—kuleana in Native realms of scholarship, knowledge, and experience. (139–140)

If a Native scholar believes that the criterion for having something meaningful or useful to say about Native traditions is having a genealogical connection to the material, he or she can dismiss Non-native authors simply by not reading or assigning them to students and by prohibiting their students from using such works in their research. A Native colleague told me that while he was working on a Master's degree in Hawaiian Studies, his teacher told him that he couldn't cite any Non-native sources in his research papers, which I support, as long as teachers and students agree that's the best way to ensure the perpetuation of Native knowledge. However, finding some of my research and writing helpful, my colleague confessed to me that he used and acknowledged what I wrote anyway. Another Native colleague assigned Storied Landscapes as background reading in her Hawaiian literature course, which enrolled both Native and Non-native students.

In Non-native academia, authority is based on "mere" study and scholarship, and choosing what one reads and judging its authority is left up to students and teachers, with the help of critics and reviewers. Ancestry or genealogy doesn't automatically confer authority. A graduate student who claims to have received an A in a graduate seminar on Hawaiian literature taught by a Native teacher (Ho'omanawanui) posted a rating of the course and teacher on the internet in 2014:

> This course was so disappointing, as I am fascinated with the

> topic. The prof. was really unprofessional, however, coming to class unprepared and seemed to not really understand some of the readings she assigned. She is very friendly, but try to take someone else for Hawaiian Lit.

11.

Anyone who writes claims authority, which is why writers are called authors. But in academia, a writer can't simply claim authority. Readers confer (or should confer) authority based on judgments of the quality of a writer's research, analysis, interpretation, and evidence. To help readers, authors may also establish authority by submitting works to editors of refereed journals and scholarly presses for evaluation, fact-checking, and revisions, followed by publication. (This method assumes that the editors of journals and presses carefully review and fact-check the works they publish, which nowadays isn't necessarily true.)

In the general marketplace of writing where I publish, reviewers point out strength and weaknesses such as inaccuracies, incomplete information, contradictions, fallacies, faulty interpretations, invalid sources, and so on, to help readers decide on the authority or quality of a text. In his 2000 review of *Storied Landscapes*, Paul Lyons, a UH English professor, recognized that the authority in my essays, introductions, or annotations came from the sources I cited, not from me:

> The commentary claims no authority over Hawaiian materials, but draws heavily on prior scholarship (and provides ample bibliography along with glossaries and maps for each essay). The concentration of detail makes the essays demanding, but their insights will travel well. This is in large part because Kawaharada's interest in storied landscapes does not proceed from escapist geopiety or antiquarian folkloristics, but from an ethical dedication to the values traditional stories can perpetuate in the contemporary world.

In a 2001 review of *Storied Landscapes*, Rob Wilson, a professor at the University of California at Santa Cruz (formerly on the faculty of the UH) comments, "at times we might want Kawaharada … to question his sources (he draws on modern anthropology and folklore studies as a virtually uncontaminated transmission of native

knowledge)" (*The Contemporary Pacific*, Fall 2001, 600). A good point. Whenever possible, I used sources by Native scholars, either in English or translated into English; I checked their credentials and the credentials of Non-native scholars and translators, but can't vouch for how well anyone uses Native sources because I can't read Hawaiian. I assumed that the studies were peer-reviewed by scholars versed in the Hawaiian language before being published. I also avoided sources I thought were suspect, like Non-native William Westervelt's retellings of Native stories.

Wilson anticipates Ho'omanawanui's criticism when he writes that the reader "might want Kawaharada … to critique his own Non-native status: 'is it Jack London alone who runs the danger of 'epitomiz[ing] the strategy of colonization through the usurping of the native voice in storytelling?'" Surprisingly, Wilson, a professor of English, wasn't able to tell the difference between a literary analyses and argument comparing two versions of story, which is what I wrote; and "storytelling," which is what London does in "Koolau the Leper," William Westervelt does in *Legends of Old Honolulu* (1915), and Frederick Wichman does in *Kaua'i Tales* (1985).

However, overall, Wilson seems to have appreciated my effort in promoting an awareness of Hawaiian traditions:

> *Storied Landscapes* opens up a cross-cultural space of ancestral listening in modern contexts of ecology, sovereignty struggle, and political-spiritual coalition. Rather than look back to a white Pacific with all its elegiac flaws, traumatized sublimity, and self-undermining tropes, Kawaharada enacts a way forward that is respectful of the Native Pacific and open to the claims of ancestral possession in a pragmatic and literary way that proves original, succinct, and useful.

Nogelmeier points out in his Ph.D. dissertation (published in 2003, two years after Wilson's review and five years before Ho'omanawanui's essay) the major flaw in scholarship like mine dependent on a canon of English translations of nineteenth-century Hawaiian writers Davida Malo (translated in 1903), Kepelino (translated in 1932), John Papa Ī'ī (translated in 1959), and Samuel Mānaiakalani Kamakau (translated in 1961, 1964, 1976, and 1991):

> The canon of translated texts is problematic in that it alters the works of the original authors, recasting important auto-

> representational writings by Hawaiians in the 19th century into a modern Western framework. (v)

Furthermore, researchers and scholars who have drawn from these translated texts

> ... have overlooked, disregarded or misconstrued important materials. Selected translations of Hawaiian writings have come to be used as primary sources, eclipsing the originals from which they were drawn and obscuring other available references. (xi–xii)

Nogelmeier refers the reader to the "nearly 100 different [Hawaiian language] newspapers" which "developed in the 1860s and thrived into the early twentieth century," serving as "a public repository for history, cultural description, literature, and lore" (xii). He adds, "Publications from this period were the products of a time when master historians, expert genealogists, skilled storytellers, and cultural specialists still flourished and a large body of their knowledge was recording in writing" (xiii). Earlier, he notes that two generations after the Hawaiian language was rendered in written form, "most of the Hawaiian population was literate in its own language, surpassing America, England, and most of the world for the percentage of people able to read and write" (xii).

Of course, to do research in these unadulterated texts in hope of establishing oneself as an authority on moʻolelo, one would have to able to read this trove of Hawaiian language text, which I couldn't, so what I wrote about the literature couldn't and shouldn't be considered authoritative.

Rather than relying on the Native card, Hoʻomanawanui might have done what Wilson does or what Nogelmeier could have done, which is to note flaws or limitations in my work. A more meaningful and helpful critique for readers to evaluate the authority of a Non-native's writing would have been to point out that "Because Kawaharada is not trained in Hawaiian language and literature, he misinterprets Native stories and their meanings, significance, and values"; and to identify what I got wrong and what would be more accurate or true.

12.

Hoʻomanawanui complains, "Kawaharada reframes the view of the

'āina for the reader through a Non-native lens" (141). The frame and lens are Non-native because I am Non-native, as I make clear in the second paragraph of "A Search for Ku'ula-kai," the first essay in *Storied Landscapes*: "My paternal grandparents, descendants of farmers from Hiroshima Prefecture in Japan, had immigrated to Hawai'i in the early 20th century …." (1).

Ho'omanawanui seems to be confused by the structure of my essays, which are written as contemporary travelogues, about places I thought I knew from my childhood and adolescence (e.g. the road to Hāna, Maui, or Kāne'ohe Bay), but actually knew very little about, historically or culturally. Positioned in contemporary Hawai'i, I peer back into previous layers of history and legend to see who and what was here before my grandparents arrived; my discoveries become part of my story. Ho'omanawanui asserts that by inserting summaries of Native stories in my autobiographical narrative, I am "inserting" my "genealogy" into Native land, when I'm doing the opposite: I insert Native stories into my family's story, which comes after two thousand years of Native history. By the contemporary time frame of my writing, the islands were no longer a Native Kingdom, but a multicultural US Territory since 1900, then, in 1959, a US State.

After the opening paragraph of "A Search for Ku'ula-kai," which summarizes ancient traditions of Hāna, an astute reader might have detected a shift in tone because of the ironies of colonization, globalization, assimilation, and multiculturalism that led to a descendant of Hiroshima rice farmers researching and writing about Native Hawaiian traditions. As the travelogue continues, I summarize other Native stories set along the road to Hāna, including the story of the fishing god Kū'ula-kai.

Ho'omanawanui complains that about one-third of "A Search for Ku'ula-kai" is about myself and my family while the other two-thirds are about Native traditions. A large portion of the essay is allotted to "Kanaka Maoli roots that go back centuries" to reflect somewhat the proportion between the eighty or more generations of Native families in Hawai'i and the three generations of my family. If anything, I should have written more about Native traditions and less about my family.

Ironically, Ho'omanawanui also complains that Asian settlers express a "continued nostalgia for plantation 'roots' that go back less than two hundred years while ignoring Kanaka Maoli roots that go back centuries" (117). Wait, didn't she also assert that a settler shouldn't write about Native traditions? Maybe settlers should write just a little

bit about them so as not to ignore them, but not too much? One reason I added details about Native traditions was that contemporary colonized readers were less likely to be familiar with Native traditions than with the twentieth-century history of Japanese migrant workers and their descendants. In the 1990s, the unfamiliar Native stories needed additional context and explanation.

Hoʻomanawanui also objects to the term "landscape" in my title because it expresses "a settler bias" (142); she asserts that terms like "landscape," "geography," and "environment" (which I use) express "Western-based understanding" and "negate Native understanding of land as ʻāina" (118). I use "landscapes" in my title (rather than "wahi pana" [famous places] or "ʻāina" [land that feeds]) to indicate that I'm writing about the islands as a Non-native, from a Western point of view, in the colonial language of English; I don't trace my genealogy back to the kalo plant, which grows out of the land.

Hoʻomanawanui complains, "…'landscape' implies a pastoral scene devoid of Kānaka Maoli, a terra nullius ["empty or unclaimed land"] waiting to be conquered, colonized, settled" (142). If a land were empty, it wouldn't be "waiting to be conquered." Typically, "pastoral scenes," however, have shepherds in them. The phrase "Storied Landscapes" doesn't imply "terra nullius." "Storied" connotes "full of stories," and presumably someone was there telling the stories. The subtitle "Hawaiian literature" identifies the origin of the stories I summarize and acknowledges that I learned about Native traditions not from my Japanese parents, grandparents, or ancestors, but from reading Native stories I found in the library. "Place" in the subtitle is also modified by "Hawaiian" to indicate that from reading these stories, I began to see the places (but not myself) as "Hawaiian."

13.

Contradicting herself again, Ho'omanawanui admits that my essays in fact don't represent Hawai'i as "terra nullius" but that "Kānaka Maoli are present (such as Nainoa Thompson, master navigator of the voyaging canoe Hōkūle'a)" (141). In the last section of the essay "Voyaging Chiefs of Kāneʻohe Bay" (*Storied Landscapes*) and in "Crossing Seas" (*Local Geography: Essays on Multicultural Hawai'i*), I tell the contemporary story of Nainoa's revival of traditional navigation on Hōkūleʻa as a way of illustrating that Natives aren't extinct, but still inhabit the land and are actively working to perpetuate

and practice their culture.

Ho'omanawanui complains, "[Natives] are not permitted to speak or share their mana'o of the 'āina to which they are genealogically connected" (142). I "permit" Natives to speak by quoting and summarizing from Native texts, with the authors identified as my sources. For example, in "Voyaging Chiefs of Kāne'ohe Bay," I cite as a source Pūkui's translations of Samuel Kamakau's nineteenth century newspaper articles, published in *Tales and Traditions of the People of Old* (1991). Through the quotes, the Kamakau/Pukui text (not "I") tells the stories of the voyaging chiefs, their genealogies, and their connection to the 'āina. The point of that essay was to connect the relatively recent launching of Hōkūle'a and Nainoa's work with PVS to the stories of ancient voyaging chiefs because Nainoa was a descendant of one of those chiefs.

When I compiled a biography of Nainoa for the PVS website, I "permitted" him to speak for himself by weaving together passages from his speeches and interviews. His genealogy, which was chanted at a Native conference, was kapu knowledge and not written down or published.

When I wrote "Voyaging Chiefs of Kāne'ohe Bay," I was working for the Polynesian Voyaging Society, hired by master navigator and executive director Nainoa Thompson and his dad, Pinky Thompson, president of PVS, in 1993 to document the revival of Hawaiian voyaging traditions; to develop project-based, culture-based, community-based, and place-based educational materials and curricula and coordinate teacher training to support their teaching about traditional voyaging and navigation in the classroom; to coordinate education programs for students, including one in which teams of public high school students sailed a double-hulled coastal canoe around the island of O'ahu; and to create and manage a PVS website, where I posted documentation of contemporary voyages, articles on voyaging and navigation traditions, and stories of voyagers, past and present, including Nainoa's story.

I knew Nainoa fairly well back then because I went over regularly to the Thompson family home in Niu Valley for staff meetings and crew training sessions and dinners. Pinky and Nainoa gave me a kuleana to research and write about Hawaiian voyaging and navigation traditions and voyagers, and to publish what I wrote.

During Hōkūle'a's 1992 voyage to Tahiti, before I was under contract with PVS, KCCN Hawaiian Radio asked me to write fifty vignettes on ancient and modern voyagers and voyaging traditions for

broadcast during the voyage. Those vignettes were the origin of what I wrote in "Voyaging Chiefs of Kāneʻohe Bay."

During that 1992 voyage, I was assigned to the Hōkūleʻa crew to document a short segment of it, the sail from Tautira, Tahiti Nui, to the marae of Taputapuātea on the islands of Rāʻiātea. The segment included a stop on Huahine, where in 1979, Bishop Museum archeologist Yoshihiko Sinoto found the remains of an ancient canoe—two 23-foot planks from the hull, a 12-foot steering paddle with a six-foot blade, and a 36-foot mast. The remains were embedded and preserved in swampy land overgrown with hau trees and rushes near the Bali Hai Hotel.

In 1995, I was assigned to crew on Hawaiʻiloa to record the events of that journey north from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Juneau, Alaska, with stops at Native villages and homelands in the Inland Sea. The journey was made to thank the Native corporation SeAlaska for donating two giant spruce trees for the twin hulls of Hawaiʻiloa, which helped Hawaiians recover traditional canoe-building arts. Lilikalā Kameʻeleihiwa, the director of UH Hawaiian Studies, joined the crew as the protocol officer and chanter for the arrival in Juneau. She taught a UH Hawaiian Studies course in Polynesian navigation using some of the PVS educational materials. In Klukwan, near Juneau, Nainoa was adopted into the Tlingit Bear Clan.

14. The Motivation for Hoʻomanawanui's Criticism

That Hoʻomanawanui wrote such a flawed critique of Storied Landscapes and its essays suggests a lack of clarity in her motivation. Her essay has the hallmarks of what Orwell describes as insincere writing:

> The great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to […] exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish spurting out ink. ("Politics and the English Language")

Her spurt of ink seems to have been triggered in part by the comments of UH English professor Rodney Morales, who documented my advocacy of teaching Hawaiian literature in schools and colleges and my effort to "recover and publish Native Hawaiian [f]olktales" in the 1990s ("Chapter 6. Literature" in *Multicultural Hawai'i: The Fabric of a Multiethnic Society*, edited by Michael Haas, Routledge, 1998).

Ho'omanawanui, who was hired by the UH English department in 2007, may have hoped to discredit all Non-natives since she saw them as her competitors as she was trying to claim authority over Native literary scholarship in English. When I mentioned this possibility to Paul Lyons, her colleague in the UH English department, he replied that that was probably true.

UH English professor Candace Fujikane and her co-editor Jonathan Okamura, a UH professor of Ethnic Studies, included Ho'omanawanui's flawed essay in their equally flawed anthology *Asian Settler Colonialism: From Local Governance to the Habits of Everyday Life in Hawai'i* (UH Press, 2008; for a critique of the flawed scholarship and editorial work in that anthology, see *The Myth of Asian Settler Colonialism*.)

15.

Ho'omanawanui may have gotten the notion that I was competing with her for a position of authority on Hawaiian literature because our writing coincidentally appeared in the same publication twice, once in 2000 and once in 2002. In 2000, "A Search for Kū'ula-kai" was republished in *Navigating Islands and Continents: Conversation and Contestation in and around the Pacific*, a literary anthology co-edited by three UH English faculty members, Cindy Franklin, Ruth Hsu, and Suzanne Kosanke. The editors also included Ho'omanawanui's "Hero or Outlaw? Two View of Kaluaiko'olau." Before Ho'omanawanui's essay on Kaluaiko'olau was published in 2000, I had already published my essay contrasting the two versions of the story of Kaluaiko'olau ("A Twisted Tale: Jack London's 'Koolau the Leper,'" Storied Landscapes, 1999.)

The essay on Kaluaiko'olau wasn't my original idea. I got the idea from Richard Hamasaki, who assigned the two versions of the story in his English classes at Kamehameha Schools. He told me about how he contrasted the haole and Hawaiian views of Kaluaiko'olau and gave me a copy of the translation of Pi'ilani's story in case I wanted to use a similar assignment in my classes, which I did. That was the origin of that essay. It became one of the most widely read essays posted at my Wordpress website.

When editor Michael Puleloa included my essay "Local Mythologies, 1979–2000" in the Spring 2002 *Hawai'i Review*, he also included Ho'omanawanui's essay "Yo Brah, It's Hip Hop Jawaiian Style: The Influence of Reggae and Rap on Contemporary Hawaiian

Music."

Back then, I didn't see myself as competing with Hoʻomanawanui and didn't read either of her essays because I wasn't interested in reading more about Kaluaikoʻolau or about Jawaiian music. I also wasn't interested in a position of authority on moʻolelo because I didn't have the training in Hawaiian language necessary to do scholarly work in that field. The best way for Hoʻomanawanui, or any scholar, to establish herself as an authority on moʻolelo would be to do research and publish ground-breaking studies, or translations like Lilikalā's *A Legendary Tradition of Kamapuaʻa, the Hawaiian Pig God* and Puakea Nogelmeier's *The Epic Tale of Hi'iakaikapoliopele*.

An Interview: *Bamboo Ridg*e Oral History Project (2024)

[In 2023, I was asked to participate in an oral history project for Bamboo Ridge, The Hawai‘i Writers’ Quarterly, founded by poet Eric Chock and writer Darrell Lum in 1978. I was interviewed by novelist Donald Carreira Ching for two sessions via Zoom. After Donald sent me the transcripts, I edited my responses (with his permission) and filled in details by doing research, since the bog of memory had grown foggy about some of the events.]

Session #1 (May 10, 2023)

1.1. What was it like for you growing up and how did place shape your identity?

I had a happy childhood, very well taken care of by my dad and mom. We lived in a multiethnic neighborhood in Kāne‘ohe and played with the neighborhood kids, climbed mango and guava trees, explored the streams and countryside. Once I started at Ben Parker Elementary, I made new friends, and we played at each other’s houses.

1.2. What neighborhood?

Kea‘ahala Road, during the 1950s. I wrote about those days in “Mango Trees on Kea‘ahala Road,” an essay I published in *Local Geography: Essays on Multicultural Hawai‘i*, 2004.

1.3. Did you always live in Kāne‘ohe?

I was born on Guam in 1951 because after the war, my father, who grew up on Maui. After he graduated from an engineering college in Milwaukee, he found a job as an electronic maintenance technician on

Guam with the Civil Aeronautics Administration (CAA, now the Federal Aviation Administration, or FAA). When we got there, he applied for a promotion in Region One, the West Coast. If he got the promotion, we might have moved to LA where two of his sisters were living, having settled there after being forced by relocate by the US government to Detroit from LA after Pearl Harbor. He wasn't promoted, so we spent two years on Guam, then moved back to Hawaii in 1953, when Dad's father passed away, and Dad wanted to come home to help his family with its restaurant on Maui.

In 1954, my mom, who grew up in Hilo and had a degree in dietetics, got a job at the Territorial Hospital, now the State Hospital, on Kea'ahala Road, so we moved to a rented house on that road.

1.4. What was that like going from Guam to here?

I don't remember Guam at all. My mom kept some photos of those days. In one, my favorite, I'm sitting in a pool of seawater on a rocky beach, sucking on a clamshell.

1.5. Did you see a lot of changes as you were growing up in Kāne'ohe?

Kāne'ohe was becoming a suburb of Honolulu, with more houses and less farms, pastures, and bushes. After we rented a house on Kea'ahala Road for eight years, my mom got a better-paying job as chief dietitian at Children's Hospital in Nu'uanu, so my parents bought a house in a subdivision. I remember driving through the Pali tunnel and the Wilson Tunnel when they opened in the early 60s to help with the commute to Honolulu.

While researching the history of Kāne'ohe for my mom's biography, I wondered why the tunnel was named after Mayor John Wilson, so I read Bob Krauss' biography of him. Wilson was one of the Hawaiian leaders who was supportive of the Japanese in Hawai'i, calling them "my American brothers" in the 1920s, when other politicians, including Prince Kūhiō, were accusing Japanese plantation workers of plotting to take over Hawai'i for Japan. Wilson was a founder of the Democratic Party in Hawai'i, at a time when the white oligarchy and Republicans controlled the government and economy. I'm surprised that Wilson isn't more widely known in the Japanese community because he backed them up long before John Burns, the first Democratic governor of Hawai'i, did.

1.6. Was resentment against the Japanese something you felt when you were younger, or was that something you realized when you were older?

I felt the resentment while growing up, but didn't know the roots of it. I did research to learn about its historical roots.

Initially, the Japanese were welcomed in Hawai'i. King Kalākaua went to Japan to ask Emperor Meiji to allow the Japanese to come and settle and work on the sugar plantations. An anti-Jap movement began in Hawai'i when Japanese plantation workers went on strikes for better pay and living conditions in 1909 and 1920. White plantation owners and their allies began spreading rumors that the Japanese workers wanted to take over Hawai'i for Japan.

Then in 1941, Japan went to war with the US over control of East and Southeast Asia. Japan had decided it had to build an Empire to defend its sovereignty against European powers and America and to prevent what happened to China and Hawai'i from happening to Japan. After Japan delivered the first strike at Pearl Harbor, anti-Jap hysteria in the US was rampant. It was fueled by propaganda that included cartoons by children books author Dr. Seuss.

Everyone of Japanese ancestry on the West Coast was expelled from designated national security zones, even though there was never a threat that Japan would invade the West Coast or Hawai'i because it didn't have the resources to do that. It attacked Pearl Harbor to disable the US Pacific fleet, so that the fleet couldn't interfere with Japan's invasion and colonization of Asia. (See "Note 4. Wartime Expulsion and Relocation of West Coast Residents of Japanese Ancestry" in *The Life and Times of Gunichi Kuwahara*.)

For several years before the war, the FBI had investigated the Japanese in Hawai'i and on the West Coast and found no plots to aid an invasion, no espionage, and no plans for sabotage of US military installations. But President F.D. Roosevelt and his staff needed scapegoats to blame for the Pearl Harbor debacle, which resulted from a failure of US intelligence to detect the attack before it occurred, even though America was aware that an attack was coming.

In Hawai'i, a multiethnic coalition supported the Japanese community and opposed mass incarceration of everyone of Japanese ancestry in Hawai'i, on Moloka'i or on the continent, which FDR and his administration supported.

After Pearl Harbor, only leaders of the Japanese community, mainly

first-generation resident aliens, were arrested, without any evidence of disloyalty. Scapegoats, they were designated "enemy aliens" at mock hearings and sent to prison on the continent for the duration of the war. My mom's father was among those arrested and imprisoned for four years. (See *The Life and Times of Gunichi Kuwahara* / "5. Pearl Harbor Scapegoats, Part A: Arrests and Interrogations, 1941–1942" and "6. Pearl Harbor Scapegoats, Part B: Wartime Imprisonments, 1941–1945.")

My dad's father was arrested and jailed, but released after seven months. The white manager of the pineapple cannery across the street from his restaurant vouched for his loyalty. The cannery needed Grandpa to keep his restaurant open to feed its workers breakfast and lunch.

The resentment I felt in the community while growing up was the residual of anti-Jap sentiments that lingered into the 1950s and beyond. No one explained the history to me at the time, but I sensed it had something to do with the war because we used to watch black-and-white World War II movies that demonized Japs. Those movies were popular in the 1950s. We watched them on a black-and-white TV that my dad brought home one day. TVs became widespread in American households during the 1950s.

1.7. Is there a specific moment where the resentment was crystalized for you?

The resentment wasn't from the majority. Most families I knew were open and friendly, and it wasn't a problem to go over to their houses to play with the kids; a few families seemed resentful or standoffish. There was some resentment in public schools toward middle-class Japanese students who did well academically. In high school, the resentment became overt when a "Kill Jap Day" or "Pearl Harbor Day" was declared. Sometimes it was just talk, but every now and then someone got beaten up, mainly for stuff like someone supposedly talking stink about someone or giving someone the stink eye, or like two guys competing for the same girl. Being stuck up or putting on airs could also get you into trouble.

My brother got punched out once, not at school, but at Ala Moana Park. He wasn't one to back down. When he bumped shoulders with a small Portogee guy in the bathroom at school, the guy told him, "Fuckin' Jap, watch where you going." He replied, "Fuck you, you

bumped me." Instead of picking a fight with my brother at school, the guy called on his bigger boys to track my brother down at the park and punch him out. It wasn't up and up, it was chicken shit, as we used to call that kind of gang action.

1.8. What was it like at Castle for you?

If you hung out with the boys, it was OK. I hung out with some guys who surfed. We smoked in the bathroom at school and drank beer on weekends. Anti-haole sentiment was more prevalent than anti-Jap sentiment. One night three of the boys decided they wanted to beat up haoles, so we went to Kailua Beach, and the three of them began flailing on three haole guys who were sitting around a campfire with their friends. The haole group retreated into a big beach house where one of them apparently lived.

Later that night, when we were hanging out in a parking lot drinking beer, a couple of friends drove up and told us that a cop had stopped them, looking for a group of guys harassing people on the beach. We took the back roads home to Kāneʻohe. Ironically, the three anti-haole guys eventually had haole girlfriends, and one of them married his girlfriend after high school, then got divorced.

Despite the adolescent antics, I got a pretty good education at Castle. There were college prep classes. In English, we read Beowulf, Chaucer, Shakespeare, DH Lawrence, James Joyce, Robert Frost, T.S. Eliot, and so on. Of course, I didn't always go to class. If I read the books and wrote the papers, it was pretty easy to get As. And then outside of class, after school, and on weekends, we did things for fun and adventure.

1.9. Do you want to share some adventures?

One was shoplifting, which I did for a couple of years during intermediate school, to get comic books and porn magazines—until I got caught. My dad had me apologize to the family for bringing shame on it. But he wasn't one to hold grudges. My shoplifting enterprise ended, and he never brought it up again.

In high school in the late 60s, we got into marijuana, LSD, mescaline, and amphetamines. It was recreational. No one got addicted or anything. Other than that, it was surfing and going to town for dances on weekends. There were dances held for teens at YMCAs, YWCAs,

and the Young Buddhist Association (YBA) in Nu‘uanu. My brother had a social club and he used to take me with him and his friends when girl clubs invited them to “socials,” almost every weekend during the school year. My brother was two years older than me, and after he graduated, my friends and I formed a club so we could met girls. We traveled all over the island, as far as ‘Ewa Beach, Wahiawā, Waialua, and Kailua, but mainly to Honolulu.

When the socials got boring, we hung out outside in our cars and drank a case of beer that one of the guys stole from the supermarket where he worked.

1.10. Favorite surf spot?

Tennis Courts, at Ala Moana Park. Not the best waves, but we parked and hung out all day on Saturdays or Sundays or during the summer, and ate plate lunches at the concession stand. Once my brother started driving, we sometimes left home at 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning and got to the beach at dawn to surf, when it wasn’t crowded or hot. On the way, we stopped for breakfast at the 24-hour Columbia Inn next to the old Honolulu Advertiser Building.

In my junior and senior year, after my brother went off to the UH, my friends and I took a day off from school every week, usually Fridays, and came to town. Back then, pool halls were hangouts. We shot pool and smoked, pretending we were Fast Eddie in “The Hustler.” Nobody wanted to be Minnesota Fats because we were all pretty skinny kids. It was all fun. I wrote about those public school days in “Tribal Mix,” an essay in *Local Geography: Essays on Multicultural Hawai‘i* (2004).

1.11. So, you have one brother, do you have any other siblings?

A younger sister. But she was too young, and a girl, so she couldn‘t do the stuff my brother and I did. She couldn’t handle being at a public school. She got hijacked and threatened, so she asked my parents to send her to St. Andrew’s Priory. My dad and mom offered to send me ‘Iolani if I passed the admissions test, but I was having fun at Castle, so I told them I would stay there.

1.12. So, you're the middle child, how was that?

It was great. My brother and I really got along, even though he was two years older. He took care of me when I went to Castle. I hung out with his friends during my freshmen and sophomore year. One of his senior friends took me in his '57 Chevy on my first night-time date, with him and his date in the front seat and me and my date, one of his classmates, in the back seat. We went to Kailua Drive-in to watch a movie.

1.13. And you and your brother are still close?

After college, he and I went into different careers. He became an engineer. But we're still good friends and have dinner every Sunday, something we did every Sunday with my mom for decades, after she retired and until she passed away.

1.14. Was he also interested in the arts?

Yeah, he wanted to go into Arts and Sciences, but couldn't get in because he didn't take two years of a foreign language at Castle, which was required back then. Castle offered only Latin, and later French; he took one semester of Latin and hated it, so didn't take a second year, and ended up in engineering at the UH. But he was interested in history and art and brought home books on local history and Japanese American history assigned in courses in the UH Ethnic Studies program. That's probably how I first started reading and learning about local history, by borrowing and reading the books he read, and that eventually led to me getting involved with local literature.

1.15. Do you think being in Kāneʻohe shaped your journey and trajectory toward that as well?

Yeah. At Castle, we were assigned to read only Western literature and history, but the real experiences growing up in Kāneʻohe were more seminal in shaping my identity. Later I started looking for stories about people growing up in Hawaiʻi.

But I could also see my experiences in whatever I read. In my mom's biography, I write about how her daughter turned out to be an ingrate, like King Lear's two daughters. My mom worked three jobs to pay for her daughterʻs dental degree at Tufts and an orthodontic certificate at

Harvard, but they had a falling out in 2013. Unlike in Shakespeare's play, the ending wasn't tragic. Mom disinherited her daughter in 2014, but had two loyal sons who took care of her as she aged.

So I've always appreciated literature of any kind, whether it was local or not, as long as it taught me something about life. One reason I became a writer was that I was inspired by Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. I got into Stephen Dedalus' vision of sitting in a room alone and creating literary works. Interestingly, I reread A Portrait recently and was a little surprised that it now seemed somewhat tedious, especially the theological discussions and college banter between Stephen and his friends. But when I first read it, it was so exotic and different from what I was familiar with, I got curious about Dublin and the Catholic religion and Greek mythology, and so on.

What stayed with me was the way that Joyce explored what shaped Dedalus' life, how his character's identity was influenced by family, social status, church, school, nation, and so on. Exploring what shaped people's lives became a life-long interest for me, so all the things that Joyce explored about Dedalus' youth in Ireland, I wanted to explore about people in Hawai'i..

1.16. Did you realize that when you were younger?

No, I realized it later, in graduate school at the University of Washington and while I was working with Bamboo Ridge.

1.17. Do you remember where that point was when you were in college and you sort of were like maybe I don't wanna study this anymore, or maybe I want to go into something else or look at something else or explore where I came from?

Reading was never an either/or thing for me. I wanted to add on to what I already knew, find out new things. Going away to the UW, I realized how much I missed Hawaii. I was homesick that first year and gravitated to other Asian American students, especially those from Hawai'i, and began reading Asian American, Hawaiian and local literature. Stephen Sumida was there, toward the end of his PhD course work, so I hung out with him a bit. He eventually wrote a dissertation on local literature and published it as a book, *And the View from the Shore: Literary Traditions of Hawaii*.

1.18. Do you remember when you first met him?

Probably at a party at the house of a friend, another Japanese American guy, Wilfred, who was from Kohala, on the Big Island. He was working as a high school counselor in Seattle. There were others from Hawaii, like Elizabeth, a graduate of McKinley High School who was also in the graduate English program; we met there and hung out together. Elizabeth didn't like Hawai'i and didn't want to return. She was a couple of years older than me and had been wandering around the continent, hitch-hiked across Canada, and settled in Seattle.

At a party in Seattle, Stephen wanted to do a slideshow about a journey he made on a freighter in the Southwestern Pacific, where he ended up stuck on a small island until the steamer came back. The slide show went on and on. He was like the rhapsode of *Beowulf*, who begins, "Listen!" then goes on non-stop to deliver his epic.

We went on a winter road trip to Vancouver with Wilfred and Norm, another guy from Hawai'i. The first night, we hung out in Gas Town and drank hot butter rum. The most memorable part of the trip was a visit to the zoo. When we were walking past the bat cage, I noticed a bat hanging upside down from a branch licking his own dick, which was long enough to reach from his crotch to his mouth. Amused, I turned to Steven to point it out, but he had already noticed and said, "Yeah, he giving himself some licks."

Stephen introduced me to Milton Murayama's *All I Asking for is My Body*, which Milton published on his own press, Supa, in 1975. He wrote about a young man growing up on a Maui plantation. The most memorable image was his description of plantation housing as "a pyramid of shit," with the Japs and Filipinos living at the bottom. In the late 1980s, when I was living in San Francisco, I met Murayama and had dinner with him and his wife Dawn at their Diamond Heights home. They had just gone fishing for spawning grunions, which they cooked for dinner. Milton grew up in a plantation camp in Pu'ukoli'i, four miles north of Lāhaina. He volunteered for the US Army during World War II and served in the Military Intelligence Service, using his Japanese language skills to help America win its war with Japan.

1.19. Did you see any Joyce in Murayama's novel, for example, in the use of language?

Both writers wrote about the places where they grew up, with local

characters and dialect. Milton's novella was probably the first book I read that captured a sense of growing up local, and the pidgin dialogue had something to do with that. I didn't grow up in plantation housing, but the people and landscapes in the novella struck me as familiar. My dad was from Maui, and we went there in the summer and stayed at his family home in Kuiaha, on the north shore, and drove to various places for visits—Lāhaina, Flemings Beach, and Hāna. We camped at Oneloa in Mākena, out past Kīhei, before the area was developed for tourism in the 1970s. Back then, it was all cattle land, kiawe trees, beaches, and unpaved roads, practically deserted except for Hawaiian families who had kuleana property there.

Milton changed the pidgin he wrote, apparently to make it more understandable to White readers or an American audience. Instead of using "wen'," the past tense of "go," for the past tense in pidgin, he uses "been." But we didn't say, "We never been do anything that bad," we said, "We never wen' do anything that bad."

1.20. That's still happening. So, I want to rewind, how long were you at University of Hawaii before you went to the University of Washington?

I graduated from high school in 1969 and took about five years to get my bachelor's at the UH.

1.21. So you were at the UH in the mid-70s, correct?

Until spring '75.

1.22. So, you were there when some of the changes were happening with teaching Asian American literature?

The UH English Department didn't start teaching Asian American or local literature until the late 80s. Local writers began advocating change after the 1978 Talk Story conference, which featured local literature. The conference was organized by Stephen Sumida; Arnold Hiura, who was from the Big Island, and who also went to the UW, and graduated with a Master's before I went there; and Marie Hara, a teacher and writer in Honolulu. After the conference, Darrell and Eric started publishing Bamboo Ridge and promoting local literature.

Before that, in 1976, Richard and Mark Hamasaki established ʻElepaio Press, which featured works by local and indigenous writers, poets, photographers, illustrators, musicians, and so on. Over a decade earlier, in 1964, John Dominis Holt established Topgallant Press and published his "On Being Hawaiian." He continued to publish his work—a novel, short stories, a play, a long poem, works on the Monarchy and Featherwork. But of course none of that was taught at the UH.

Richard recalls that around 1980, the director of Ethnic Studies, Franklin Odo, approached Darrell and Eric to see if they wanted to teach a course in the literature of Hawaiʻi for his department, but they declined. Richard and Hawaiian poet Wayne Westlake agreed to teach it and designed the course. As far as I know, it was the first local literature course at the UH, offered in fall 1981, in the Ethnic Studies Department. The English department refused to approve the course unless it was called "Ethnic Writings of Hawaii," apparently because those who opposed the course thought that while locals could write, what they wrote wasnʻt literature. When Westlake moved to the Big Island in 1982, Richard continued to teach the course on his own until he was hired to teach English at Kamehameha Schools in 1987. Sometime after that, the English department began teaching a course called Ethnic Literature of Hawaii.

1.23. So, what was it like for you at UH, did you feel that the UH should be teaching local literature?

Not at all. When I went to the UW in 1975, I wasn't thinking about local literature, I was planning to get a graduate degree in British and American literature because that's what the English department offered.

While I was at the UH, I did take creative writing workshops, and you could say I sort of began exploring a local identity through writing.

1.24. Do you remember how that was received when you turned in creative writing assignments where you were writing about life in Kāneʻohe, or whatever it is that you were writing about?

In the first creative writing workshop I took, I didn't write about growing up in Kāneʻohe. I tried to insert local people into situations or plots with themes that were "universal." So it wasn't really local literature at that point.

1.25. Do you remember a story you wrote?

I remember a play I wrote about a group of young people gathering on a rooftop and they start jumping off one by one because they're unhappy with their lives, and the last two are a couple and they decide they are in love and don't jump. It was an allegory, not realism, like Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, which was my favorite play back then. The building I imagined as the setting for the suicides was Kuykendall Hall, where the UH English department was located. Does that make it "local" literature? I don't think so.

1.26. Did you ever turn it in?

I did. I got a B or C for it; it helped me realize that I didn't have any talent as a playwright.

1.27. So, you went five years at UH, then you went straight into the PhD program at UW?

No, I went into the Master's program.

1.28. Do you remember what you pitched as your proposal?

I chose the non-thesis track, so I didn't have to propose anything. The non-thesis track required me to take a selection of courses in British and American literature and pass area exams in areas I chose.

After the first year, I was homesick so decided to come home to write a final independent study paper to complete my degree. It was a study of Alexander Pope's eighteenth-century poem The Dunciad. I completed my degree while living in Hawai'i, and then I had to figure out well, OK, now what am I going to do? I ended up getting hired by the UH continuing education program to teach ENG 100 at Barber's Point, where most of the students were in the Coast Guard or Navy. We read essays from a standard composition reader, with nothing local in it. I remember assigning James Baldwin's "Notes of a Native Son." I got into that essay, which was another road into ethnic literature. I saw a few parallels between what he wrote about growing up Black in America and my experiences being of Japanese ancestry.

After that, I decided to go back to the University of Washington for a PhD.

1.29. So, why did you decide to go back?

Teaching the Eng 100 course was a good experience, and I thought I could do that, it's not that hard, so why not get a PhD and maybe teach English in college?

When I went back to the UW, I got to know the Asian American community better; at that time, there were a lot of Asian American writers in Seattle. Frank Chin was there; so was Shawn Wong, who, along with Frank and Jeff Chan and poet Lawson Inada, had edited and published an anthology of Asian American literature in 1974. I got interested in the West Coast Japanese American writers in their anthology—Toshio Mori, Hisaye Yamamoto, John Okada, and Wakako Yamauchi. I went to Asian American plays and poetry readings.

There was an Ethnic Studies department at the UW that taught a course in Asian American literature. I didn't take the course, but I read some of the works that were assigned, like Filipino writer Carlos Bulosan's *America is in the Heart* (1973), John Okada's *No-No Boy* (1978), and Louis Chu's *Eat a Bowl of Tea* (1979). The course was taught by Sam Solberg, a Norwegian American from Minnesota who studied Korean literature, and then became interested in Asian American literature. He advocated that the UW Press reprint Asian American literary classics by Bulosan, Okada, Chu, and others, which it did. Those publication probably planted the seed in my mind of the importance of publishing literature if you wanted it taught in college.

When the Asian American community held a Day of Remembrance for the community of Japanese ancestry who was sent to detention and relocation camps during World War II, I went along on their pilgrimage to an assembly center in Puyallup, where the Japanese Americans were rounded up to be shipped off for relocation. Many of them were too old or too young for relocation, so they spent the war in detention behind barbed wire. Some, of course, refused to cooperate with the US government, especially when it decided it wanted to draft the Japanese Americans and send them to Europe to fight, so they resisted and also remained behind barbed wire. After the war, some were so pissed off at the US government, with the resident aliens repatriating to Japan and the US citizens expatriating, even though Japan lost the war.

In 1976, Solberg and Steve Sumida, still a graduate student, organized the Pacific Northwest Asian American Writers Conference, which brought together writers, students, and educators to discuss and promote Asian American literature. From that conference, Steven

may have gotten the idea for organizing the Talk Story conference in Honolulu in 1978, with Marie and Arnold.

I should mention that because I was homesick in Seattle, on my tape player, I listened to Hawaiian music—Gabby Pahinui, Sunday Manoa, the Cazimero Brothers, the Beamer Brothers. One day I went looking for books about Hawai'i in Suzzallo Library. The first one I found and read was David Malo's *Hawaiian Antiquities*.

1.30. Did you want to talk about some of the relationships with the people you met up there?

I hung out with the poet Garrett Hongo because we had something in common—his patenal grandfather established a store in Volcano on the Big Island and my maternal grandfather established a store on the Hilo waterfront. Garrett grew up in LA, where his father had moved after the war.

I met him for lunch sometimes at his favorite hot dog shop on University Avenue, or in the International district for Japanese or Chinese food. He published a poetry collection in 1978 with Lawson Inada and Alan Lau, *The Buddha Bandits Down Highway 99*, which included his poem "Cruisin' 99," about a road trip along Highway 99 in California, searching for an Identity and Enlightenment. The three poets published the book on their own press, called Buddhahead, which was slang that mainland Japanese Americans used for guys from Hawai'i. "Cruisin' 99" was included in his *Yellow Light: Poems*, published in 1982 by Wesleyan U Press.

Garrett was also into Asian American theater and ran a small troupe called the Asian Exclusion Act in Seattle. He was friends with Wakako Yamauchi, the playwright and short story writer from LA, and produced her play "And the Soul Shall Dance." He introduced me to her and other theater people. I met the actress Amy Hill at a party and danced with her. Recently, when I saw her on Magnum PI, I thought, "Wow, we got old!"

After I came back to Hawai'i, Garrett and his wife Cynthia rented a cabin one summer on Kawela Bay, when he was looking for his roots in Hawai'i. His mother's family worked as contract laborers on the North Shore of O'ahu. Another summer, he came with Cynthia and their infant son Alex and rented a house in Volcano. He was gathering materials to write *Volcano: A Memoir of Hawai'i* (1995). He invited me to stay for a couple of days. We went hiking on the six-mile-long

Pu‘u Huluhulu Trail, across lava fields, past Maka-o-puhi Crater, to the lookout on the west rim of Nāpau Crater.

I had a graduate assistantship at the UW, which paid a stipend for teaching a composition course every quarter, so I supported myself, and it allowed my mom to pay in-state tuition for me. All of the graduate students in the English department, except me, were White, so I didn't hang out with any of them. I signed up to teach in the Equal Opportunity Program for minorities. After the first quarter, most of my students were Asian Americans, mainly of Chinese, Filipino, and Vietnamese ancestry.

My supervisor was Colleen McElroy, the first Black professor in the English department at the UW, hired in 1973. Like Garrett, she was a poet and told him that she had been hired because the English department needed "a nigger to stick by the door." Colleen was very funny, with a mock self-deprecating sense of humor to help her deal with her White colleagues. When Garrett told me what she said, I laughed—I imagined her standing by the door of the department office, like a quaint wooden "cigar store Indian" statue that used to be placed in front of tobacco shops, although in her case, her statue would have been dressed as a plantation house maid or cook. Back in those days, that's what the UW English department was like.

***1.31. So, when do you start to think about and develop what would become your dissertation,* The Rhetoric of Identity in Asian American Literature?**

Not for another decade. I came back to Honolulu in 1979 without a Ph.D. I lost interest in British and American literature in my last year at the UW. I wasn't set on a career goal, and wasn't planning to finish my degree unless I found something interesting to write about. I took some odd jobs in Honolulu, then ended up as a lecturer teaching composition and business writing in the UH system.

I checked out freelance journalism. I did a couple of interviews of local Japanese artists, ceramacist Randy Hokushin and print-maker John Morita. *The Hawaii Herald*, a local Japanese American newspaper, paid me and published them. I wrote a longer piece called "Images of Local Culture" which the paper published in May, 1983. It was my first attempt to define what was unique about Hawaii's multiethnic culture and what was valuable and worth perpetuating in it. The paper had a illustrator named Arthur Kodani and included one of his cartoons with

the article.

One topic in the article was aloha ʻāina, love of the land, which back then was what for many was the heart of local culture. Aloha ʻāina was rooted in traditional Hawaiian culture. I quoted from an interview of a young Hawaiian activist named Haunani-Kay Trask on the "ecologically harmonious culture" of the indigenous people who protected the land and shared its bounty to ensure the health of the people. A coalition of activists of all ethnicities were battling developers, the state, and the military in places like Nukoliʻi, Mākua Beach, Sand Island, and Waiāhole-Waikāne to protect agricultural lands, local housing, and Native Hawaiian access to fishing and gathering areas.

1.32. What were you writing at the time?

I wrote a children's story with Pidgin dialogue, set in Kāneʻohe. That story led to "Would you like to edit a special issue on children's literature for Bamboo Ridge?" So I did. At that time, like Eric and Darrell and the others, I was thinking about how to establish a local literature. In the introduction to the issue, I wrote, "I wondered why so many of the human truths we learned in our schools were taught through remote experiences, so few through island experiences in stories for local kids, with local settings, characters, and actions."

I was still trying to fit Western literature into a local setting. The young boy in my story was based on the braggadocio Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part 1*.

Editing that special children's issue led to my serving as managing editor for Bamboo Ridge from 1984-1986.

1.33. When did you first hear of Bamboo Ridge or what Bamboo Ridge was doing? I mean, you knew some of them from when you were at UH then Talk Story happened, but you were in Washington, so how did that connection happen?

I didn't know anyone from Bamboo Ridge when I was an undergraduate at the UH. I met Stephen Sumida in Seattle, but none of the Bamboo Ridge writers were there. When I got back from the UW in 1979, however, there was a lively local writing scene that emerged after the Talk Story conference in 1978, with events sponsored by Bamboo Ridge and the Hawaiʻi Literary Arts Council, and readings by Asian American writers visiting from the continent, and parties at the houses

of supporters of local literature, like Bev Lum, who lived in a big house in Mānoa. I somehow ended up in the Bamboo Ridge study group.

1.34. I'm curious about your poetry now, do you still write poetry?

No, I write only nonfiction prose now. I felt poetry took too long to write. I would spend months on a poem and end up with something relatively short, like not even a page, so I thought, this is not that productive, maybe writing prose is easier, so I got into writing articles for the newspaper and essays. Now, though, writing my mom's biography, which turned into a very long piece, I think about writing lyric poetry again, because it's so much shorter, less taxing on memory.

1.35. Why were you drawn to poetry at first?

When I was at the UH, I took a couple of poetry workshops from Peter Nelson. Just the notion of being a poet seemed romantic and exciting, maybe kind of a carryover from reading Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, and Coleridge, and also European poets like Baudelaire and Rilke. With the Bamboo Ridge study group, I began trying to write poetry about personal experiences and local themes

1.35. Poetry became an avenue for you to explore those parts of yourself?

Yes, the poems I published were what might be called local literature. The themes and the imagery and everything were based on experiences I had growing up in Hawai'i.

ORDER

The fields seemed chaotic to him—
butterflies flitting among the flowers,
bees zinging by like bullets,
dragonflies zipping at crazy angles,
grasshoppers with springy legs
leaping out of reach.

He captured them, one kind at a time,
and put them in his death chamber—

a mayonnaise jar with a paper towel
soaked with Black Flag inside.
He watched each go frenzied, then wind down
like a little toy running out of spring;
when it was still; he spread it out to dry.
Then he impaled the soft corpse,
the small tension in the pin
sending an imaginary pain through his chest.
He placed each new specimen
in line with the last:
neat rows like cars in a parking lot.

—From *Bamboo Ridge #21*, Winter 1983

EASY GAME

The first summer we camped without my dad,
Sam, Lloyd, and I baited hooks like tiny knives
and swung them into the blinking eyes of reef pools
appearing and disappearing in the wash of waves.
We felt snug tugs of life,
pulled up rock fish, butterfly fish, mamo,
one after another, like small hands flapping.

It was an easy game, like the carnival Fish Pond,
where we paid a scrip and won a prize,
the clothespin dangling from the end of the pole,
tossed behind the curtain always coming back
with a toy—a hollow plastic fish,
a rubber knife painted silver, a black gun.

With thirty small fish in a burlap bag
and poles over our sunburnt shoulders,
we marched back to camp.
Bored, we circled the dead campfire
with its soft bones of kiawe wood
and teased each other and napped.
No one wanted to eat the fish;
the sun licked the burlap bag all afternoon,
and the corpses began to stink.

Nothing to do but seal the festering odor.
We dug a pit and dumped them:
curled and stiff, they hit the sand
like a deck of worn playing cards.

—From *Bamboo Ridge #33*, Spring 1987

1.36. How did you feel writing about all of that, were you really energized at that particular point?

Yeah—what I started writing in the Bamboo Ridge study group helped me write about a local identity, about who I was.

1.37. Is that when you were like this is when I'm going to do my PhD dissertation?

Not quite yet. Around that time, I met the San Francisco poet and playwright Genny Lim, when she came to do a reading for the Hawaii Literary Arts Council, which by then was pretty much run by Bamboo Ridge. Genny and I got along, and she invited me to stay with her and her two young daughters in San Francisco. So I moved there for a couple of years.

By that time, I was on a tenure track at Kapiolani Community College, so I took a leave of absence without pay. Genny was friends with Elaine Kim, who was the director of the Asian American Studies program in the Ethnic Studies department at UC Berkeley, so Genny set up an interview for me with Elaine, and I got a lectureship for a couple of years, from 1986–1988.

I taught an Asian American literature course in the first year, which took a comparative approach to Chinese, Japanese, and Filipino American literature. Then in the second year I switched to teaching a multicultural American literature course, which got me into Native American, Black, and Chicano literatures. The course put Asian American literature in the context of other ethnic minority literatures in America, and I got interested in how the experiences of the different minorities were similar and/or different.

1.38. So, how does that lead you to your dissertation?

The comparative approach to teaching the literatures got me thinking

that I could write a dissertation comparing local Japanese literature in Hawai‘i to what Japanese Americans on the West Coast wrote. Before I left for San Francisco, I was working with Ethnic Studies professor Franklin Odo on an anthology of local Japanese literature of Hawai‘i that Bamboo Ridge was going to publish—hole hole bushi (plantation songs) and narratives and poetry in both English and Japanese by the Hawai‘i-born children of the immigrants. Around that time, I borrowed Kazuo Miyamoto’s Hawaii: End of the Rainbow from my brother and read it. It was a long saga covering three generations of the Japanese in Hawai‘i.

So teaching comparative literatures at Berkeley got me thinking about comparisons and contrasts between Hawai‘i and West Coast writers. As part of my training for teaching at the UW, I studied rhetoric from a composition professor who was into Kenneth Burke. I liked Burke’s rhetorical approach to literature, so I decided, yeah, I could write a dissertation on the similarities and differences in the rhetorics of stories by writers of Japanese ancestry in Hawai‘i and on the West Coast.

Since I taught only one course a semester at Berkeley, which paid as well as working half time in the UH system, I had time to do research and writing. I contacted Malcolm Griffith, a professor whose course in American literature I took at the UW in 1977, and even though I hadn’t talk with him in almost a decade, he agreed to supervise the dissertation and put together a reading committee. In the summer of 1978, Genny and I drove up to Seattle for the dissertation defense, which was successful—barely. The department was still not into ethnic literatures, but Malcolm found an American poetry teacher who was pretty open-minded to sit on my committee. The dissenting member of the committee, a scholar of British literature, complained that what I wrote was a dissertation in cultural studies, not literary studies (which is true), but Malcolm and his ally outvoted him.

I should mention my mom’s role in all of this because she really wanted me to finish my dissertation. Thankfully, she wasn’t the type of mother who constantly nags her children to do things, although I could tell she was waiting impatiently for me to finish. It had been almost eight years since I left the UW. But she knew that I meandered a lot and went on detours to follow interests and do things I wanted to do.

1.39. What did your mom do?

She was a dietitian. She started as an assistant at the Territorial Hospital in Kāneʻohe and eventually became Director of Dietary Services at Kapiʻolani Medical Center. We were very close, and for her last thirty years, after she retired, we lived in the same building, four floors apart. I lived in an apartment she gifted to me after I began earning enough money to pay the mortgage, maintenance, and property tax. As she aged after retirement, my brother and I took care of her, until she passed away at 95 in 2020. She was very, very supportive of everything that I did, and she was very, very happy that I finished the dissertation.

I didn't attend the graduation ceremony or pick up my diploma because I wasn't interested in those sorts of things, but Mom told me to have the UW mail the diploma to me. When it came, I gave it to her because I thought she wanted it for all for the support she gave me—she paid for it! But after she had it framed, she gave it back to me. She also asked me to print a copy of the dissertation so she could read it. She kept it on her bookshelf, where I found it after she passed away.

1.40. She was a big influence on you growing up?

I didn't think about it during my life with her, but after she passed away, while writing her biography, I realized how much she influenced who I became. From her, I got my love of learning, love of reading and writing, love of travel, exploration, and geography, love of art, and so on. She also taught me by example to contribute to the well-being of the community. She was a dedicated member of the Hawaiʻi Dietetics Association and served two terms as its president, working to improve the health of the people of Hawaiʻi through good diets and food, and in general, making the world a better place for people.

Since she was interested in literature, I shared with her Bamboo Ridge publications I thought would interest her, like Susan Nunes's collection, *A Small Obligation and Other Stories of Hilo*, published in 1982. Mom grew up in Hilo and knew Susan's mother's family, the Shinodas. Susan's grandfather, Yoshio Shinoda, was the principal of the Hilo Independent Japanese Language School where my grandfather sent Mom and her five siblings. My grandfather gave graduation speeches there. Mom recognized some of the people and places in Susan's stories, and shared with me her memories of growing up in Hilo.

I also gave Mom a copy of *Poets Behind Barbed Wire*, published in 1983, because I knew that her father had been imprisoned during the war. She shared it with her older brother, Hiroshi, who told us that one of the poems was about my grandfather and him. After Pearl Harbor, Grandpa was arrested, imprisoned him at Kilauea Military Camp, and interrogated him in Hilo about his business activities. The US government designated him an enemy alien in January 1942, then sent him on a steamer to Honolulu, to be incarcerated at the Sand Island detention center, then shipped to the continent for four years of prison. (See *The Life and Times of Gunichi Kuwahara* / "5. Pearl Harbor Scapegoats, Part A: Arrests and Interrogations, 1941–1942.")

My uncle Hiroshi, who was drafted by the US Army in Feb. 1942, was on the same steamer to Honolulu, on his way to induction at Fort DeRussy. He spent four years in the US Army, in a construction battalion on O'ahu. Muin Ozaki, a school teacher and tanka poet, was on the same steamer and wrote about my grandfather and uncle:

Sailing on the same ship
The son
A U.S. soldier;
His father,
A prisoner of war

—Muin Ozaki, *Poets Behind Barbed Wire*

The poem is misplaced in the anthology, under the section, "On the Ship to the Mainland." Ozaki, like my grandfather, had been arrested as an enemy alien, and was on his way to the detention center on Sand Island. His crime was having been a teacher of Japanese language at the Hilo Independent Japanese Language School. The school was shut down during the war. Ozaki knew Grandpa and Hiroshi from the school. He recalled in his memoir that Grandpa and Uncle Hiroshi were on different decks and weren't allowed to speak to each other during the transit to Honolulu.

1.41. So, what made you decide to write your mom's biography?

I admired her a lot and wanted to find out as much as I could about how she became the person she became. I began writing The Life and Times of Matsuko "Mitzi" Kawaharada after she passed away in 2020,

to remember her and thank her for the life and lifetime of support she gifted me, which turned out to be beyond anything I could have hoped for or made up while she was raising me.

Mom graduated in the first UH dietary studies class (now Food Science) in 1948. Her mentor, Carey D. Miller, the department chair, was a pioneer in the study of multiethnic diets and foods in Hawai‘i. She came from the Midwest, but believed that the UH dietetics program should teach local students about the foods and diets of Hawai‘i, and she wrote books and articles on the diets of the different ethnic groups here and also studies on local fruits and their nutritional value—kalo, mango, coconut, and so on. That was in the 1930s and 40s. Miller was decades ahead of her time. She taught about local foods and diets long before professors in other departments like the English department realized that there might be some value in situating what the UH taught locally and teaching Hawai‘i’s students about things they might recognize as a part of their daily lives. Miller Hall, which housed the dietary studies program, was named for her.

While writing my mom’s biography, I made the connection between Miller’s and Mom’s interest in local diets and foods, and my interest in local literature. During the last fifteen or so years of my teaching career, food was my metaphor for literature. I got into telling local kids that they need to “Feed Your Head,” a phrase I got from a Jefferson Airplane song from my hippie, acid-dropping days at Castle High. I adapted the phrase to a new purpose and found a graphic for it online to use in my syllabus, depicting a bust, perhaps of Athena, the Greek goddess of Wisdom and War, with a pile of books on top of it.

When I began regularly asking my students on the first day of class to write a list of books they read before coming to college, I was shocked when a few wrote that they didn’t like reading and never read a book. I thought perhaps they hadn’t found anything they wanted to read, and if I offered them something that was recognizable, like local literature, some of them might get interested. What I wanted them to do is to find an interest that would take them deeper into it, requiring more research and reading. But it’s hard to predict what might interest individual students. Some local students got interested in local literature; others didn’t.

I set my assignments up to give students a range of stories to read—local stories, Hawaiian stories, American and European stories, Asian stories, and so on—so they had a choice. That part of my syllabus was more of a menu than a list of required readings.

1.42. Did you have any students that went further with local literature? Did they become writers?

I don't know of any who became writers, but in class the best stories and essays were usually about growing up in Hawai'i. Remembering how encouraging it was to see my writing published in the Hawai'i Herald and Bamboo Ridge, I posted the best essay from each student online at a KCC website. When I became coordinator of student publications from 2014–2016, we published a creative writing and arts journal, a journal of research writing in the Humanities and Social Sciences, and a journal of research writing in Science, Technology, Engineering, and Math (STEM).

1.43. Did you come across their writing in Bamboo Ridge at all?

No, but at least one student let me know later that she were majoring in English at the UH. Another student contacted me years later about getting a copy of an essay she wrote about her father. I had the HTML file that I posted online, so I emailed it to her.

1.44. I wanted to ask about your dad, if there's anything to share about your dad?

He passed away the year after I graduated from high school, so the time I had with him was way shorter than the time I had with my mom, but he definitely influenced my life. He was different from Mom—more a hands-on, outdoor person. He was an all-star halfback at Maui High. In the ninth grade, he had been at Lahainaluna School for vocational training in agriculture, but got kicked out for drinking and smoking.

After he graduated from Maui High, he went to the UH, but got drafted in the first year, toward the end of World War II. He and his company were sent to Schofield Barracks for Japanese language classes, with the idea that they would be sent to Minnesota for more language training at the Military Intelligence Service school in Minnesota. Unfortunately, when they got to Minnesota, practically the whole company, including Dad, failed the entrance exam, which was very rigorous. So they hung out in Minnesota drinking beer and learning to ski in their spare time until the war ended a couple of months later. Then the Army got this idea that they might be useful for the post-war Occupation of Japan. His company was asked to reenlist, so many did.

My dad was trained in carpentry and sent to Japan for a year to build barracks and warehouses.

After the war, Dad got a college degree in electrical engineering on the GI Bill. After he and Mom moved back to Hawai‘i from Guam, he found a job working the night-shift as an electronic technician for RCA at a relay station in the Paumalū highlands on the North Shore. He used his carpentry skills to add four rooms onto the house he and Mom bought in Kāne‘ohe, and also wired the rooms and installed the light fixtures, outlets, and switches. Probably, my interest in computers and technology, which morphed into a fascination with the internet and websites, came from his influence.

But his true passion was for building boats and fishing. He built three boats, each one bigger than the last. He moored his boats at He‘eia Kea Pier and went fishing in Kāne‘ohe Bay. He took my brother and me with him. But before he took us out, when we were very young, he taught us how to swim by dropping us into the deep water at He‘eia Kea Pier and had us dog paddle back to shore.

I was okay fishing with him in the lagoon, but when we went beyond the reef and sandbar, the boat started rocking and rolling in ocean swells, and I got seasick, so I didn’t get interested in going deepsea fishing with him. But the ocean experiences eventually led my brother and me into bodysurfing, boogie boarding, and surfing. I have a love of the ocean from my dad, and still swim in the old boat channel along the beach at Ala Moana Park today. That love of the ocean led to my involvement with the Polynesian Voyaging Society two decades later, in 1992.

Session #2 (July 10, 2023)

2.1. Last time, we discussed when you had started working on your dissertation, and also when you had also gone to San Francisco to lecture at UC Berkeley for two years. One thing that we didn’t get to talk a lot about was the influences on your writing and your writing style and what got you interested in local writing.

I mentioned earlier my first experience teaching English 100 at the Naval Air Station at Barber’s Point and teaching James Baldwin’s “Notes of a Native Son.” That essay had a very strong influence on

me because Baldwin was non-white and he was writing about his family and his experiences as a Black in America, and that's kind of what I wanted to write about from a perspective of a local of Japanese ancestry. I'm thinking that that essay planted the seed in my mind about writing essays about my personal experiences and family. And when I was at Berkeley, I got to teach Baldwin's work, "The Fire Next Time" and other essays, as well as his novel *If Beale Street Could Talk*.

Later, when I read Haunani-Kay Trask's *From a Native Daughter: Colonialism and Sovereignty* (1993), I recognized her allusion to Baldwin's essay and was thinking she must have been reading James Baldwin in college, too. At Berkeley, I also taught Toni Morrison's *Song of Solomon* about a character named Milkman Dead III's discovery of his identity and family roots in the South, and that no doubt led me later in life to Japan to look for my family roots there.

And I also taught Native American literature. The two strongest influences on my essay writing were Leslie Silko's *Storyteller* and N. Scott Momaday's *The Way to Rainy Mountain*. I liked the way they wrote narratives that wove together personal history, family history, historical events, and cultural myths and traditions, from different layers of time, weaving back and forth between layers. Also, I recognized in Silko's Pueblo traditions the same kind of closeness to and caring for the land that I admired in Hawaiian traditions.

When I started writing *Storied Landscapes*, my first collection of essays, I was trying to do what they do in their essays, but of course adapting the style to Hawai‘i, because I wasn't going to write only about my family history, but about earlier periods of history in which my family wasn't involved. My ancestors weren't here when much of it happened, they were in Japan. The metaphor I was using was that the land, Hawai‘i, was layered with stories (i.e. storied), told at various times, starting with the stories of the first people who came here. I wanted to learn more about those stories, which is why I started researching Hawaiian literature and oral traditions.

After that, Europeans and Americans and Asians came, and they started telling stories. So then their stories were layered over the Native Hawaiian stories. And then by the time I got here, I was the third-generation of Japanese ancestry, so there were stories that were told by my grandparents' generation and my parents' generation and then my generation, but in order to understand our experiences in Hawai‘i, we had to go back to all the other layers of stories, to understand who others in the community were and how their ancestors got here and why

they believed in what they believed and how the traditions they brought with them from where they came affected the lives of my family.

My idea was that you had to go back to the very beginning to understand the experiences we had growing up in Hawai‘i and how the community we lived in came to be. And you didn't necessarily have to mention all of it in your writing, but you had to write with an awareness of what had gone on before. I thought that writing about various layers with an understanding of how what happened before influenced what we experienced now would make an essay interesting. The going back and forth is what I mean by weaving, so that the reader could see how one layer influenced another. And so that's what I tried to do.

2.2. Storied Landscapes was published in 1999. Was that when you really started to work on that style, or is that something that you were working on over the years?

I started writing the first essay around 1991 or 1992 and published the collection in 1999. It took about eight years to write the six essays I included in the collection.

2.3. Did you see the layering or weaving as a metaphor for colonialism?

The two metaphors are different. With layering, each layer might simply bury the earlier layers, and that could be a metaphor for colonialism, with Whites and Asians writing about their lives as if nothing happened in Hawai‘i before they came. You have to dig down through the layers to get the complete story. And so I thought weaving the story line back and forth between the layers was important.

2.4. So, weaving was more of a response to the layering?

Yes, if you keep the layers separate, then you get the colonial effect when a writer writes without acknowledging what happened before, out of ignorance, or purposely ignoring it or even demeaning it. That's what I was trying to avoid by including a knowledge of different time frames and of cultural traditions and histories of other groups, along with my family stories.

2.5. With multiculturalism, there's the problematic metaphor of the

melting pot, and layering reminds me of the melting pot metaphor because with each generation that comes, stories get lost, histories get lost, so I am interested in when you sort of started to become aware of that layering. But since that's further in the timeline, maybe we should go back to the 80s and when you started working with Bamboo Ridge. Do you recall how you initially got involved with the Bamboo Ridge, or who got you involved?

Before we get into that, I should mention that I see the melting pot as different from layering. The melting pot metaphor suggests that ethnic cultures get melted down into a universal American identity, rather than each group maintaining a separate ethnic identity while sharing some American values. Multiculturalism suggests, on the other hand, that each ethnic group maintains its culture and identity, but learns to get along with other groups with whom they share a country.

I see myself as someone born a US citizen and raised in Hawai‘i, but a person of Japanese ancestry, with Japanese traditions that my grandparents brought from Japan and that my parents passed on to me. I never had to "turn Japanese," as David Mura put it in his memoir about growing up in a Jewish Midwest neighborhood, where the US government relocated his family from the West Coast during the hysteria following Pearl Harbor. His father changed the family name from Uemura to Mura, so their ethnicity would be more ambiguous, so David had to recover his Japanese heritage later in life.

As part of a multiethnic community, I was aware that there were people of other ancestries who were my neighbors, who had different traditions and beliefs. I was curious about what those traditions and beliefs were and wanted to understand them and even help perpetuate the ones I thought might contribute to the well-being of the community; but that didn't mean I wanted to practice those traditions or join another ethnic group. I learned a lot from reading Baldwin and Momaday, but I never wanted to be Black or become a member of the Kiowa tribe.

Someone of mixed ancestry might have a more complicated view of multiculturalism, perhaps adopting traditions from two or more ancestries as part of a complex multicultural identity; or perhaps choosing one ancestry as the basis for an identity. People of mixed ancestry are becoming the majority in Hawai‘i. I know a lot has been written about it and more will be written about it in the coming years.

Anyway, getting back to how I got involved with Bamboo Ridge, as I mentioned earlier, after coming back from the UW, I went to

parties where local writers were invited, and somehow ended up in the Bamboo Ridge study group, but I don't recall who invited me to join.

2.6. Did you run into Eric at those salons?

Probably, but I don't recall hanging out with him like I did with Garrett in Seattle. But after I joined the study group, he and I used to have long phone conversations on literary topics related to local and Asian American literature.

The writer in the study group who had the most influence on me was Rodney Morales because of his interest in Native Hawaiian issues and George Helm, and his collection of short stories, *The Speed of Darkness*. I felt connected to the stories because they reminded me of my growing up years and the stuff I did back then. Rodney is a year younger than me and went to Farrington, so we're contemporaries. From reading his stories, I thought that I could write about my personal experiences growing up, too. The difference between us, of course, is that he's a fiction writer, and I just couldn't get the knack of writing fiction, so I ended up writing essays instead.

2.7. Did you two ever exchange drafts, or do you have any memories of Rodney that you want to share?

We workshopped a couple of his stories in the study group, but it's not like he and I were in personal communication about his work. It's more that we were on the same wavelength and interested in the same kinds of things. Later he asked me to read a draft of his novel When the Shark Bites and I sent him some comments, but we never tried to influence each other in terms of our writing. Just reading what he wrote influenced what I wrote.

2.8. I can see that in the way he weaves history into his writing. Anyone else left an impression on you during those two years?

I guess all the other writers in the study group did, you know. They all wrote from their particular personal perspectives, but they were all writing from a local perspective, and so that was definitely an influence on me. But again, it wasn't like I exchanged manuscripts with anyone or tried to get advice or gave advice other than comments at the study group. It felt more like we were just hanging out together sharing a

potluck and talking about what we had written.

2.9. Unfortunately, Marie passed away a few years ago. Anything that you kind of remember about her or kind of her influence on you or just kind of her presence with the press?

Marie used to hold some of the study group sessions at her house in Makiki, where she lived with her parents. She was a good person, always supportive and very caring. I thought of her as being motherly, perhaps because she was raising her two daughters at that time, so yeah, a kind of a nurturing figure.

Of her writings, the most memorable for me was a spooky story, "Go to Home," from her grandmother's plantation days in Kohala on the Big Island. The story ends with a funeral, where the corpse of a woman who died young from TB vomits blood in the casket as a sign to her grieving husband. Also memorable was "Watching Fire," a quirky reminiscence about New Years's Eve in Makiki in 1952, which featured a kid named Sparky whose skyrocket starts a fire in the sugar cane field at the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association experimental farm—a reminder of the cane fires that burned when cane was harvested on the plantations. I started living in Makiki in the 1970s, about three blocks from where Marie grew up in the 1950s. She was still living in the house. I recognized the places she describes from her small-kid time. Both stories were published in her Bamboo Ridge collection, *Bananaheart and Other Stories* (1994).

2.10. Did you keep in touch with her at all after you left Bamboo Ridge?

Yes, I did. Her husband, an architect, is good friends with my brother. She invited Genny Lim and me to dinner at her house when Genny came to Hawai‘i for a visit.

2.11. What were some of the challenges you saw at the press during that time or after?

While I was managing editor, it was all fun. It was very easy for me to do. I could write grants, I could edit, and I could get things organized, so it was just a fun time cruising with people that I got along with.

2.12. You worked with Dana Naone Hall on Malama: Hawaiian Land and Water. I know that was a special one for you, what was that like?

That anthology was special to me because I was familiar with Hawaiian folktales and legends, but hadn't read much contemporary Hawaiian literature, so Dana's anthology opened my eyes to a whole range of what was being written at the time.

2.13. Do you remember what inspired that particular collection? Because I mean, I think at that point that's the first collection Bamboo Ridge puts out that had a Native Hawaiian focus.

Before Dana's anthology, Bamboo Ridge published *Ho'i Ho'i Hou: A Tribute to George Helm and Kimo Mitchell*, an anthology Rodney edited in 1984, which included not just his short biographies of George Helm and Kimo Mitchell, but also works by Native Hawaiian writers like 'Ilima Pi'ianai'a, Imaikalani Kalahele, Joe Balaz, Kalani Meinecke, Emmet Aluli, and Walter Ritte, Jr.; lyrics by Hawaiian songwriters like Jon Osorio, Malani Bilyeu, Alvin Kaleolani Issacs, Sr., and Harry Kunihi Mitchell. It also included an excerpt from George Helm's diary and a speech. Hawaiian poet Wayne Westlake contributed a selection of poetry and prose by children of all ethnicities from his Poets in the Schools classes on Maui. Eric also contributed a poem.

Darrell and Eric were open to publications of Hawaiian language and literature, so when Esther "Kiki" Mookini, who taught Hawaiian language at Kapi'olani Community College, came with a proposal to publish *'O Nā Holoholona Wāwae 'Ehā O Ka Lama Hawai'i/The Four-Footed Animals of Ka Lama Hawaii*, they accepted it, as long as I could get a grant to fund the publication. It was a collection of articles written in Hawaiian about animals, originally published with illustrations in the nineteenth-century Hawaiian language newspaper *Ka Lama Hawaii*. I had never seen a book published in Hawaiian language before, so I was interested in it, even though I couldn't read it. In general, I love all languages for the diversity that they embody. I wrote a grant and got funding to publish the book in 1985. The book contained both the Hawaiian language articles and Kiki's translations of them, along with the illustrations.

I found out later that the articles that Kiki translated were originally translated into Hawaiian from an English natural history textbook, to teach Hawaiian students at Lahainaluna School about animals that were

foreign to Hawai‘i. I realize now how strange the publication was—articles originally written in English, then translated into Hawaiian for a newspaper, then translated back into English by Kiki. Only in a multicultural place like Hawai‘i would something that strange take place!

Kiki was of Japanese ancestry, married to a scholar and college administrator of Hawaiian ancestry, which is perhaps where her interest in learning and teaching Hawaiian language came from. But she grew up Japanese in a plantation town on Maui, in Pā’ia, near where my father grew up in Kuiaha, on Maui’s north shore. They were born about a year apart.

Since Bamboo Ridge published Rodney’s anthology and Kiki’s translation, Frederick Wichman approached the press with *Kauai Tales*, traditional stories of Kaua‘i, retold, with pen and ink illustrations by Christine Fayé. Frederick was from an old haole family on Kaua‘i. I wrote a grant for Bamboo Ridge to publish his collection.

Dana’s anthology of Hawaiian literature came out after that. Dana knew Darrell and Eric because we all knew each other and hung out together at literary events, so when she approached Bamboo Ridge with the anthology idea, they accepted it.

2.14. And you had worked with Dana before or you knew her before?

We knew each other from two Peter Nelson’s courses at the UH, Eng 410, Form and Theory of Poetry, in fall 1973 and ENG 411, Poetry Writing, in spring 1974. She was also the editor of the UH’s English department’s *Hawai‘i Review* in 1973-74. I found out later that Dana was also from Kāne‘ohe. By the 1980s, Dana had moved to Maui with her husband Isaac, a lawyer and community activist. They worked on various community issues on Maui, including the restoration of an ancient trail and protecting Hawaiian burial sites against development.

“Working with Dana” wasn’t quite what it was. I was her liaison to Bamboo Ridge for the anthology, but it’s not like I sat down with her and went over the manuscripts. She was on Maui and I was in Honolulu. I left the anthology up to her because I was going to have Bamboo Ridge publish whatever she submitted. She did everything. She contacted all the writers and gathered and edited all the contributions.

One thing I recall is that Darrell and Eric were kind of worried because it was taking a while, but I knew Dana would deliver. I didn’t have to call her and ask her, so where are you now, how far along are

you, can you give me a progress report? I knew she was going to put together a great anthology. We just had to be patient. She sent me the anthology as a completed manuscript, which Bamboo Ridge published, as is.

After that I went off to Berkeley, and a whole new experience teaching Black, Chicano, and Native American literature. When Genny and I visited Maui, we met with Dana and Isaac to find out what they were working on. Dana invited us to a party in Hāna. Coincidentally, over two decades later, in 2018, Genny was emceeing the American Book Awards ceremony for the Before Columbus Foundation in San Francisco, and Dana was one of the awardees, for her book L*ife of the Land: Articulations of a Native Writer*. Genny emailed me a photo of the two of them together at the ceremony.

2.15. So did Dana help you get into Hawaiian literature after you got back from Berkeley?

Dana was on Maui, so I wasn't in contact with her when I got back. I began adapting to Hawai'i the multicultural approach to literature I learned at UC. I knew enough about Hawaiian literature to assign readings by Dana, Wayne Westlake, Joe Balaz, 'Imaikalani Kalahele, and other writers in Dana's anthology. I also wanted to assign a selection of traditional Hawaiian stories, so I looked for teachable ones in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century publications of Fornander, Thrum, and others. My guide was UH professor Amos Leib's *Hawaiian Legends in English: An Annotated Bibliography*, published by UH Press in 1979. I took a course from Leib in spring 1971, ENG 471 American Literature, but he never mentioned this interest in Hawaiian legends, probably because it wasn't relevant to the course. Kiki Mookini gave me a copy of his book.

A year or so after I got back from Berkeley, Kiki Mookini showed me a translation of a traditional Hawaiian narrative that she had just completed with Sarah Nākoa, a professor of Hawaiian language who was Kiki's teacher at the UH. The original narrative, by Moses K. Nakuina, was published as a book in Hawaiian in 1902, under the title *Moolelo Hawaii o Pakaa a me Ku-a-Pakaa, na kahu iwikuamoo o Keawenuiaumi, ke alii o Hawaii, a o na moopuna hoi a Laamaomao!*

Kiki asked if I would publish the translation she and Nākoa did. I decided to write a grant from the Hawai'i State Foundation for Culture and the Arts to publish the book. To get a grant from the Hawai'i State

Foundation for Culture and the Arts, I had to apply through a nonprofit organization, so I applied through Hawai‘i Ethnic Resources Center: Talk Story, Inc., which was a nonprofit that Stephen, Marie, and Arnold had set up for the Talk Story conference in 1978. Bamboo Ridge wrote its grants through Talk Story until it acquired its own nonprofit status. I asked Marie if I could apply for a grant through their non-profit, and she said yes.

That's how Kalamakū Press started—I established it to publish Kiki's book. I knew that schools and colleges in Hawai‘i needed more texts like Kiki and her kumu's translation to teach Hawaiian literature as part of a multicultural curriculum. I edited and annotated the text, then published it in 1990 as *The Wind Gourd of La‘amaomao*, which was a translation of "ka ipumakani a Laamaomao," a phrase in subtitle of the original Hawaiian publication.

Mark Hamasaki of ‘Elepaio Press designed the cover using one of his prints. Richard was teaching at Kamehameha Schools, and after the book was printed, he assigned it in his literature classes at the school. I also taught it in a World Literature course at Kapi‘olani Community College.

After *The Wind Gourd* came out in 1990, we decided to print the original Hawaiian version of the narrative, so I got a grant from the UH Committee for the Preservation of Hawaiian Language, Arts and Culture to publish it. Mark got permission from the UH library to photograph the pages of the original book, and we sent those negatives off to a printer on the continent, so the book was a facsimile of the original.

In 1992, I wrote a grant to publish two plays by Genny Lim—*Paper Angels and Bitter Cane* (1992). Genny was an well known San Francisco playwright. *Paper Angels*, about Chinese immigrants held on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, was produced in 1980 and PVS filmed the play for national broadcast in 1985. After visiting Hawai‘i, she wrote *Bitter Cane*, a tragedy about Chinese immigrants, set on a sugar plantation in Hawai‘i. I had read about the Chinese immigration to Hawai‘i earlier in Maxine Hong Kingston's *China Men* (1980).

Between 1990 and 2018, Kalamakū Press published sixteen works of Hawaiian, local, and Asian American literature and distributed over 35,000 copies.

2.16. So, how long have you known Richard and Mark Hamasaki? Was that about the same time when you were working with Bamboo

Ridge? Is that how you met?

I met Richard when he came to Hawai‘i from Boston University in the early 1980s. I don’t remember how we met, probably at some literary reading or party. He was into Ezra Pound’s *The Cantos* and hosted an informal Pound seminar, with UH professor and poet Jack Unterecker, who was also into Pound. We met one night a week in a Kuykendall Hall ground-floor classroom at the UH to read *The Cantos*, one by one, and discuss each one, line by line.

I first worked with Mark in 1985, when he printed Kiki’s *‘O Nā Holoholona Wāwae ‘Ehā O Ka Lama* Hawai‘i for Bamboo Ridge. Mark designed the book and printed it on an offset Multilith 1250, four pages per sheet, back and front. We collated the pages, then Mark took them to be bound into books.

In 1981, ‘Elepaio Press used the Multilith 1250 to publish a Hawai‘i edition of *Mana, A South Pacific Journal of Language and Literature*, which Richard edited with Wayne Westlake, featuring a multiethnic selection of literature and art from Hawai‘i. In 1983, Mark also printed *Poets Behind Barbed Wire* for Bamboo Ridge on the Multilith, and for ‘Elepaio Press, A Pacific Islands Collection, an anthology of poetry, prose, and art by multiethnic writers from Hawai‘i and all over the Pacific, which Richard edited. A second printing of *A Pacific Islands Collection* in 1984 was dedicated to Wayne Westlake, who died in a tragic traffic accident on the Big Island that year.

To weave another thread in here, after *The Wind Gourd* was pubished in 1990, Richard gave a copy to John Dominis Holt. He knew Holt from literary readings that ‘Elepaio Press organized. Holt also had a press, Topgallant, to publish his literary and scholarly works. He invited me to his house, which was a beautiful mansion on Pacific Heights, overlooking Honolulu, where he lived with his wife Patches Damon.

Holt was very erudite. He knew Hawaiian literature, but also world literature. He knew Japanese literature and talked about *The Tale of Genji*. After a good conversation, he gave me a couple of manuscripts to read. One was a collection of essays—about members of his family from different periods of history, and his memories of growing up, and his reflections about all of it; the second manuscript was a collection of folktales of Moanalua Valley, which his wife’s family owned at one time. There was a story about a migration to the valley by a female navigator from Kahiki, as well as legends set in the ahupua’a. He was

thinking of publishing both manuscripts and wanted them edited for publication. He asked me if I was interested, and, of course, I said yes. I took the manuscripts home and read them.

2.17. What was that like? Did you folks have a lot of sit downs and interviews?

No, not at all. At the next meeting, he gave me a check for $2,000 to prepare the essays about his family and his life for publication. I was somewhat surprised, but assumed that was how rich people did things. He wanted his essays to be read as a book rather than as separate pieces, so I sequenced the essays as a family history, and did only minor editing on the prose, for consistency and transitions between essays and so on; the individual essays were already well-written. A couple of months later, I delivered the text to his mansion and never heard back from him. A couple of years later, in 1993, the year he passed away, *Recollections: Memoirs of John Dominis Holt (1919–1935)* was published, pretty much as I recalled having laid it out, but illustrated with many family photos.

2.18. Thinking about the kind of writing you were doing and your interests, it kind of fits with that too, right?

Yes, and Holt's essays were a huge influence on my writing. What I got from reading his essays is that wow, you know, he lived through the same era as my grandparents and parents and I could see the connections between the historical events that he was narrating and what my grandparents and parents lived through. So that was a way of seeing how the histories of two different ethnic groups might be interwoven. It was not just here's a history of people of Japanese ancestry, they arrived here and accomplished this and that after they came. There was a broader context and other things that are happening and impacting what the Japanese did. So after reading Holt's family histories going back to the nineteenth century, I thought of Monarchs like Kalākaua and Lili'uokalani as not just historical figures, but people relevant to today. What they did affected my grandparents' and parents' lives and my life. That's when I got the idea of the arrival of my grandparents in the first decade of the twentieth century as a continuation of the arrival of Japanese migrant workers that Kalākaua invited to the Hawaiian Kingdom in the nineteenth century, although when my grandparents

arrived, the Kingdom had already been overthrown, and Hawai‘i had been annexed to the US.

There was one story, not in Holt’s book but that I found later, about the deposed Queen Lili‘uokalani attending a Buddhist service at the Honganji in Nu‘uanu—not the one that’s there now, but the original one, on Fort Lane, where the Nu‘uanu YMCA is located today. The Queen attended in 1901, when Buddhism was not generally accepted yet among the non-Japanese in Hawai‘i.

The Queen was a Presbyterian who attended Kawaiha‘o Church in Honolulu, where she played the organ and led the choir, but she was also interested in learning about other religions and believed that all of them deserved equal treatment and opportunities. Her attendance at that Buddhist service was in the news and made the Buddhists and the Japanese immigrants feel more welcome in Hawai‘i.

My mother’s family worshiped at the Honganji in Hilo; my father’s family worshiped at the Honganji in Haikū, and later Makawao. So things like the Queen’s attendance at a Buddhist service, her openness and kindness, affected the quality of life of my grandparents and parents.

The Queen was invited to the service by Mary Elizabeth Mikahala Robinson Foster, a Buddhist convert who donated land near her home in Nu‘uanu for the first Honganji, built around 1898. As it turns out, Foster was an aunt of John Dominis Holt. Holt talks about her in an interview he did for the Watamull Foundation. Apparently she was viewed as somewhat of an eccentric by the family, riding about with her “swami” in a car called a Locomobile, which Holt thought of humorously as a pun on “loco.” Later, Foster also donated the huge garden around her house to the City of Honolulu, and it became Foster Botanical Garden, one of my favorite places to take dates in high school.

My favorite chapter in Holt’s memoirs is the one about his boyhood years in Kalihi. It reminded me of growing up on Kea‘ahala Road. Like Kea‘ahala Road, Kalihi was a multiethnic, working-class neighborhood, where people of different ancestries lived together and learned how to get along with each other. Holt had ali‘i ancestors, yet there was a connection to the world from which I came. His mother, a devout Christian, moved the family to Kalihi to escape the decadence of the wealthy hapa-haole crowd that surrounded them in the family home on Beretania Street in downtown.

Holt recalls U. Yamane, a Japanese store owner in Kalihi, who invited Holt’s father to parties on New Year’s Eve to drink. His father

loved those parties. Yamane reminded me of my grandfather in Hilo, who established a store. They both ended up sending their first sons to Waseda University in Tōkyō to study commerce, so that their sons could come back and take over the family businesses. Yamane ended up much wealthier than my grandfather. He owned the Kamehameha Shopping Center and other properties in Kalihi. Connections like that emerged from reading Holt, and that got me into researching that period of Hawai‘i’s history and earlier periods.

2.19. Is that what led you to your work with* Hōkūle‘a*?

The work with PVS wasn’t directly related to the work on Holt’s memoirs, although Holt was a supporter of the voyaging canoe Hōkūle‘a and Polynesian Voyaging Society, and I ran into him at the dock one day when the voyaging canoe Hawai‘iloa was preparing to go to Alaska. He was somehow involved with Nainoa’s connection to Native Alaskans and Tlingit elder Judson Brown.

My involvement with PVS was more directly connected to the publication of Kiki’s book, The Wind Gourd. Around that time, Kiki was a volunteer on PVS’s education committee. Nainoa was really supportive of education—he felt that the knowledge the PVS had recovered and discovered about traditional voyaging and migration should be preserved and perpetuated. He wanted it taught in schools and universities. Kiki invited me to a meeting of the education committee at the Bishop Museum in 1992. *The Wind Gourd* was kind of an introduction to Hawaiian voyaging for me because it was about two masters of sailing and navigation, Paka‘a and Kūapaka’a, a father and a son who were descendants of the wind goddess La’amaomao. And so, I went along with Kiki to the meeting and met Nainoa.

Before the publication of Kiki’s book, I was already interested in Polynesian voyaging and migrations because when I was living in San Francisco, I found Peter Buck’s *Vikings of the Pacific* in a bookstore in Chinatown. Buck, or Te Rangi Hiroa, was of Maori ancestry and served as director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

The book tells the history of Polynesian migrations, from the very beginning up to the migrations to Tahiti, the Marquesas, Hawai‘i, Aotearoa, Rapa Nui, and so on. I read it, and was like, wow, this is the kind of stuff I want to know more about. I knew how Japanese plantation workers and workers from other ethnic groups got to Hawai‘i, but how did the Hawaiians get here? Where did they come from? Buck’s book

answered those questions for me.

Nainoa was looking for volunteers to help at dry dock to prepare *Hōkūle'a* for a voyage to Tahiti and the Cook Islands in 1992. Kiki was a drydock volunteer, so she asked me if I wanted to go with her and help out. I mentioned earlier that my dad introduced me to boat building and fishing in Kāne'ohe Bay when I was growing up, so I felt comfortable about going to help out at the *Hōkūle'a* dry dock. After a while, Nainoa asked me if I wanted to train as a crew member—he asked that of everyone who came by regularly to work on the canoe—so I decided to do that.

I began sitting in on Nanioa's crew training sessions, and when he needed someone to write up some of the information he was teaching the trainees, I started to do that for him. The first thing I wrote up was an annotated list of the stars he used in navigation, with both English and Hawaiian names. I got the Hawaiian names from Rubellite Kawena Johnson's *Nā inoa hōkū: A catalogue of Hawaiian and Pacific star names* and Maud Makesom's *The Morning Star Rises: An Account of Polynesian Astronomy*. At the time, I was also teaching myself how to use a computer drawing program, so I did illustrations of the four starlines that Nainoa used in his navigation, as well as astronomical diagrams, and maps of his voyages, for printing in handouts and later posting on the PVS website.

After my first crew assignments sailing interisland from Honolulu to Hōnaunau, and then from Tahiti Nui to Huahine and Ra'iātea, in the so-called Society Islands, Nainoa and his dad Pinky, who was president of the board, hired me to write education materials for PVS. Kamehameha School Press also contracted me to write updates for its student publication on *Hōkūle'a* voyages.

I worked for PVS for about nine years, from 1993 to 2002, then served as a volunteer until around 2016, when I stopped, because my aging mom needed my help her with shopping, chores, and errands and taking her to medical and dental appointments. My last crew assignment was in 2016, to help out with the PVS education program in Aotearoa as part of its Worldwide Voyage.

2.20. What was it like working with PVS?

It was an amazing, unforgettable learning experience, and it helped me understand more clearly what I was trying to do in Hawai'i.

Around 1995, Pinky invited me to a meeting at Queen's Hospital

with Kenny Brown, the former chair of the board of Queen's Health Systems, and Bob Oshiro, the current chair. Nainoa and Laura Thompson were also there. The meeting was about establishing a partnership between PVS and Queen's Health Systems for a statewide voyage. At the meeting, the Thompsons and Brown adopted Mālama Hawai'i, "taking care of Hawai'i," as the mission of voyage, which also became the mission of PVS. Kenny used the phrase when he was a State Senator from 1968 to 1974 to help him guide the State of Hawai'i. Descendants of ali'i, he and the Thompsons were committed to taking care of all the people of Hawai'i and the land that sustained them. They believed that the physical and mental health of Native Hawaiians required a healthy culture to sustain it. For the Thompsons, the voyaging canoe and the crew were metaphors for the islands and the people. They welcomed everyone who wanted to help the canoe sail and taught the crew to take care of each other and to conserve resources for the voyage.

Kenny's Mālama Hawai'i vision was the inspiration for the Mālama Hawai'i program that Hawaiian Studies professor Pua Mendonca and I with other faculty established at Kapi'olani Community College in 1995. The program offered core courses in all the disciplines, including English composition and literature; the courses featured readings in local history, literature, natural and social science, etc. Our most memorable student was Kaleo Wong, who was in the first class the program and who later joined the Polynesian Voyaging Society, trained as a captain and navigator and also got a job in conservation of native plants and animals.

PVS assigned me to short interisland voyages, not long voyages, just so I would gain enough experience to understand what I was writing about. I sailed across the channels between the Hawaiian islands, and along the cliff of Kaholo on Lāna'i to Kaho'olawe, and along the north coast of Moloka'i to Kalaupapa.

I learned so much from Nainoa and PVS navigators Bruce Blankenfeld and Chad Baybayan about the geography, winds, weather, and oceans currents of Hawai'i and Polynesia, which was the kind of knowledge the Polynesians had to have centuries ago, to discover and settle small islands scattered across a vast ocean.

I sailed interisland in the Marquesas Islands with Chad and traveled from Vancouver to Juneau on the Hawai'iloa with Bruce and Nainoa, and then from Shikoku to Yokohama on *Hōkūle'a* with Bruce and Nainoa. Doing research for the sail into Yokohama in 2007, I learned

about the historical connection between the Thompson family and the Imperial family of Japan. Kālakaua sent Pinky's maternal grandfather, Isaac Harbottle (1871–1948), to Japan to study Japanese language and culture, so he could serve as one of the statesmen that would handle Japanese affairs for the Kingdom. Harbottle attended the same school as the future Emperor Taishō.

After *Hōkūleʻa* arrived in Yokohama, Nainoa and a couple of the navigators met with one of the princesses of the Imperial family and took her sailing in Tōkyō Bay. So that was another connection between two cultures in Hawaiʻi. I felt honored to be on the Yokohama crew with Nainoa, Bruce, protocol officer Kaniela Akaka, and Leighton Tseu, who represented the Royal Order of Kamehameha; it was significant to me because in 1907, my mother's father left from Yokohama on a steamer to come to Hawaiʻi. The world had changed tremendously in the century in between.

I wrote about my experience in "Hōkūle'a in Yokohama," in *Roads of Oku: Journeys in the Heartland*, published in 2014.

All of this was serendipitous. It wasn't like I went to college to take the required courses in a major in order to teach what I was taught or to perform a job using that knowledge. I followed my interests and read whatever I found interesting, and connections started forming and growing and moving in this direction and that direction. I was curious and open to change, to explore and learn new things because my mom was like that and encouraged me to be like her.

2.21. We've talked a lot about that time period when you were at Berkeley and then when you were working with Bamboo Ridge and sort of the trajectories from that point, but when do things start to change for you and you decide to leave Bamboo Ridge and do something different? Because what I'm thinking is, you got back from Berkeley in the late 80s, then you start working on your first essay from Storied Landscapes, and you kind of get a draft out in 1992, and then we have 1994 and your essay, "Toward an Authentic Local Literature," coming out of some of the controversies during that time period, so I guess I maybe want to focus on those four years and what happened.

When I got back from Berkeley, I wasn't planning to work with Bamboo Ridge again. I knew other writers and supporters had joined the study group and the press, like poets Juliet Kono and Cathy Song,

so the press was doing well. At the time, I was more interested in Hawaiian literature than in local literature by writers of Asian ancestry.

As I mentioned earlier, I began looking for and reading Hawaiian legends. The one that really captured my imagination was the legend of Kūʻula-kai, a Hawaiian fishing god. The story was written in Hawaiian by Moke Manu, translated by Moses Nakuina, and published in *Thrum's Hawaiian Annual* in 1901. Kūʻula-kai may have been a master fisherman who lived in Hāna, on Maui; he and his son, another master fisherman, became deified and worshiped as fishing gods.

The interest in fishing was from my dad, of course, who had introduced my brother and me to fishing on Kāneʻohe Bay. We visited his family home on Maui during the summers of the 60s, and one summer, we drove the newly repaved highway to Hāna, where Kūʻula-kai lived. As I was reading and researching the legend, I was thinking like, wow, you know, we drove past some of these legendary places, but I never knew their stories. In Hāna was a rock formation that was the backbone of a giant eel that Kūʻula-kai slew after it broke into his fishpond and stole fish. I didn't know this when we went there. Back then, the road to Hāna was just a scenic winding road with waterfalls to me. We visited the Hasegawa General Store in Hāna, then turned around and drove back home. Without any knowledge of place, we were just tourists.

After reading the legend, I decided I should go back to see some of the legendary places. I flew to Maui and drove to Hāna, stopping to photograph a few places mentioned in the legend, and when I got to Hāna, I went to talk with Clifford Hashimoto, who was the director of the Hāna Historical Museum. Kiki told me I should talk with him if I wanted to know about Hāna.

Clifford was a descendant of a nineteenth-century Japanese immigrant who married a Hawaiian woman on the Big Island. He was one of the first people I met who was of mixed Japanese and Hawaiian ancestry. Although it's more common today to have that mixture of ancestries, it wasn't common in his generation because most of the first and second generation of Japanese ancestry married someone of Japanese ancestry. Clifford's grandfather may have been one of the first Japanese migrant workers in Hawaiʻi. Clifford grew up in Hāna.

I shared my family background with him, and how my grandparents established a restaurant in Kuiaha in the 1930s, and my dad grew up there, and how we had visited Hāna once in the sixties. Eventually, I asked him if he knew about the rock formation of the Kūʻula-kai

legend, and he said yes. He decided he would take me to see it, so we met the next morning and went through a couple of locked gates to which he had the keys, and he showed me the backbone of the eel on the rocky shore. I used the photo I took of it for the cover of a collection of Hawaiian fishing legends I published in 1992.

Seeing the rock formation sparked this sense of wow, here's the ancient history of Hawai'i, about which I knew practically nothing. And that sense of discovery was what I tried to capture in "A Search for Kū'ula-kai." That essay led to the other essays. I began researching the history and traditions of places where I visited or lived, but didn't really know anything about, like Kāne'ohe Bay and Makiki and Mānoa Valleys. In 1999, I published *Storied Landscapes: Hawaiian Literature and Place*.

2.22. So, then what leads you to 1994 and your talk/essay "Toward an Authentic Local Literature of Hawai'i"? You've talked about it to some extent, but let's maybe focus on that time.

From my own experience, I had a sense that locals of Asian ancestry of my generation and the writers associated with Bamboo Ridge, other than Rodney, didn't know much about Hawaiian culture and traditions, about Hawaiian history and prehistory. Of course that was because the schools and colleges we went to didn't teach us much about it, and we didn't learn it from our parents who went to the same schools, or our grandparents, who in my case, grew up in Japan. Also, there was a strong feeling of stick to your own ethnicity and culture; don't get interested in anyone else's. But my sense was that unless I knew about what happened before my grandparents came here, I didn't really know Hawai'i, so how could I call it home? So the point of "Toward an Authentic Local Literature of Hawai'i" was that if we're going to write local literature, if we're going to write about Hawai'i, if we're going to call Hawai'i home, we need to know all its history and cultures going back to the first people.

Before I wrote that talk, I read Haunani K. Trask's *From a Native Daughter: Colonialism and Sovereignty*, published in 1993, which provided a critique of what was going on in Hawai'i.

The education system in Hawai'i, established during the period of colonialism before and after the overthrow of the Hawaiian Kingdom, was being perpetuated by locals of Asian ancestry and others who were educated in the colonial schools. I used the term "neocolonialism" for

this new form of colonialism because it was being carried out not by the white settlers, but by the children of migrant workers educated to imitate the white settlers.

I guess what I said was misinterpreted by some people. One Bamboo Ridge writer told me, so what, we all gotta write about Hawaiians now? And I was like, is that what you think I said? I didn't think that's what I said. Really, I was just advocating for more knowledge and awareness of the first people and their culture who were here before haoles came and before Asians came. And whether you write about the history before Captain Cook directly or not, that wasn't the point. The point was that you need to write with an awareness of it. It can inform what you think about as being local—for example, knowing what place names mean, or going past a place and knowing that there is some legendary history associated with it.

And it was not just about reading about Hawaiian history and culture, it was also about learning to take care of the islands from the traditions of a people who had been here for something like 1,600 years or more. Can we sustain the island community for another 1,600 years and beyond? Reading Hawaiian literature was a way of starting a conversation about that. That was one idea behind the talk. Of course, I got that idea also from Haunani, and quoted her when I wrote about aloha ʻāina in the *Hawaii Herald* article on local culture a decade earlier, in 1984.

2.23. What was the conference like? Because if you look at the proceedings, you weren't the only one necessarily advocating for that either, so I don't know, do you remember the conference?

I don't recall being involved in the conference. I was given an opportunity to speak and so I showed up and spoke. I remember being in an auditorium and reading what I wrote, but I don't remember discussing what I said with anybody there.

But you're right, other writers, artists, and UH professors, like Rodney and Paul Lyons and the Hamasaki brothers agreed with me and were saying the same thing, that not only writers and people living in Hawaiʻi needed to be aware of Hawaiian history and traditions, but that the education system needed to change, that the Department of Education and the UH system needed to teach students more about Hawaiian traditions and literature, more than they were doing because I knew they were doing it or trying to do it, but they weren't doing enough

of it. More of it needed to be taught, with better texts, so the presses in Hawai‘i could contribute to that by publishing such texts. Paul told me later that one of the students who read “Toward an Authentic Local Literature of Hawai‘i” in the conference publication posted a copy of it on a bulletin board at the English department in Kuykendall Hall.

At the conference, there were some UH professors in the audience, but I didn’t hear back from anyone except Paul. Later, one Bamboo Ridge writer told me, “You know you were really rude at the conference and ungrateful to the professors that helped educate you.” She felt that I had been invited to speak in their house—the UH—and that I was disrespectful toward my hosts by criticizing them. I was like okay, wow, so I can’t criticize the UH? Why not? Is the UH a house that was paid for by the professors who graciously invited me as a guest there to talk? Or was it a public institution, paid for by the community that also paid the professors’ salaries, and established for the exchange of ideas and for debates about public issues? Is the community paying the professors to teach us whatever they decide is best for us, or can we give them some feedback? Yes, they helped educate me, and, as I mentioned in our last session, I learned a lot there about American and European literature and writing poetry from them, and I appreciated all that I learned, but that was beside the point. I was making a different point now.

2.24. It’s interesting that there were no comments, no interactions or conversations during or after the conference other than the ones you mentioned. Did it change anything for you?

What changed after the conference was that I thought that if I was going to criticize the UH English department for teaching mainly white literature and not enough local literature, I should be consistent and also criticize Bamboo Ridge for publishing mainly Asian American writers. I knew publication was one of the keys to education because teachers needed texts to teach in the classroom.

What changed after the conference was that I thought that if I was going to criticize the UH English department for teaching mainly white literature and not enough local literature, I should be consistent and also criticize Bamboo Ridge for publishing mainly writers of Asian ancestry. I knew publication was one of the keys to education because teachers needed texts to teach.

The Bamboo Ridge editors called their journal “Hawai‘i Writers’

Quarterly," but most of the writers published were of Asian ancestry, and most of the people in the study group, except for Rodney, were of Asian ancestry, so it looked like a skewed representation of Hawai'i. There was no one of Hawaiian ancestry in the group. The study group reminded me of my high school social club, where everyone was of Japanese, Chinese, or Korean ancestry, except for one haole guy and one guy of Filipino ancestry.

I knew the percentages of writers published by Bamboo Ridge were skewed because I tallied the writers by ethnicity. Yes, Bamboo Ridge published Dana's Hawaiian literature anthology and Rodney's anthology of writings about Kaho'olawe included the writings of Native Hawaiians, but the other writers published by Bamboo Ridge were predominantly of Asian ancestry. Of course if Bamboo Ridge wanted to publish mainly writers Asian ancestry, that was okay, too, just call the journal "Quarterly of Writers of Asian Ancestry in Hawai'i'." Otherwise, the point I wanted to make was that Bamboo Ridge needed to be more inclusive.

After I made the comments at a conference, somebody sent me a copy of a talk that Darrell gave at an Asian American conference on the continent, not criticizing me directly, but referring to people who said that Bamboo Ridge was colonial or neo-colonial, and something about how termites had gotten into the house of local literature that Bamboo Ridge had built, and were eating away at the foundation. I was like, really? I'm sure some people with Bamboo Ridge were thinking that I was very rude and ungrateful to criticize it, since I benefited from being published by it and had been paid a stipend to serve as its managing editor. But as I said earlier, I appreciated my time with the press and what I learned from the study group about writing local literature and publishing books. But now I was making a different point.

2.25. Eric Chock's "The Neocolonialization of Bamboo Ridge: Repositioning Bamboo Ridge and Local Literature in the 1990s" came out in 1996, but Darrel gave a talk before that?

Yes. I guess supporters of Bamboo Ridge got a little testy about what I said, so they wrote things to defend it. I heard indirect feedback that people were saying that I was trying to be Hawaiian. That made me laugh. So if I read some Hawaiian stories to inform myself about Hawaiian history and culture and write about and publish some of those stories, that means I'm trying to be Hawaiian? And if I listen to reggae

music, that means I'm trying to be a Black from Jamaica? And if I read Shakespeare and James Joyce that means I'm trying to be British or Irish? I thought, really, the level of knowledge and thinking among locals was pretty low.

2.26. From what you were saying just a few minutes ago, your intention was awareness and we need to be aware of this, schools need to be aware of this, like this is happening and we need to stop turning a blind eye to it, but it sounds like the backlash was harsher than maybe you were expecting, so how did you feel at that time?

As I mentioned earlier, the Bamboo Ridge supporters got a little testy, so I got a little testy. One of Richard Hamasaki's former Kamehameha students, Michael Puleloa, was majoring in English at the UH and became the editor of the English department's *Hawai'i Review*. Michael asked me to write something about the controversy, so I wrote "Local Mythologies, 1979–2000" to refute false assumptions, false claims, and non sequiturs in what was written about what I said in my talks about local literature and Bamboo Ridge. Hawai'i Review published the article in 2001.

2.27. When you look back on that particular period, how do you feel about it now?

I think Bamboo Ridge changed after that and became a little more inclusive, and it began involving a wider range of writers, although it's still pretty middle class, probably because generally the middle class is the main producer and consumer of literature nowadays. In response to activist criticism that one of her books was "poetry of 'accommodation' rather than poetry of 'protest,'' *Bamboo Ridge* poet Cathy Song pointed out that people who drive Volvos like her also suffer, which is true (Jinny Huh, "Cathy Song," *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, 2003).

I wouldn't attribute changes in *Bamboo Ridge* to anything I said or wrote. I think more people, including those involved with the journal, realized that it needed to be more inclusive, especially if it was going to use State Foundation money, public money, to publish what it advertised as Hawai'i's literature.

Today there's a greater diversity of publications, not just a few small presses, and with so much being written and so many ways to get it published, I think whoever wants to publish now can get published.

I post whatever I want to make public at my Wordpress site, and if I want it to be in print, I send a pdf to Amazon for on-demand printing. We've come a long way since the days when Mark and Richard were printing books for 'Elepaio and Bamboo Ridge on an offset printer at home, or when I had to design web pages and websites myself to post things online. So the issue of what Bamboo Ridge publishes isn't that important anymore, and I don't pay much attention to it now.

2.28. You offer a couple of different definitions of what an "authentic" local literature is or what it should include. How would you define authentic local literature now? Do you still find the term relevant?

The term "local" just means "of a place," right? If you live in Hawaii, grew up in Hawaii, and write about Hawai'i, that's local literature. "Authentic" just adds to that idea. When people ask what's Hawai'i about, it's not just the history of the residents of Asian ancestry here, or the history of Whites, or the history of Hawaiians, it's all of the above, the whole thing. Of course, not every story is gonna tell the whole thing, but the idea is that the writer needs to be aware of all of the above. It's hard to define what I mean by awareness. You could write something that was aware of Hawaiian culture without even mentioning anything Hawaiian in it. But I think you can tell—as a reader, I think I can tell—whether a person at least has that awareness of all that Hawai'i really is, all the different aspects of it.

2.29. Is that what you think of as an authentic local literature, writing with an awareness of the history and socio-cultural politics of Hawai'i.

Yes. When I wrote T*he Life and Times of Gunichi Kuwahara (1888–1962)* and *The Life and Times of Matsuko "Mitzi" Kawaharada*, I wasn't interested only in the individual lives of my maternal grandfather and my mother, but also in the socio-cultural-historical context that shaped their lives, the times they lived through. It was an interest that I can trace back to reading Joyce's *Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* in high school, which I mentioned in the first interview session.

2.30. In my research, I found a 2008 interview where you said you were less optimistic that an authentic local literature could be

maintained. How do you feel about that now?

I'm not sure what I meant by that, but maybe I meant that because of the way media has expanded electronically, and there's so much more influence from outside Hawai'i, people can grow up here and not make any kind of deep connection to Hawai'i because they're gaming or watching, listening to, or reading things on a computer, tablet, or phone. When I grew up in Hawai'i, outside influences were strong, but there were enough local influences that you still had that connection to place, maybe because we spent more time outdoors and interacting with people rather than inside staring at a computer screen.

Another factor in the future of local literature is outmigration. Many who grew up in Hawai'i, both Native and Non-native, are leaving or have left for opportunities elsewhere, where the cost of living is lower. They are being replaced by people who move here from elsewhere, temporarily or not. This outmigration probably reduces the number of local writers. Interestingly, it also changes the readership. When I published *Local Geography: Essays on Multicultural Hawai'i* in 2004, I imagined the readership to be made up of a new generation of locals like you, who would read local literature to reflect on their growing up in the community, and also how it was changing. But the most appreciative comments I got were from transplant readers, people who didn't grow up here, but were interested in finding out more about the local community. One wrote:

> Thank you for your wonderful book! I ran across it at Kaimuki Publc Library recently and have been enjoying reading it immensely. Before I return it, I will make a list of all the titles you included in your essays, especially regarding Hawaiian studies. That small volume enlightened and educated me in a way that felt very satisfying. My family has lived on the islands since 1972 and I moved here in 2006 from California (San Francisco born, third generation, UC Berkeley grad). You gave me a way to relate to the multicultural life here, that I couldn't find on my own. ... Once I complete reading the literature you cite, I know my feet will be planted more firmly on this island ground!

Another reader, who lived here for a short time and was planning to move home to Seattle, wrote:

I don't think I'm the typical reader you had in mind while. I'm a haole girl from Seattle who's been in Hawaii for a little over two years. Immediately after arriving I noticed how little I knew about Hawaii and it's culture, so I began checking out books at the library to learn more about my new "home." I came across your book on my latest trip to the library. I've read many books about various aspects of Hawaii (history, culture, fiction, non-fiction), but none have made the culture here as real and dynamic as yours.

One of the things I really enjoyed was hearing about the sailing voyages that are still going on. I even think I saw a story involving the Hokule'a on TV the other day. This kind of concrete evidence helps reinforce the idea in my mind that the Hawaiian culture is still growing and changing, it's not a static picture that the history books I've read portray.

Another thing that touched me was your sense of belonging to this place. I do not have the same availability to know what my cultural roots are (which is sad), but many generations of my family have lived in Seattle and that is where I feel I belong. I will be returning there soon and you and Hawaii have helped me to be inspired to learn a little more about the history and culture of that place, the place that I call "home."

Another appreciative reader was an outmigrant who felt *Local Geography* helped him reconnect with home:

You have removed a heavy cloud over my head. It's amazing how little I knew about Hawaii after all those years living there. It has taken me over 70 years to start really appreciating my local heritage. It doesn't matter that I now live in Portland. It's still amazing, because like the song says "I once was blind and now can see" seems to capture my moment (if it hasn't ruined it a bit). Anyway, a couple of years ago when I visited Haiku [on Maui], I saw a dual community of old timers and new comers striving in disconnected modes. Now, as a result of Reunioning, I sense they're connecting better and facing a brighter future. But, I think there's still a lot of distance to go, and I'm encouraged by the new breed like you that can make that distance much shorter.

> I suspect your [Polynesian Voyaging Society] web page is already a prime source of information for Haiku School students. But your Local Geography and other sources cited in it should be made available to them. I will strongly recommend them to their library.

These comments from readers gave me a totally new sense of readership and interest in local literature and the local geography of Hawai‘i.

2.31. I think what's interesting is how local is used as exclusionary to some degree, but that's typically like local versus haole or local versus the continent, but the conversation around what is "local" is one that's still ongoing.

Yeah, I see the inclusive-exclusive dynamic. But to me, local literature is just literature "of a place," not connected to any ethnicity. Whenever we become simplistically either/or, we run into problems. Like, one thing I notice is that because it's so easy now to do research on the Internet and more writers that have been here for like five years can write with an awareness of Hawaiian culture and local history, so they're doing what I thought should be done, but they're doing it after living here for five years, so is that local literature? How many years do you have to be here to be local? Could you be local after six months, or a year, depending on how well you research things? Do you have to be born and raised here, in which case, I'm not local because I was born on Guam and spent my first two years there. Not that I care because "local" is just a label, a word that can be used any way you want to use it, with whatever implications you want it to have.

Can a reader tell the difference between something written about Hawai‘i by someone who has never lived in Hawai‘i or been here only a short while, but has researched the history and is able to make allusions to things that happened in Hawai‘i, versus something written by someone who has lived here all their lives who maybe just started to do some research on local culture and history. The term local becomes a little murky, but in the end, who cares? If something is well-written and well-researched, and I'm interested in the topic, I'll read it; if not, I'll put it down.

2.32. If I'm thinking about local literature and an "authentic" local literature, I like your comment that it's inclusionary and of a place,

but that it also has to have that awareness. Because you talk about how do you know the difference between someone who just came here and did their research and someone who is from here and has done their research, and it comes down to that awareness and the little details that you can't research. It's the nuances.

So, we have a couple of questions left. I don't know if you want to speak to the role of pidgin in an authentic local literature, or maybe you want to describe how your perspective has changed, or maybe Bamboo Ridge's impact over the years, although I think you've talked a bit about that already.

I mentioned a couple of things about pidgin when we talked about Milton Murayama's *All I Asking for Is My Body,* and about the children's story I wrote with pidgin dialogue in it. I don't write anything in pidgin now except when I put a bit of dialogue in an essay about growing up here. I'm not as obsessed with pidgin as part of local identity as some writers are. I notice when I talk, depending on who I'm talking to, my Kāneʻohe pidgin accent comes out, and sometimes I wonder, should I really be pronouncing words like that, especially if there are very young kids around who I know aren't going to grow up like I did, talking pidgin. But in the end who cares? Times change, what is local will change. It's all good.

One word from small kid that fascinated me was "bum-bye"—"later on" or "later." When I started college at the UH, I remembered "bum-bye" and thought, "What a weird word, where did it come from?" In Leib's American Literature course at the UH, I read a couple of pieces of early Black American stories in the anthology assigned; the stories seemed to have been included to illustrate an early American local dialect. I came across the word "bimeby." Mystery solved: "Bumbye" was the local pidgin version of "bimeby," the Black American dialect form of "by and by." I don't hear bumbye" any more, because I started saying "later," when my English became closer to the standard .

But getting back to Bamboo Ridge, I don't have any negative feelings about it. The journal contributed a lot to local writing and literature, and to my own writing, and the longevity of the press speaks for itself. It's still here, and it's found a new generation of writers and supporters to take it over and carry on the work.

2.33. It reminds me of Talk Story and the discussions around local literature, and how people said that you have to have the writing and

the criticism and critique to grow and change and become something better. You know, your essay "Local Mythologies" reminds me of Rodney Morales' literature piece on multiculturalism. Have you read it?

Yeah, I read it before he published the first version in 1998 because he asked me for comments. I didn't have much to add, though, because he and I pretty much agree about local literature. In his article, he mentioned my writings about and publications of Hawaiian literature as part of what he calls Hawai'i's "contentious multiculturalism." He was right about the contentiousness, of course, and after his piece was published, the contentiousness continued into the next decade, and what I wrote and published in 1990s was criticized.

2.34. I was going to ask how you felt about the critiques of your work.

In 2008, Ku'ualoha Ho'omanawanui, who was hired by the UH English department in 2007, claimed that what I wrote and published during the 1990s was theft of her "land," as the title of her essay asserts: "This Land Is Your Land, This Land Was My Land." Her essay was included in an anthology titled *Asian Settler Colonialism: From Local Governance to the Habits of Everyday Life in Hawai'i* (2008), which was co-edited by two UH professors, Candace Fujikane, from the English department, and Jonathan Okamura, from the Ethnic Studies department.

In 2009, I posted on my UH webpage responses to what Ho'omanawanui and Fujikane wrote. The responses were somewhat hastily written, so after I retired, I revised and expanded them in 2019 when I moved my UH writings to a new Wordpress website. The response to Ho'omanawanui's "This Land Is Your Land, This Land Was My Land" was titled "This Land (Native Hawai'i) Is Your Land, That Land (Multicultural Hawai'i) is My Land"; the response to Fujikane was titled "The Myth of Asian Settler Colonialism." The titles pretty much sum up my responses to them. As well-intentioned as Ho'omanawanui's essay and Fujikane and Okamura's anthology are, both are also deeply flawed because of poor research and scholarship.

A close-up view of a tree mold in a lava flow from the September 2024 Nāpau eruption